McClure's Magazine

VOL. XX NOVEMBER, 1902 NO. 1

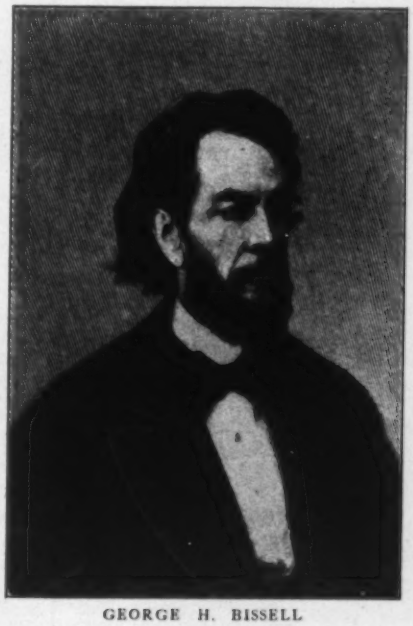
THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BY IDA M. TARBELL

Author of "The Life of Lincoln"

CHAPTER I—THE BIRTH OF AN INDUSTRY

ONE of the busiest corners of the globe at the opening of the year 1872 was a strip of Northwestern Pennsylvania, not over fifty miles long, known the world over as the Oil Regions. Twelve years before, this strip of land had been but little better than a wilderness its only inhabitants the lumbermen, who every season cut great swaths of primeval pine and hemlock from its hills, and in the spring floated them down the Allegheny River to Pittsburg. The great tides of Western emigration had shunned the spot for years as too rugged and unfriendly for settlement, and yet in twelve years this region avoided by men had been transformed into a bustling trade center, where towns elbowed each other for place, into which the three great trunk railroads had built branches, and every foot of whose soil was fought for by capitalists. It was the discovery and development of a new raw product, petroleum, which had made this change from wilderness to market-place. This product in twelve years had not only peopled a waste place of the earth, it had revolutionized the world's methods of illumination and added millions upon millions of dollars to the wealth of the United States.



GEORGE H. BISSELL

The man to whom more than any other is due the credit of what is called the "discovery" of oil; for it was he who first took steps to find its value and to organize a company to produce it. It was he, too, who suggested the means of getting oil which proved practical. After the oil company which he organized obtained oil in the Drake well, he aided in establishing the needed industries and institutions in the new country.

Petroleum as a curiosity was no new thing. For more than two hundred years it had been described in the journals of Western explorers. For decades it had been dipped up from the surface of springs, soaked up by blankets from running streams, found in quantities when salt wells were bored, bottled and sold as a cure-all—"Seneca Oil" or "Rock Oil," it was called. One man had even distilled it in a crude way, and sold it as an illuminant. Scientists had described it, and travelers from the West often carried bottles to their scientific friends in the East. It was such a bottleful, brought as a gift

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

Fac-simile of a label used by S. M. Kier in advertising Rock Oil obtained in drilling salt wells near Tarentum, Pennsylvania. Mr. Kier first "struck oil" in 1847. He tried refining it for a luminant, but with no success. Later he bottled his oil and sold it as a cure-all. It was his label which first suggested to George H. Bissell the possibility of obtaining petroleum from artesian wells.

to the professor of chemistry of Dartmouth College, in 1854, that at last found a man willing to take it seriously. This man was George H. Bissell, a graduate of Dartmouth, who, worn out by an experience of ten years in the South as a journalist and teacher, had come North for a change. At his old college the latest curiosity of the laboratory was shown him — the bottle of rock oil,—and the professor contended that it was as good as, or better than, coal for making illuminating oil. Hundreds of others had seen bottles of rock oil and

THE DRAKE WELL IN 1859—THE FIRST OIL WELL

The entire plant of the Drake well consisted of a derrick boarded in (a practice of the very early days of the industry), the engine house, boarding house for the "hands," and a small saw mill. Oil was struck August 29th, 1859, and that year the well produced 1,800 barrels, a portion of which was sold at 65 cents a gallon. The well produced for over two years from the first sand. Later it was deepened to 500 feet. After the well gave out the machinery was carried off piecemeal as souvenirs. Louis Emery, Jr., of Bradford, has the drilling tools in his private collection. The engine house and derrick were exhibited at Philadelphia at the Exposition of 1876, and later sold as rubbish. The site of the Drake well is unmarked to-day.

heard its value speculated about, but Bissell was the first man to take means to find out what it was worth.

He began in a practical way. He formed a company —the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company—the first in the United States, and leased the land on which the principal oil springs were known to be. Then he sent a quantity of the oil to Professor Silliman of Yale College, and paid him for analyzing it. The professor's report was published, and received general attention. From the rock oil might be made as good an illuminant as any the world knew. It also yielded gas, paraffine, and lubricating oil. "In short," Professor Silliman declared, "your company have in their possession a raw material from which by simple, and not expensive process they may manufacture very valuable products. It is worthy of note that my experiments prove that nearly the *whole* of the raw product may be manufactured without waste, and this solely by a well-directed process which is in practice in one of the most simple of all chemical processes."

This was well; but so far not enough of the oil had been obtained to manufacture anything in quantities. Mr. Bissell was not sanguine, but he was thinking. One day, walking down Broadway, he halted to rest in the shade of an awning before a drug store. In the window he saw on a bottle a curious label. "Kier's Petroleum, or Rock Oil," it read. "Celebrated for its wonderful curative powers. A Natural Remedy; Produced from a well in Allegheny Co., Pa., four hundred feet below the earth's surface," etc. On the label was the picture of an artesian well. It was from this well that Mr. Kier got his "Natural Remedy." Hundreds of men had seen the label before, but this was the first to look at it with a "seeing eye." As quickly as the bottle of rock oil in the Dartmouth laboratory had awakened in Mr. Bissell's mind the determination to find out the real value of the strange substance, the label gave him the solution of the problem of getting oil in quantities—it was to bore down into the earth where it was stored, and pump it up.

E. L. DRAKE

"Col" Drake, as he was called in the Oil Regions, was born in Vermont in 1819. He never had a settled occupation, but served in different parts of the country as a clerk, express agent, or railway conductor. In 1854 he fell in with one of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, and was persuaded to put $200 into the concern. When it was decided to put down an artesian well for oil, Drake was sent by the company to conduct the operations. His final success made him an important person in the Oil Regions, but he never availed himself fully of the opportunities which were open to him, and in 1863 left the region. He took with him about $16,000, which he promptly dropped in Wall Street. Soon after his health broke down completely, and he and his family were without the necessities of life. When this became known in the Oil Regions a sum was raised to aid him, and in 1873 the Legislature of Pennsylvania granted him an annuity of $1,500. Drake died in 1881 in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1901 a handsome monument to Drake was unveiled at Titusville, Pennsylvania, and in the present year his remains were removed to that town.

Drake Strikes Oil

The company accepted the idea, and in the spring of 1858 sent a small stockholder, E. L. Drake, to sink an artesian well for oil. Drake had had no experience to fit him for his task. A man forty years of age, he had spent his life as a clerk, an express agent, and a railway conductor. His only qualifications were a dash of pioneer blood and a great persistency in undertakings which interested him. The spot to which he was sent was Titusville, a lumberman's hamlet on Oil Creek, seventeen miles from where that stream joins the Allegheny River. Its chief connection with the outside world was by stage to Erie, forty miles away. This remoteness from civilization, Drake's own ignorance of artesian wells, and the general skepticism of the community concerning the enterprise, caused great difficulty and long delays. It was months before Drake succeeded in getting together the tools, engine, and rigging necessary to bore his well, and before he could get a driller who knew how to manipulate them winter had come, and he had to suspend operations. People called him crazy for sticking to the enterprise, but it had no effect on him. As soon as spring opened he borrowed a horse and wagon and drove a hundred miles to find a driller. He brought back a man, and after a few more months of experiments and accidents the drill was started. On August 29th, Titusville was electrified by the news that Drake's Folly, as many of the onlookers had come to consider it, had justified itself. The well was full of oil. The next day a pump was started, and twenty-five barrels of oil were gathered.

There was no doubt of the meaning of the Drake well in the minds of the people of the vicinity. They had long ago accepted all Professor Silliman had said of the possibilities of petroleum, and now that they knew how it could be obtained in quantity, the whole countryside rushed out to obtain leases.

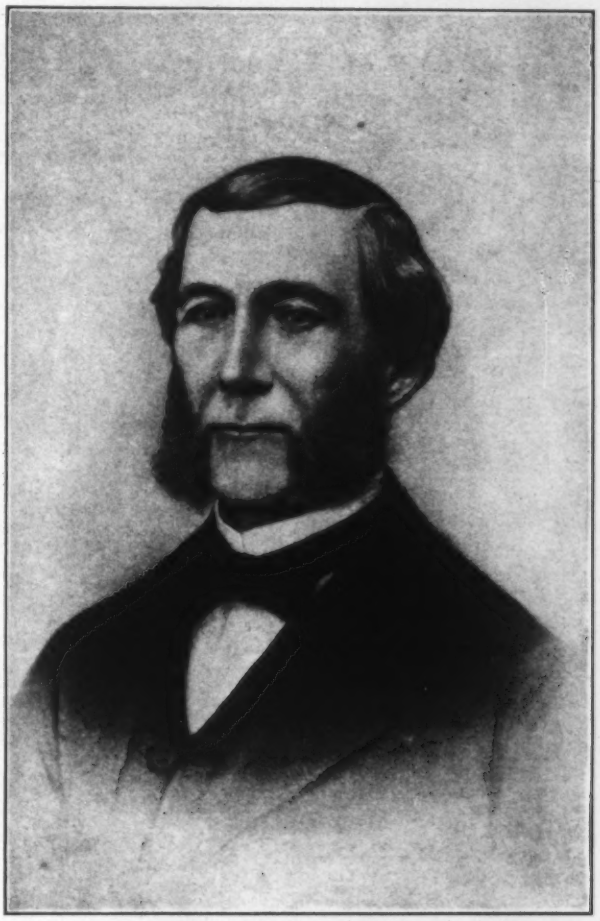
On every rocky farm, in every poor settlement of the region, was some man whose ear was attuned to Fortune's call, and who had the daring and the energy to risk everything he possessed in an oil lease. It was well that he acted at once; for, as the news of the discovery of oil reached the open, the farms and towns of Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania poured out a stream of ambitious and vigorous youths, eager to seize what might be there for them, while from the East came men with money and business experience, who formed great stock companies, took up lands in parcels of thousands of acres, and put down wells along every rocky run and creek, as well as over the steep hills. In answer to their drill, oil poured forth in floods. In many places pumping was out of the question; the wells flowed: 2,000, 3,000, 4,000 barrels a day; such quantities of it that at the close of 1861, oil which in January of 1860 was twenty dollars a barrel had fallen to ten cents.

JONATHAN WATSON

The third well put down in the Oil Regions was drilled by Jonathan Watson, a lumberman and merchant of Titusville. Mr. Watson long had had faith in petroleum if it could be found in quantities, and as soon as he heard of the Drake well he mounted his horse, and, riding down the valley of Oil Creek, spent the day in leasing farms. His first well started off in March at sixty gallons a minute, and oil was selling at sixty cents a gallon. In two years the farm where this third well was struck had produced 165,000 barrels of oil. Mr. Watson, who was one of the most daring of the oil pioneers, became one of the richest men of the regions, but late in life he lost his fortune by bad investments, and in 1893 he died a poor man.

Here was the oil and in unheard-of quantities, and with it came all the swarm of problems which a discovery brings. The methods Drake had used were crude and must be improved. The processes of refining were those of the laboratory and must be developed. Communication with the outside world must be secured. Markets must be built up; indeed, a whole new commercial machine had to be created to meet the discovery. These problems were not realized before the region teemed with men to wrestle with them—men "alive to the instant need of things." They had to begin with so simple and elementary a matter as devising something to hold the oil. There

were not barrels enough to be bought in America, although turpentine barrels, molasses barrels, whisky barrels—every sort of barrel and cask—were added to new ones made especially for oil. Reservoirs excavated in the earth and faced with logs and cement, and box-like structures of planks or logs were tried at first but were not satisfactory. A young Iowa school teacher and farmer, visiting at his home in Erie County, went to the region. Immediately he saw his chance. It was to invent a receptacle which would hold oil in quantities. Certain large producers listened to his scheme and furnished money to make a trial tank. It was a success, and before many months the school teacher was buying thousands of feet of lumber, employing scores of men, and working them and himself day and night. For nearly ten years he built these wooden tanks. Then seeing that iron tanks—huge receptacles holding thousands of barrels where his held hundreds—were bound to supersede him, he turned, with the ready adaptability which characterized the men of the region, to producing oil for others to tank.



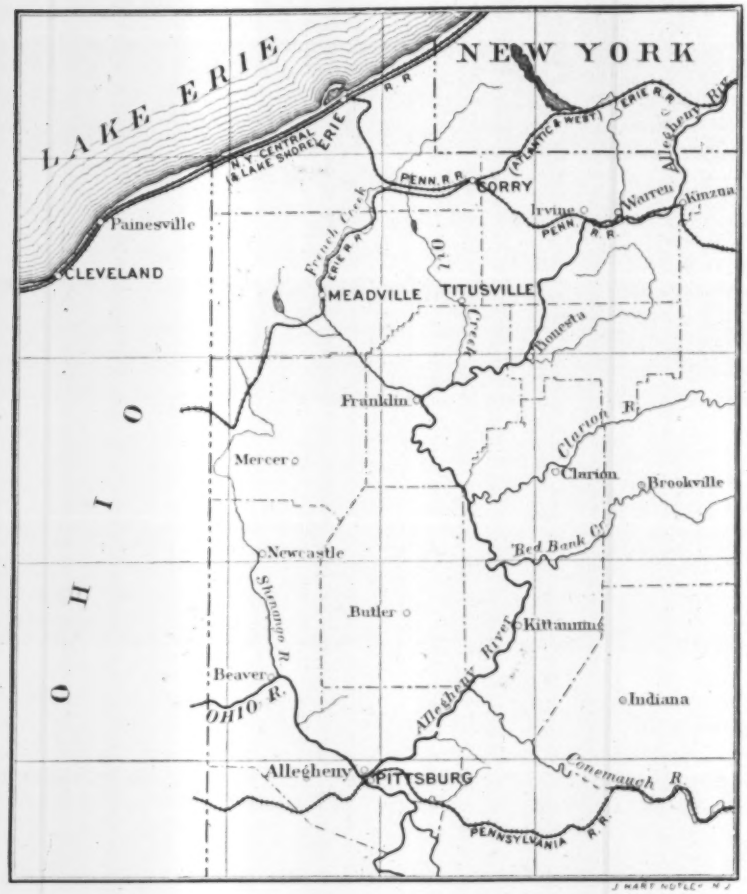
SAMUEL VAN SYCKEL

The first successful pipe line in the Oil Regions was constructed by Mr. Van Syckel in 1865. It was four miles long, and consisted of two 2-inch pipes laid side by side. Van Syckel put $100,000 into his pipe line, but through bad business management lost his money. He then went to refining oil. Here his great inventive faculty had ample opportunity, and he introduced various valuable methods and devices. Others reaped the benefit, for, again, Van Syckel became involved, and was obliged to sell his refining interest. He patented a continuous process of refining oil which he and many others believed of great value. He made an agreement with the Acme Oil Company of Titusville—a Standard Oil Company concern—to build a plant to manufacture by this method. This was never done. Van Syckel in 1888 sued the Acme Oil Company for breach of contract. The case was decided in his favor, and six cents damages were allowed. Van Syckel died in 1894, aged 83 years.

A Problem in Transportation

After the storing problem came that of transportation. There was one waterway leading out—Oil Creek, as it had been called for more than a hundred years,—an uncertain stream running the length of the narrow valley in which the oil was found and uniting with the Allegheny River, at what is now known as Oil City. From this junction it was 132 miles to Pittsburg and a railroad. Besides this waterway were rough country roads leading to the railroads; at Union City, Corry, Erie, and Meadville. There was but one way to get the oil to the bank of Oil Creek or to the railroads, and that was by putting it in barrels and hauling it. Teamsters equipped for this service seemed to fall from the sky. The farms for a hundred miles around gave up their boys and horses and wagons to supply the need. It paid. There were times when three and even four dollars a barrel were paid for hauling five or ten miles.

It was not too much for the work. The best roads over which they traveled were narrow, rough, unmade highways, mere openings to the outer world, while the roads to the wells they had to break themselves, across fields and through forests. These roads were made almost impassable by the great number of heavily freighted wagons traveling over them. From the big wells a constant procession of teams ran, and it was no uncommon thing for a visitor to the Oil Regions to meet oil caravans of a hundred or more wagons. Often these cara-



MAP OF NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, SHOWING THE RELATION OF THE OIL REGIONS TO THE RAILROADS IN 1859, WHEN OIL WAS "DISCOVERED"

vans were held up for hours by a dangerous mud hole into which a wheel had sunk or a horse fallen. If there was a possible way to be made around the obstruction it was taken, even if it led through a farmer's field. Indeed, a sort of guerilla warfare went on constantly between the farmers and the teamsters. Often the roads became impassable, so that new ones had to be broken, and not even a shot-gun could keep the driver from going where the passage was least difficult. The teamster, in fact, carried a weapon which few farmers were brave enough to face—his terrible "black-snake," as his long, heavy black whip was called. The man who had once felt the cruel lash of a black-snake around his legs did not often oppose the owner.

With the wages paid him the teamster could easily become a kind of plutocrat. One early producer tells of having a teamster in his employ who for nine weeks drew only enough of his earnings to feed himself and horses. He slept in his wagon and tethered the team. At the end of the time he "thought he'd go home for a clean shirt" and asked for a settlement. It was found that he had $1,900 to his credit. The story is a fair illustration both of the habits and the earnings of the Oil Creek teamsters. Indispensable to the business, they became the tyrants of the region—working and brawling as suited them, a class not unlike the flat-boatmen who once gave color to life on the Mississippi, or the cowboys who make the plains picturesque to-day. Bad as their reputation was, many a man found in their ranks the start which led later to wealth and influence in the oil business.

In the problem of transportation the most important element after the team was Oil Creek and the flat-boat. A more uncertain stream never ran in a bed. In the summer it was low, in the winter frozen ; now it was gorged with ice, now running mad over the flats. The best service was gotten out of it in time of low water through artificial freshets. Mill dams, controlled by private parties, were frequent along the creek and its tributaries. By arrangement these dams were cut on a certain day or days of the week—usually Friday, and on the flood or freshet the flat-boats loaded with barrels of oil were floated down stream. The freshet was always exciting and perilous, and frequently disastrous. From the points where they were tied up, the boatmen watched the coming flood and cut themselves loose the moment after its head had passed them. As one fleet after another swung into the roaring flood the danger of collision and jams increased. Rare indeed was the freshet which did not leave a few wrecks somewhere along the creek, often scores, piled high on the bank—a hopeless jam of broken boats and barrels, the whole soaked in petro-

leum and reeking with gas. If the boats rode safely through to the Allegheny River, there was little further danger.

The Allegheny River traffic grew to great proportions—fully 1,000 boats and some thirty steamers were in the fleet, and at least 4,000 men. This traffic was developed by men who saw here their opportunity of fortune, as others had seen it in drilling and teaming. The foremost of these men was an Ohio River captain, driven northward by the war, one J. J. Vandergrift. Captain Vandergrift had run the full gamut of river experiences from cabin-boy to owner and commander of his own steamers. The war stopped his Mississippi River trade. Fitting up one of his steamers as a gunboat, he turned it over to Commodore Foote and looked for a new stream to navigate. From the Oil Region at that moment the loudest cry was for barrels. He towed 4,000 empty casks up the river, saw at once the need of some kind of bulk transportation, took his hint from a bulk-boat which an ingenious experimenter was trying, ordered a dozen of them built, towed his fleet to the creek, bought oil to fill them, and then returned to Pittsburg to sell his cargo. On one trip alone he made $70,000.

WESLEY CHAMBERS

One of the shrewdest, kindest, oddest men the Oil Regions ever knew was Wesley Chambers. He had found his way to the creek in 1861, after eight years of unsuccessful gold-hunting in California. When he saw the lack of teams and boats, he set about organizing a service for transporting oil to Pittsburg. In a short time he was buying horses for himself and building boats. He saw, a few years later, that the teamster and the boat were to be replaced by the pipe-line and the railroad, and forestalled the change by becoming a producer. Mr. Chambers was not only a bold and successful operator, he was an active and intelligent force in all efforts to improve the social conditions of the towns of the Oil Regions.

But the railroad soon pressed the river hard. At the time of the discovery of oil, three trunk lines—the Pennsylvania, the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern (connecting with the Central), and the Atlantic and Great Western (connecting with the Erie)—were within teaming distance of the region. The points at which the Pennsylvania road was reached were Erie, forty-four miles from Titusville, Union City, twenty-two miles, and Corry, twenty-six miles. The Lake Shore was reached at Erie. The Atlantic and Great Western was reached at Meadville, Union City, and Corry, and the distances were twenty-eight, twenty-two, and twenty-six miles, respectively. Erie was the favorite point at first, as the roads in that direction were the best. The amount of freight the railroads carried the first year of the business was enormous. It was said that in January, 1861, the Pennsylvania had earned enough in this one year carrying oil and machinery to pay six per cent. on the entire cost of the construction of the road. Of course, connecting lines were built as rapidly as men could work. By the beginning of 1863 the Oil Creek Road, as it was called, had reached Titusville from Corry; this gave an eastern connection by both the Pennsylvania and the Erie, but as the Erie was constructing a branch from Meadville to Franklin, the Oil Creek road became the feeder of the Pennsylvania principally. Both of these roads were completed to Oil City by 1865.

The railroads built, the vexatious, time-taking, and costly problem of getting the oil from the well to the shipping point, still remained. The teamster was still the tyrant of the business. His day was almost over. He was to fall before the pipe-line. The feasibility of carrying oil in pipes was discussed almost from the beginning of the oil business, and early in 1862 a company was organized for the pur-

FLEET OF OIL BOATS AT OIL CITY IN 1864

pose. Various experiments were made, both gravity and pumps being trusted for propelling the oil, but there was always something wrong; the pipes leaked or burst, the pumps were too weak. The idea had been almost abandoned when the man for the need appeared, Samuel Van Syckel. He came to the creek in 1864 with some money, hoping to make more. He struck oil several miles from a shipping point and saw his profits eaten up by teamsters. Their tyranny aroused his ire and his wits, and he determined to build a pipe-line from his wells to the railroad. He was greeted with jeers, but he went doggedly ahead, laid his pipes, put up his pumps, and turned in his oil. From the start the line was a success, doing the work of 300 teams working ten hours a day. On the day that the Van Syckel pipe-line began to run oil a revolution began in the business. After the Drake well it is the most important event in the history of the Oil Regions.

The teamsters saw its meaning first and turned out in fury, dragging the pipe, which was for the most part buried, to the surface, and cutting it so that the oil would be lost. It was only by stationing an armed guard that they were held in check. A second line of importance suffered even more than that of Van Syckel. The teamsters did more than cut the pipe; they burned the tanks in which oil was stored, laid in wait for employees, threatened with destruction the wells which furnished the oil, and so generally terrorized the country that the governor of the State was called upon in April, 1866, to protect the property and men of the lines. The day of the teamster was over, and the more philosophical of them accepted the situation; scores disappeared from the region, and scores more took to drilling. They died hard, and the cutting and plugging of pipe-lines was for years a pastime of the remnant of their race.

Making and Marketing a New Product

If the uses to which oil might be put and the methods for manufacturing it had not been well understood when the Drake well was struck, there would have been no such imperious demand as came for the immediate opening of new territory and developing methods of handling and carrying it on a large scale. But men knew already what the oil was good for and, in a crude way, how to distill it. The process of distillation also was free to all.

The essential apparatus was very simple—a cast-iron still, usually surrounded by brick-work, a copper worm, and two tin or zinc-lined tanks. The still was filled with crude oil, which was subjected to a heat high enough to vaporize it. The vapor passed through a cast-iron goose-neck fitted to the top of the still into the copper worm, which was immersed in water. Here the vapor was condensed and passed into the zinc-lined tank. This product, called a distillate, was treated with chemicals, washed with water, and run off into the tin-lined tank, where it was allowed to settle. Anybody who could get the apparatus could "make oil," and many men did it—badly, of course, to begin with, and with an alarming proportion of waste and explosions and fires, but with experience they learned, and some of the great refineries of the country grew out of these rude beginnings.

Luckily, not all the men who undertook the manufacturing of petroleum in these first days were inexperienced. The chemists to whom are due chiefly the processes now used—Atwood, Gessner, and Merrill—had for years been busy making oils from coal. They knew something of petroleum, and when it came in quantities began at once to adapt their processes to it. Merrill at the time was connected with Samuel Downer, of Boston, in manufacturing oil from Trinidad pitch and from a coal bought in Newfoundland. The year oil was discovered Mr. Downer distilled 7,500 tons of this coal, clearing on it at least $100,000. As soon as petroleum appeared he and Mr. Merrill saw that here was a product which was bound to displace their coal, and with courage and promptness they prepared to adapt their works. In order to be near the supply they came to Corry, twenty-six miles from the Drake well, and in 1862 put up a refinery which cost $250,000. Here were refined thousands of barrels of oil, most of which was sent to New York for export. To the Boston works the firm sent crude, which was manufactured for home trade and for shipping to California and Australia. The processes used in the Downer works at this early day were in all essentials the same as are used to-day.

As men and means were found to put down wells, to devise and build tanks and boats and pipes and railroads for handling the oil, to

JAMES S. TARR

One of the richest oil farms on Oil Creek was the Tarr Farm, a tract of 200 acres owned by James S. Tarr. Its first well, the Crescent, put down in June, 1861, flowed an average of 300 barrels a day for thirteen months. The second, "Philadelphia No. 1," flowed 4,000 barrels a day, and in its life yielded nearly one million barrels. Tarr is said to have made $3,000,000 in four years from a farm worth in 1859 barely a thousand dollars. He left the region with this fortune, and spent the rest of his life quietly on a farm in a neighboring county.

WILLIAM BARNSDALE

The second well in the Oil Region was drilled by a Titusville shoemaker, William Barnsdale, an Englishman, who at his majority had come to America to make his fortune. The day the Drake well was struck he formed an oil company and began to drill a well. It took three months, and cost $3,000 to do it, but he had his reward. On February 1, 1860, he struck oil—twenty-five barrels a day—and oil was selling at eighteen dollars a barrel. Mr. Barnsdale was interested in the first refinery built in the Oil Regions, and was one of the pioneers in the Bradford field.

adapt and improve processes for manufacturing, so men were found from the beginning of the oil business to tackle every problem raised. They came in shoals, young, vigorous, resourceful, indifferent to difficulties, greedy for a chance, and with each year they forced more light and wealth from the new product. By the opening of 1872, they had produced nearly 40,000,000 barrels of oil, and had raised their product to the fourth place among the exports of the United States, over 152,000,000 gallons going abroad in 1871, a percentage comparing well with what goes to-day.* As for the market, they had developed it until it included almost every country of the earth—China, the East and West Indies, South America, and Africa. Over forty different European ports received oil. In 1871 nearly a million gallons were sent to Syria, about a half million to Egypt, about as much to the British West Indies, and a quarter of a million to the Dutch East Indies.

The oil field had been extended from the Valley of Oil Creek and its tributaries, down the Allegheny River for nearly fifty miles, and probably covered 2,000 square miles. The early theory that oil followed the streams had been exploded, and wells were now drilled on the hills. It was known, too, that if oil was not found in the first sand struck in the drilling, it might be found in a second or third sand, and even a fourth or fifth. The Drake well had struck oil at 69½ feet, but wells were now drilled as deep as 1,600 feet. The extension of the field, the discovery that oil was under the hills as well as under streams, and to be found in various sands, had cost enormously. It had been done by "wildcatting," as putting down experimental wells was called, by following superstitions in locating wells, such as the witch-hazel stick, or the spiritualistic medium, quite as much as by studying the position of wells in existence and calculating how oil belts probably ran. As the cost of a well was from $3,000 to $8,500,† according to its location, and as 4,374 of the 5,560 wells drilled in the first ten years of the business (1859 to 1869) were "dry-holes," or were abandoned as unprofitable, something of the daring it took to operate on such small means as most producers did in the beginning, is evident. But they loved the game, and every man of them would stake his last dollar on the chance of striking oil.

With the extension of the field rapid strides had been made in tools, in rigs—in all of the various essentials of drilling a well. They had learned to use torpedoes to open up hard rocks, naphtha to cut the paraffine which coated the sand and stopped the flow of oil, seed bags to hold back the inrush of a stream of water. They lost their tools less often, and knew better how to fish for them when they did. In short, they had learned how to put down and care for oil wells.

Equal advances had been made in other departments. Fewer cars were loaded with barrels; tank cars for carrying in bulk had been invented. The wooden tank had been replaced by the iron tank holding twenty or thirty thousand barrels. The pipe-lines had begun to go directly to the wells instead of pumping from a general receiving station, or "dump," as it was called, thus saving the tedious and expensive operation of hauling. From beginning to end the business had been developed, systematized, simplified. There is no part of this rapid development more important than the commercial machine they had devised by 1872 for marketing oil. A man with a thousand-barrel well on his hands in 1862 was in a plight. He must sell his oil at once for lack of storage room or let it run on the ground; and there was no exchange, no market, no telegraph, not even a post-office within his reach where he could arrange a sale. He had to depend on buyers who came to him. These buyers were the agents of the refineries in different cities, or of the exporters of crude in New York. They went from well to well on horseback, if the roads were not too bad, on foot if they were, and at each place made a special bargain varying with the quantity bought and the difficulty in getting it away; for the buyer was the transporter, and, as a rule, furnished the barrels or boats in which he carried off his oil. It was not long before the speculative character of the oil trade, due to the great fluctuations in quantity, added a crowd of brokers to the regular buyers who tramped up and down the creek. When the railroads came in, the trains became the headquarters for both buyers and sellers. This was the more easily managed, as the trains on the creek stopped at almost every oil farm. These trains became, in fact, a sort of traveling oil exchange, and on them a large percentage of all the bargaining of the business was done.

The brokers and buyers first organized and established headquarters in Oil City in 1869, but there was an oil exchange in New York City as early as 1866. Titusville did not have an exchange until 1871. By this time the pipe-

* In 1871 the petroleum exports were 152,195,617 gallons. The production was 5,795,000 barrels, or 243,390,000 gallons.

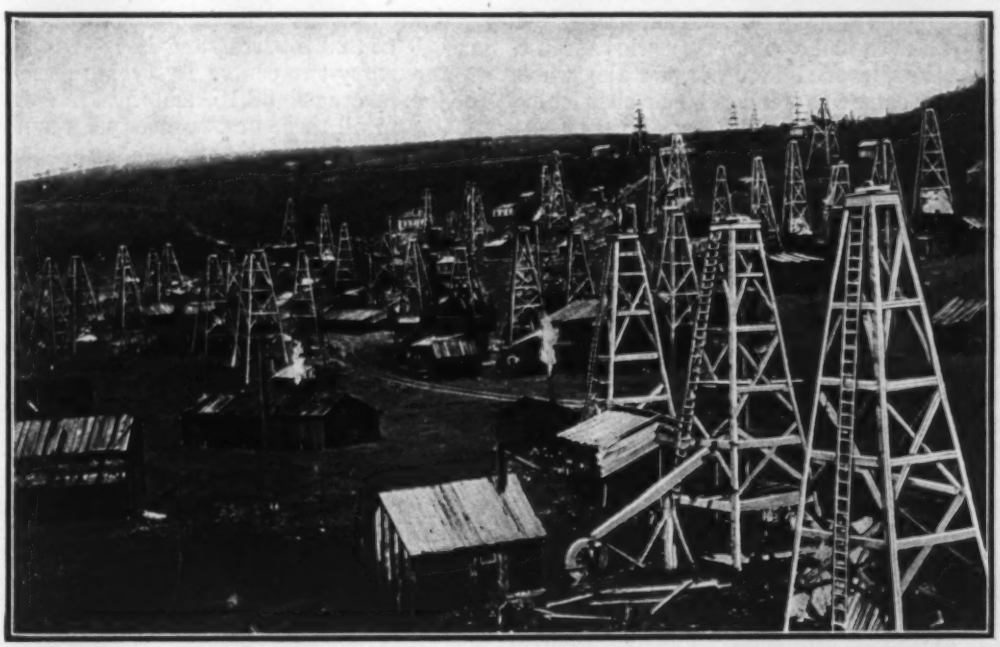
† Estimate of J. T. Henry in his "History of Petroleum," 1873. The "Petroleum Monthly" of 1873 estimates cost to be from $2,725 to $4,416.

lines had begun to issue certificates for the oil they received, and the trading was done to a degree in these. The method was simple, and much more convenient than the old one. The producer ran his oil into a pipe-line, and for it received a certificate showing that the line held so much to his credit; this certificate was transferred when the sale was made, and presented when the oil was wanted. It was a device of Charles P. Hatch, the man who, as early as 1869, had evolved the pipe-line methods of doing business practically as they stand to-day.

One achievement of which the oil men were particularly proud was the increase in the refining capacity of the region. At the start the difficulty of getting the apparatus for a refinery to the creek had been so enormous that the bulk of the crude had been driven to the nearest manufacturing cities—Erie, Pittsburg, Cleveland. Much had gone to the seaboard, too, and Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore were all doing considerable refining. There was always a strong feeling in the Oil Regions that the refining should be done at home. Before the railroads came the most heroic efforts were made again and again to get in the necessary machinery. Brought from Pittsburg by water, as a rule, the apparatus had to be hauled from Oil City, where it had been dumped on the muddy bank of the river—there were no wharfs—over the indescribable roads to the site chosen. It took weeks—months sometimes—to get in the apparatus. The chemicals used in the making of the oil, the barrels in which to store it, all had to be brought from outside. The wonder is that under these conditions anybody tried to refine on the creek. But refineries persisted in coming, and after the railroads came, multiplied; by 1872 the capacity had grown to nearly 10,000 barrels, and there were no more complete or profitable plants in existence than two or three of those on the creek. The exultation was great, and the press and people boasted that the day would soon come when they would refine for the world. There in their own narrow valleys should be made everything which petroleum would yield. Cleveland, Pittsburg, the seaboard, must give up refining. The business belonged to the Oil Region, and the oil men meant to take it.

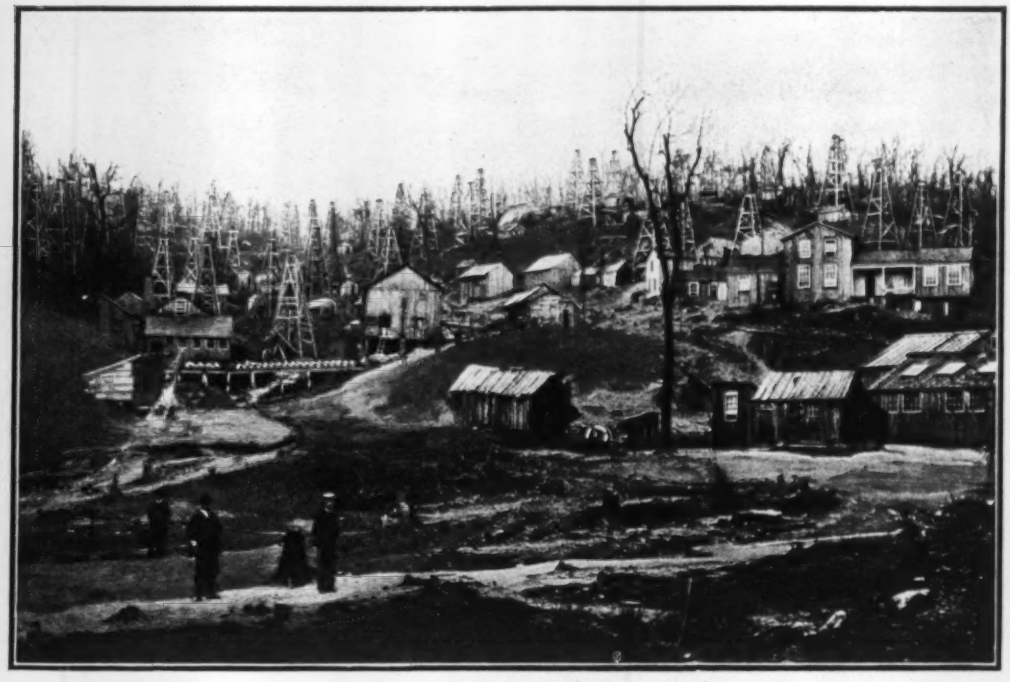
The Troubles of a New Industry

The odds against the oil men in developing the business had not been merely physical ones. There had been more than the wilderness to conquer, more than the possibilities of a new product to learn. Over all the early



BENNINGHOFF FARM

When the oil excitement broke out one of the best farms on the creek was owned by a German, John Benninghoff. There were about 300 acres in his tract, and all of it proved producing territory, the wells yielding from twenty-five to 300 barrels a day. Benninghoff made a great fortune, but would never deposit his money in a bank. In 1868 he was robbed at the homestead on the farm, of nearly $300,000, most of it currency.



AN EARLY REFINERY

years of their struggle and hardship hovered the dark cloud of the Civil War. They were so cut off from men that they did not hear of the fall of Sumter until four days after it happened, and the news for the time blotted out interest even in flowing wells. Twice at least, when Lee invaded Pennsylvania, the whole business came to a standstill, men abandoning the drill, the pump, the refinery, to make ready to repel the invader. They were taxed for the war—the taxes rising as high as $10 per barrel in 1865, $1 on crude, and twenty cents a gallon on refined (the oil barrel is usually estimated at forty-two gallons). They gave up their quota of men again and again at the call for recruits, and when the end came and a million men were cast on the country, this little corner of Pennsylvania absorbed a larger portion of men probably than any other spot in the United States. The soldier was given the first chance everywhere at work: he was welcomed into oil companies, stock being given him for the value of his war record. There were lieutenants and captains and majors—even generals—scattered all over the field, and the field felt itself honored, and bragged, as it did of all things, of the number of privates and officers who immediately on disbandment had turned to it for employment.

It was not only the Civil War from which the Oil Regions had suffered; in 1870 the Franco-Prussian War broke the foreign market to pieces and caused great loss to the whole industry. And there had been other troubles. From the first oil men had to contend with wild fluctuations in the price of oil. It had begun in 1859 at $20 a barrel, and in 1861 it had averaged fifty-two cents. Two years later, in 1863, it averaged $8.15, and in 1867 but $2.40. In all these first twelve years nothing like a steady price could be depended on, for just as the supply seemed to have approached a fixed amount a "wildcat" well would come in and "knock the bottom out of the market." Such fluctuations were the natural element of the speculator, and he came early, buying in quantities and holding in storage tanks for higher prices. If enough oil was held or if the production fell off, up went the price, only to be knocked down by the throwing of great quantities of stocks on the market. To develop a business in face of such fluctuations and speculation in the raw product took not only courage—it took a dash of the gambler.

Speculation in oil stock companies was another great evil. It reached its height in 1864 and 1865—the "flush times" of the business. Stocks in companies whose holdings were hardly worth the stamps on the certificates were sold all over the land. In March, 1865, the aggregate capital of the oil companies whose charters were on file in Albany, New

York, was $350,000,000, and in Philadelphia alone in 1864 and 1865 1,000 oil companies, mostly bogus, are said to have been formed. These swindles were dignified by the names of officers of distinction in the United States Army, for the war was coming to an end and the name of a general was the most popular and persuasive argument in the country. Of course, there came a collapse. The "oil bubble" burst in 1866, and it was nothing but the irrepressible energy of the region which kept the business going in the panic which followed. Then there was the disturbing effect of foreign competition. What would become of the business if oil was found in quantities in other countries? A decided depression of the market occurred in 1866, when the Government sent out reports of developments of foreign oil fields. If there was oil in Japan, China, Burmah, Persia, Russia, Bavaria, in the quantities the Government reports said, why there was trouble in store for Pennsylvania, the oil men argued, and for a day the market fell—it was only for a day. Men forgot easily in the Oil Regions in the '60's.

An evil in their business which they were only beginning to grasp fully in 1871 was the unholy system of freight discriminations which the railroads were practising. Three trunk lines competed for the business by 1872—the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Central. (The latter road reached the Oil Regions by a branch from Ashtabula on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern division to Oil City; this branch was completed in 1868.) The Pennsylvania claimed the oil traffic as a natural right, for the Oil Regions were in Pennsylvania, and did not Tom Scott own that State? The Erie road for about five years had been in the hands of those splendid pirates, Jay Gould and "Jim" Fisk. Naturally, they took all they could get of the oil traffic, and took it by freebooting methods. "Corners" and "rings" were their favorite devices of securing trade, and more than once their aid had carried through daring and unscrupulous speculations in oil. The Central in this period was waging its famous desperate war on the Erie, Commodore Vanderbilt having marked that highway for his own along with most other things in New York State. All three of the roads began, about 1868, to use secret rebates on the published freight rates in oil as a means of securing traffic. This unlawful practice had gone on until, in 1871, any big producer, refiner, or buyer could bully a freight agent into a special rate. Those "on the inside"—those who had "pulls"—also secured special rates. The result was that the open rate was enforced only on the innocent and the weak.

Serious as all these problems were, there was no discouragement or shrinking from them. The oil men had rid themselves of bunco men and burst the "oil bubbles." They had harnessed the brokers in exchanges and made strict rules to govern them. They had learned not to fear the foreigners and to take with equal *sang froid* the "dry-hole" which made them poor, or the "gusher" which made them rich. For every evil they had a remedy. They were not afraid even of the railroads, and loudly declared that if the discriminations were not stopped they would build a railroad of their own. Indeed, the evils in the oil business in 1871, far from being a discouragement, rather added to the interest. They had never known anything but struggle—with conquest—and twelve years of it was far from cooling their ardor for a fair fight.

The Conquests of a Decade

More had been done in the Oil Regions in the first dozen years than develop a new industry. From the first there had gone with the oil men's ambition to make oil to light the whole earth a desire to bring civilization to the wilderness from which they were drawing wealth, to create an orderly society from the mass of humanity which poured pell-mell into the region. A hatred of indecency first drew together the better element of each of the rough communities which sprang up. Whisky-sellers and women flocked to the region at the breaking out of the excitement. Their first shelters were shanties built on flat-boats, which were towed from place to place. They came to Rouseville—a collection of pine shanties and oil derricks, built on a muddy flat—as forlorn and disreputable a town in appearance as the earth ever saw. They tied up for trade, and the next morning woke up from their brawl to find themselves twenty miles away, floating down the Allegheny River. Rouseville meant to be decent. She had cut them loose, and by such summary vigilance she kept herself decent. Other towns adopted the same policy. By common consent vice was corralled almost entirely in one town. Here a whole street was given up to dance-houses and saloons, and those who must have a "spree" were expected to go to Petroleum Center to take it.

Decency and schools! Vice cut adrift, they looked for a school teacher. Children were sadly out of place, but there they were, and

these men, fighting for a chance, saw to it that a shanty, with a school teacher in it, was in every settlement. It was not long before there was a church—a union church. To worship God was their primal instinct; to defend a creed a later development. In the beginning every social contrivance was wanting. There were no policemen, and each individual looked after evil-doers. There were no firemen, and every man turned out with a bucket at a fire. There were no bankers, and each man had to put his wealth away as best he could until a peripetic banker from Pittsburg relieved him. At one time Dr. Egbert, a rich operator, is said to have had $1,800,000 in currency in his house. There were no hospitals, and in 1861, when the horrible possibilities of the oil fire were first demonstrated by the burning of the Rouse well—a fire at which nineteen persons lost their lives—the many injured found welcome and care for long weeks in the little shanties of women already over-burdened by the difficulties of caring for families in the rough community.

Out of this poverty and disorder they had developed in ten years a social organization as good as their commercial. Titusville, the hamlet on whose outskirts Drake had drilled his well, was now a city of 10,000 inhabitants. It had an opera house, where in 1871 Clara Louise Kellogg and Christine Nilsson sang, Joe Jefferson and Janauschek played, Wendell Phillips and Bishop Simpson spoke. It had two prosperous and fearless newspapers. Its schools prepared for college. Oil City was not behind, and between them was a string of lively towns. Many of the oil farms had a decent community life. The Columbia Farm kept up a library and reading-room for its employees; there was a good school-house, used on Sunday for services, and there was a Columbia Farm Band, of no mean reputation.

Indeed, by the opening of 1872, life in the Oil Regions had ceased to be a mere makeshift. Comfort and orderliness, even opportunities for education and for social life, were within reach. It was a conquest to be proud of, quite as proud of as they were of the fact that their business had been developed until it had never been, on the whole, in so satisfactory a condition.

Nobody realized more fully what had been accomplished in the Oil Regions than the oil men themselves. Nobody rehearsed their achievements so loudly. "In ten years," they were fond of saying, "we have built this business up from nothing to a net product of six millions of barrels per annum. We have invented and devised all the apparatus, the appliances, the forms needed for a new industry. We use a capital of $200,000,000, and support a population of 60,000 people. To keep up our supply we drill 100 new wells per month, at an average cost of $6,000 each. We are fourth in the exports of the United States. We have developed a foreign market, including every civilized country on the globe."

But what had been done was, in their judgment, only a beginning. Life ran swift and ruddy and joyous in these men. They were still young, most of them under forty, and they looked forward with all the eagerness of the young who have just learned their powers, to years of struggle and development. They would solve all these perplexing problems of over-production, of railroad discrimination, of speculation. They would meet their own needs. They would bring the oil refining to the region where it belonged. They would make their towns the most beautiful in the world. There was nothing too good for them, nothing they did not hope and dare.

Suddenly, at the very heyday of this confidence, a big hand reached out from nobody knew where, to steal their conquest and throttle their future. The suddenness and the blackness of the assault on their business stirred to the bottom their manhood and their sense of fair play, and the whole region arose in a revolt which is scarcely paralleled in the commercial history of the United States.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

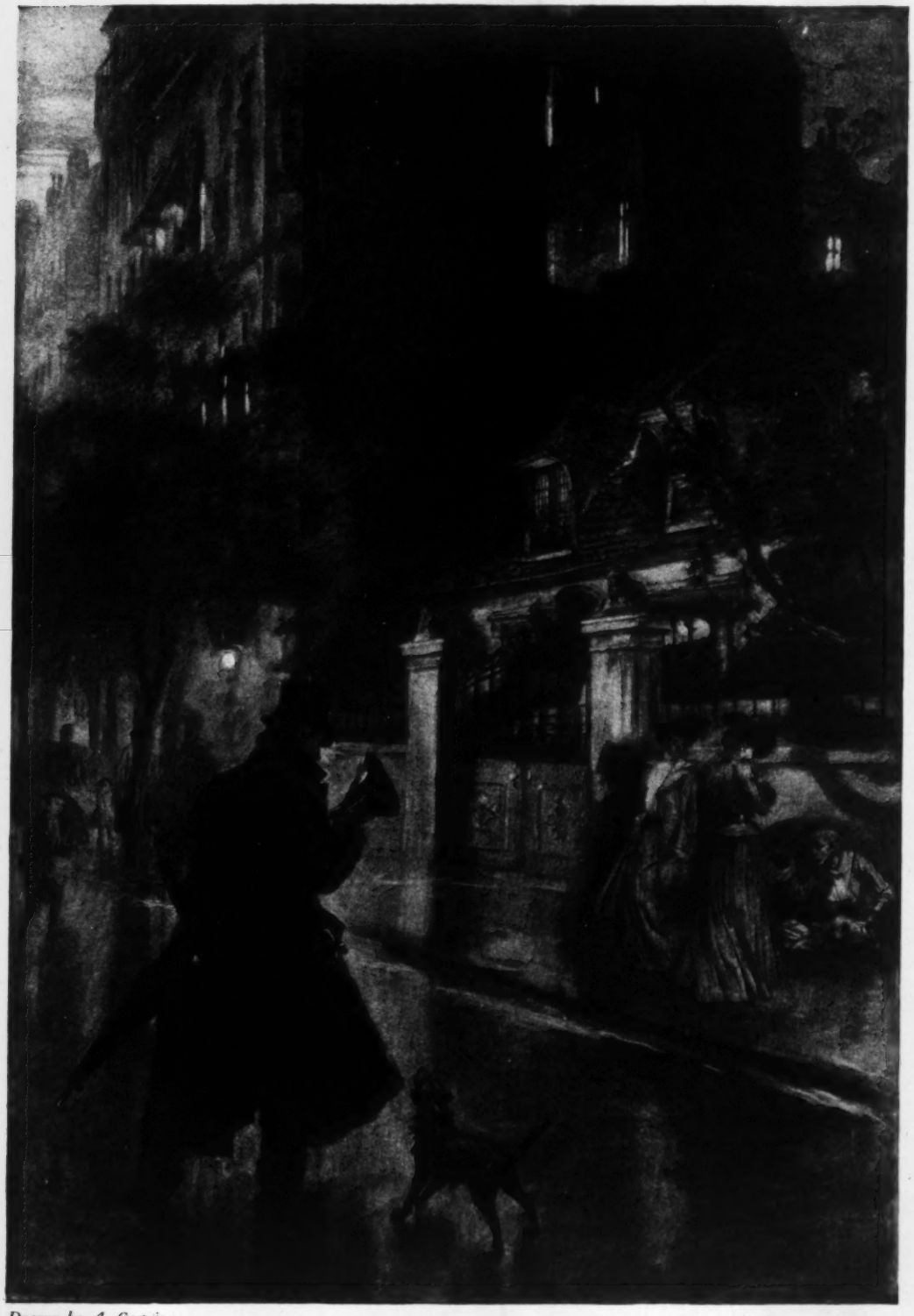
Author of "The Hound of the Baskervilles"

Illustrated by A. Castaigne

MY friend, Lionel Dacre, lived in the Avenue de Wagram, Paris. His house was that small one with the iron railings and grass plot in front of it on the left-hand side as you pass down from the Arc de Triomphe. I fancy that it had been there long before the avenue was constructed, for the gray tiles were stained with lichens, and the walls were mildewed and discolored with age. It looked a small house from the street, five windows in front, if I remember right, but it deepened into a single long chamber at the back. It was here that Dacre had that singular library of occult literature, and the fantastic curiosities which served as a hobby for himself, and an amusement for his friends. A wealthy man of refined and eccentric tastes, he had spent much of his life and fortune in gathering together what was said to be a unique private collection of Talmudic, cabalistic, and magical works, many of them of great rarity and value. His tastes leaned toward the marvelous and the monstrous, and I have heard that his experiments in the direction of the unknown have passed all the bounds of civilization and of decorum. To his English friends he never alluded to such matters, and took the tone of the student and *virtuoso;* but a Frenchman whose tastes were of the same nature has assured me that the worst excesses of the black mass have been perpetrated in that large and lofty hall, which is lined with the shelves of his books, and the cases of his museum.

Dacre's appearance was enough to show that his deep interest in these psychic matters was intellectual rather than spiritual. There was no trace of asceticism upon his heavy face, but there was much mental force in his huge dome-like skull, which curved upward from amongst his thinning locks, like a snow-peak above its fringe of fir trees. His knowledge was greater than his wisdom, and his powers were far superior to his character. The small bright eyes, buried deeply in his fleshy face, twinkled with intelligence and an unabated curiosity of life, but they were the eyes of a sensualist and an egotist. Enough of the man, for he is dead now, poor devil, dead at the very time that he made sure that he had at last discovered the elixir of life. It is not with his complex character that I have to deal, but with the very strange and inexplicable incident which had its rise in my visit to him in the early spring of the year '82.

I had known Dacre in England, for my researches in the Assyrian Room of the British Museum had been conducted at the time when he was endeavoring to establish a mystic and esoteric meaning in the Babylonian tablets, and this community of interests had



Drawn by A. Castaigne

"His house was that small one with the iron railings"

brought us together. Chance remarks had led to daily conversation, and that to something verging upon friendship. I had promised him that on my next visit to Paris I would call upon him. At the time when I was able to fulfil my compact I was living in a cottage at Fontainebleau, and as the evening trains were inconvenient, he asked me to spend the night in his house.

"I have only that one spare couch," said he, pointing to a broad sofa in his large salon; "I hope that you will manage to be comfortable there."

It was a singular bedroom, with its high walls of brown volumes, but there could be no more agreeable furniture to a bookworm like myself, and there is no scent so pleasant to my nostrils as that faint, subtle reek which comes from an ancient book. I assured him that I could desire no more charming chamber, and no more congenial surroundings.

"If the fittings are neither convenient nor conventional, they are at least costly," said he, looking round at his shelves. "I have expended nearly a quarter of a million of money upon these objects which surround you. Books, weapons, gems, carvings, tapestries, images—there is hardly a thing here which has not its history, and it is generally one worth telling."

He was seated as he spoke at one side of the open fireplace, and I at the other. His reading table was on his right, and the strong lamp above it ringed it with a very vivid circle of golden light. A half-rolled palimpsest lay in the center, and around it were many quaint articles of bric-à-brac. One of these was a large funnel, such as is used for fillingwine casks. It appeared to be made of black wood, and to be rimmed with discolored brass.

"That is a curious thing," I remarked. "What is the history of that?"

"Ah!" said he, "it is the very question which I have had occasion to ask myself. I would give a good deal to know. Take it in your hands and examine it."

I did so, and found that what I had imagined to be wood was in reality leather, though age had dried it into an extreme hardness. It was a large funnel, and might hold a quart when full. The brass rim encircled the wide end, but the narrow was also tipped with metal.

"What do you make of it?" asked Dacre.

"I should imagine that it belonged to some vintner or maltster in the middle ages," said I. "I have seen in England leathern drinking flagons of the seventeenth century—'black jacks' as they were called—which were of the same color and hardness as this filler."

"I dare say the date would be about the same," said Dacre, "and no doubt, also, it was used for filling a vessel with liquid. If my suspicions are correct, however, it was a queer vintner who used it, and a very singular cask which was filled. Do you observe nothing strange at the spout end of the funnel."

As I held it to the light I observed that at a spot some five inches above the brass tip the narrow neck of the leather funnel was all haggled and scored, as if some one had notched it round with a blunt knife. Only at that point was there any roughening of the dead black surface.

"Some one has tried to cut off the neck."

"Would you call it a cut?"

"It is torn and lacerated. It must have taken some strength to leave these marks on such tough material, whatever the instrument may have been. But what do you think of it? I can tell that you know more than you say."

Dacre smiled, and his little eyes twinkled with knowledge.

"Have you included the psychology of dreams among your learned studies?" he asked.

"I did not even know that there was such a psychology."

"My dear sir, that shelf above the gem case is filled with volumes, from Albertus Magnus onward, which deal with no other subject. It is a science in itself."

"A science of charlatans."

"The charlatan is always the pioneer. From the astrologer came the astronomer, from the alchemist the chemist, from the mesmerist the experimental psychologist. The quack of yesterday is the professor of to-morrow. Even such subtle and elusive things as dreams will in time be reduced to system and order. When that time comes the researches of our friends in the book-shelf yonder will no longer be the amusement of the mystic, but the foundations of a science."

"Supposing that is so, what has the science of dreams to do with a large black brass-rimmed funnel?"

"I will tell you. You know that I have an agent who is always on the lookout for rarities and curiosities for my collection. Some days ago he heard of a dealer upon one of the Quais who had acquired some old rubbish found in a cupboard in an ancient house at the back of the Rue Mathurin, in the Quartier Latin. The dining-room of this old house is decorated with a coat of arms, chevrons,

and bars rouge upon a field argent, which prove, upon inquiry, to be the shield of Nicholas de la Reynie, a high official of King Louis XIV. There can be no doubt that the other articles in the cupboard date back to the early days of the king. The inference is, therefore, that they were all the property of this Nicholas de la Reynie, who was, as I understand, the gentleman specially concerned with the maintenance and execution of the Draconic laws of that epoch."

"What then?"

"I would ask you now to take the funnel into your hands once more and to examine the upper brass rim. Can you make out any lettering upon it?"

There were certainly some scratches upon it, almost obliterated by time. The general effect was of several letters, the last of which bore some resemblance to a B.

"You make it a B?"

"Yes, I do."

"So do I. In fact, I have no doubt whatever that it is a B."

"But the nobleman you mentioned would have had R for his initial."

"Exactly! That's the beauty of it. He owned this curious object, and yet he had some one else's initials upon it. Why did he do this?"

"I can't imagine; can you?"

"Well, I might, perhaps, guess. Do you observe something drawn a little further along the rim?"

"I should say it was a crown."

"It is undoubtedly a crown; but if you examine it in a good light, you will convince yourself that it is not an ordinary crown. It is a heraldic crown—a badge of rank, and it consists of an alternation of four pearls and strawberry leaves, the proper badge of a marquis. We may infer, therefore, that the person whose initials end in B was entitled to wear that coronet."

"Then this common leather filler belonged to a marquis?"

Dacre gave a peculiar smile.

"Or to some member of the family of a marquis," said he. "So much we have clearly gathered from this engraved rim."

"But what has all this to do with dreams?" I do not know whether it was from a look upon Dacre's face, or from some subtle suggestion in his manner, but a feeling of repulsion, of unreasoning horror, came upon me as I looked at the gnarled old lump of leather.

"I have more than once received important information through my dreams," said my companion, in the didactic manner which he loved to affect. "I make it a rule now when I am in doubt upon any material point to place the article in question beside me as I sleep, and to hope for some enlightenment. The process does not appear to me to be very obscure, though it has not yet received the blessing of orthodox science. According to my theory, any object which has been intimately associated with any supreme paroxysm of human emotion, whether it be joy or pain, will retain a certain atmosphere or association which it is capable of communicating to a sensitive mind. By a sensitive mind I do not mean an abnormal one, but such a trained and educated mind as you or I possess."

"You mean, for example, that if I slept beside that old sword upon the wall, I might dream of some bloody incident in which that very sword took part?"

"An excellent example, for, as a matter of fact, that sword was used in that fashion by me, and I saw in my sleep the death of its owner, who perished in a brisk skirmish, which I have been unable to identify, but which occurred at the time of the wars of the Frondists. If you think of it, some of our popular observances show that the fact has already been recognized by our ancestors, although we, in our wisdom, have classed it among superstitions."

"For example?"

"Well, the placing of the bride's cake beneath the pillow in order that the sleeper may have pleasant dreams. That is one of several instances which you will find set forth in a small *brochure* which I am myself writing upon the subject. But to come back to the point, I slept one night with this funnel beside me, and I had a dream which certainly throws a curious light upon its use and origin."

"What did you dream?"

"I dreamed—" He paused, and an intent look of interest came over his massive face. "By Jove, that's well thought of," said he. "This really will be an exceedingly interesting experiment. You are yourself a psychic subject—with nerves which respond readily to any impression."

"I have never tested myself in that direction."

"Then we shall test you to-night. Might I ask you as a very great favor, when you occupy that couch to-night, to sleep with this old funnel placed by the side of your pillow?"

The request seemed to me a grotesque one; but I have myself, in my complex nature, a hunger after all which is bizarre and fantas-

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"'It is the very question which I have had occasion to ask myself'"

tic. I had not the faintest belief in Dacre's theory, nor any hopes for success in such an experiment; yet it amused me that the experiment should be made. Dacre, with great gravity, drew a small stand to the head of my settee, and placed the funnel upon it. Then, after a short conversation, he wished me good-night and left me.

▾▾▾

I sat for some little time smoking by the smouldering fire, and turning over in my mind the curious incident which had occurred, and the strange experience which might lie before me. Skeptical as I was, there was something impressive in the assurance of Dacre's manner, and my extraordinary surroundings, the huge room with the strange and often sinister objects which were hung round it, struck solemnity into my soul. Finally I undressed, and, turning out the lamp, I lay down. After long tossing I fell asleep. Let me try to describe as accurately as I can the scene which came to me in my dreams. It stands out now in my memory more clearly than

anything which I have seen with my waking eyes.

There was a room which bore the appearance of a vault. Four spandrels from the corners ran up to join a sharp cup-shaped roof. The architecture was rough, but very strong. It was evidently part of a great building.

Three men in black, with curious top-heavy black velvet hats, sat in a line upon a red-carpeted dais. Their faces were very solemn and sad. On the left stood two long-gowned men with portfolios in their hands, which seemed to be stuffed with papers. Upon the right, looking toward me, was a small woman with blonde hair and singular light-blue eyes —the eyes of a child. She was past her first youth, but could not yet be called middle-aged. Her figure was inclined to stoutness, and her bearing was proud and confident. Her face was pale, but serene. It was a curious face, comely and yet feline, with a subtle suggestion of cruelty about the straight, strong little mouth and chubby jaw. She was draped in some sort of loose white gown. Beside her stood a thin, eager priest, who whispered in her ear, and continually raised a crucifix before her eyes. She turned her head and looked fixedly past the crucifix at the three men in black, who were, I felt, her judges.

As I gazed the three men stood up and said something, but I could distinguish no words, though I was aware that it was the central one who was speaking. They then swept out of the room, followed by the two men with the papers. At the same instant several rough-looking fellows in stout jerkins came bustling in and removed first the red carpet, and then the boards which formed the dais, so as to entirely clear the room. When this screen was removed I saw some singular articles of furniture behind it. One looked like a bed with wooden rollers at each end, and a winch handle to regulate its length. Another was a wooden horse. There were several other curious objects, and a number of swinging cords which played over pulleys. It was not unlike a modern gymnasium.

When the room had been cleared there appeared a new figure upon the scene. This was a tall thin person clad in black, with a gaunt and austere face. The aspect of the man made me shudder. His clothes were all shining with grease and mottled with stains. He bore himself with a slow and impressive dignity, as if he took command of all things from the instant of his entrance. In spite of his rude appearance and sordid dress, it was now *his* business, *his* room, his to command. He carried a coil of light ropes over his left forearm. The lady looked him up and down with a searching glance, but her expression was unchanged. It was confident—even defiant. But it was very different with the priest. His face was ghastly white, and I saw the moisture glisten and run on his high, sloping forehead. He threw up his hands in prayer, and he stooped continually to mutter frantic words in the lady's ear.

The man in black now advanced, and taking one of the cords from his left arm, he bound the woman's hands together. She held them meekly toward him as he did so. Then he took her arm with a rough grip and led her toward the wooden horse, which was little higher than her waist. On to this she was lifted and laid, with her back upon it, and her face to the ceiling, while the priest, quivering with horror, had rushed out of the room. The woman's lips were moving rapidly, and though I could hear nothing, I knew that she was praying. Her feet hung down on either side of the horse, and I saw that the rough varlets in attendance had fastened cords to her ankles and secured the other ends to iron rings in the stone floor.

My heart sank within me as I saw these ominous preparations, and yet I was held by the fascination of horror, and I could not take my eyes from the strange spectacle. A man had entered the room with a bucket of water in either hand. Another followed with a third bucket. They were laid beside the wooden horse. The second man had a wooden dipper—a bowl with a straight handle—in his other hand. This he gave to the man in black. At the same moment one of the varlets approached with a dark object in his hand, which even in my dream filled me with a vague feeling of familiarity. It was a leathern filler. With horrible energy he thrust it —but I could stand no more. My hair stood on end with horror. I writhed, I struggled, I broke through the bonds of sleep, and I burst with a shriek into my own life, and found myself lying shivering with terror in the huge library, with the moonlight flooding through the window and throwing strange silver and black traceries upon the opposite wall. Oh, what a blessed relief to feel that I was back in the nineteenth century—back out of that medieval vault into a world where men had human hearts within their bosoms. I sat up on my couch, trembling in every limb, my mind divided between thankfulness and horror. To think that such things were ever done —that they *could* be done without God striking the villains dead. Was it all a fantasy,

or did it really stand for something which had happened in the black, cruel days of the world's history? I sank my throbbing head upon my shaking hands. And then, suddenly, my heart seemed to stand still in my bosom, and I could not even scream, so great was my terror. Something was advancing toward me through the darkness of the room.

It is a horror coming upon a horror which breaks a man's spirit. I could not reason, I could not pray; I could only sit like a frozen image, and glare at the dark figure which was coming down the great room. And then it moved out into the white lane of moonlight, and I breathed once more. It was Dacre, and his face showed that he was as frightened as myself.

"Was that you? For God's sake what's the matter?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Oh, Dacre, I am glad to see you! I have been down into hell. It was dreadful."

"Then it was you who screamed?"

"I dare say it was."

"It rang through the house. The servants are all terrified." He struck a match and lit the lamp. "I think we may get the fire to burn up again," he added, throwing some logs upon the embers. "Good God, my dear chap, how white you are! You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"So I have—several ghosts."

"The leather funnel has acted, then?"

"I wouldn't sleep near the infernal thing again for all the money you could offer me."

Dacre chuckled.

"I expected that you would have a lively night of it," said he. "You took it out of me in return, for that scream of yours wasn't a very pleasant sound at two in the morning. I suppose from what you say that you have seen the whole dreadful business."

"What dreadful business?"

"The torture of the water—the 'Extraordinary Question,' as it was called in the genial days of 'Le Roi Soliel.' Did you stand it out to the end?"

"No, thank God, I woke before it really began."

"Ah! it is just as well for you. I held out till the third bucket. Well, it is an old story, and they are all in their graves now anyhow, so what does it matter how they got there. I suppose that you have no idea what it was that you have seen?"

"The torture of some criminal. She must have been a terrible malefactor indeed if her crimes are in proportion to her penalty."

"Well, we have that small consolation," said Dacre, wrapping his dressing-gown round him and crouching closer to the fire. "They *were* in proportion to her penalty. That is to say, if I am correct in the lady's identity."

"How could you possibly know her identity?"

For answer Dacre took down an old vellum-covered volume from the shelf.

"Just listen to this," said he; "it is in the French of the seventeenth century, but I will give a rough translation as I go. You will judge for yourself whether I have solved the riddle or not."

"The prisoner was brought before the Grand Chambers and Tournelles of Parliament, sitting as a court of justice, charged with the murder of Master Dreux d'Aubray, her father, and of her two brothers, MM. d'Aubray, one being civil lieutenant, and the other a counsellor of Parliament. In person it seemed hard to believe that she had really done such wicked deeds, for she was of a mild appearance, and of short stature, with a fair skin and blue eyes. Yet the Court, having found her guilty, condemned her to the ordinary and to the extraordinary question in order that she might be forced to name her accomplices, after which she should be carried in a cart to the Place de Greve, there to have her head cut off, her body being afterwards burned and her ashes scattered to the winds."

The date of this entry is July 16, 1676."

"It is interesting," said I, "but not convincing. How do you prove the two women to be the same?"

"I am coming to that. The narrative goes on to tell of the woman's behavior when questioned. 'When the executioner approached her she recognized him by the cords which he held in his hands, and she at once held out her own hands to him, looking at him from head to foot without uttering a word.' How's that?"

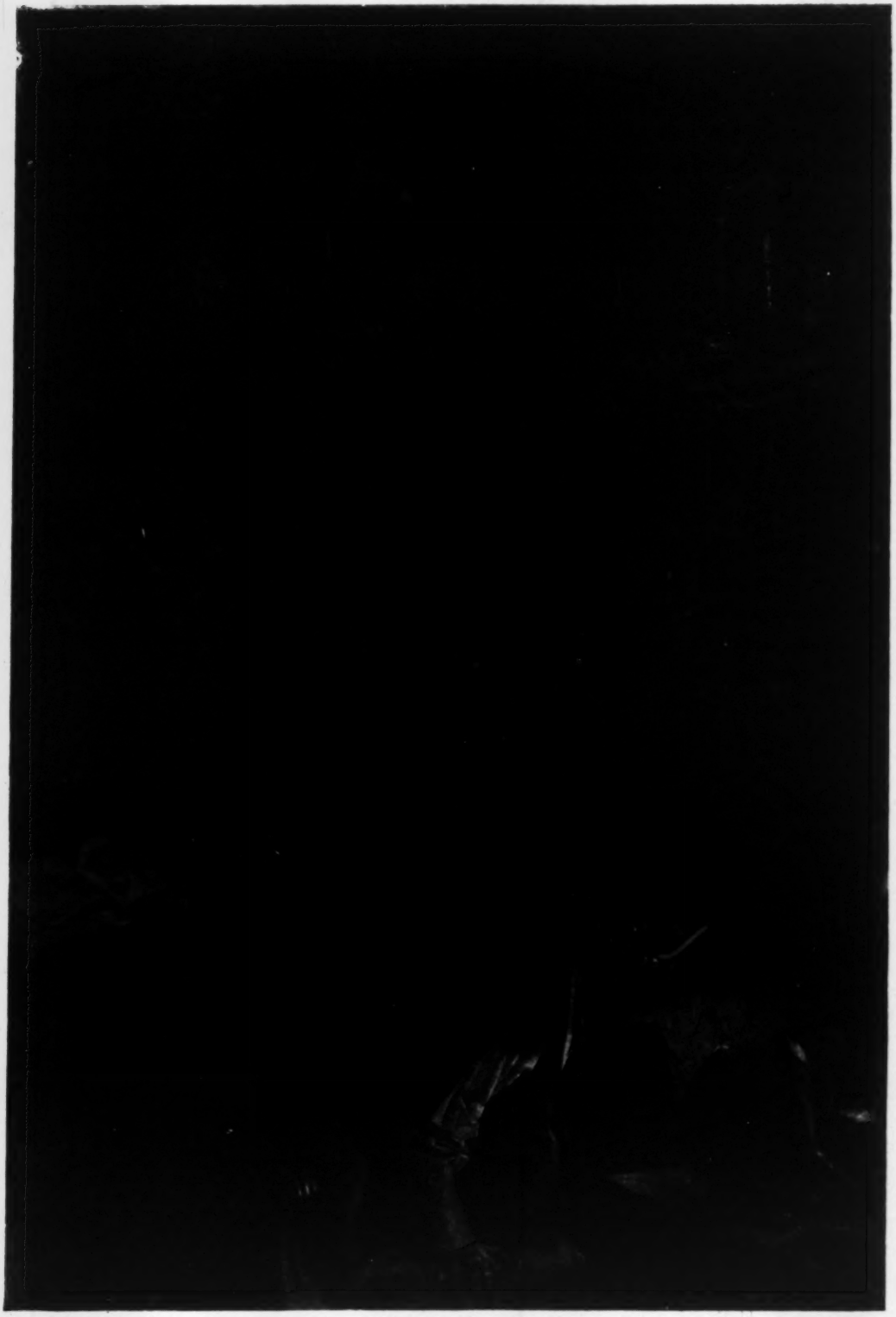
"Yes, it was so."

"'She gazed without wincing upon the wooden horse and rings which had twisted so many limbs and caused so many shrieks of agony. When her eyes fell upon the three pails of water, which were all ready for her, she said with a smile, "All that water must have been brought here for the purpose of drowning me, Monsieur. You have no idea, I trust, of making a person of my small stature swallow it all."' Shall I read the details of the torture?"

"No, for Heaven's sake, don't."

"Here is a sentence which must surely show you that what is here recorded is the very scene which you have gazed upon to-night: 'The good Abbé Pirot, unable to contemplate the agonies which were suffered by his penitent, had hurried from the room.' Does that convince you?"

"It does entirely. There can be no question that it is indeed the same event. But who,



Drawn by A. Castaigne

"I burst with a shriek into my own life"

then, is this lady whose appearance was so attractive and whose end was so horrible ?"

For answer Dacre came across to me, and placed the small lamp upon the table which stood by my bed. Lifting up the ill-omened filler, he turned the brass rim so that the light fell full upon it. Seen in this way the engraving seemed clearer than on the night before.

"We have already agreed that this is the badge of a marquis or of a marquise," said he. "We have also settled that the last letter is B."

"It is undoubtedly so."

"I now suggest to you that the other letters from left to right are M, M, a small d, A, a small d, and then the final B."

"Yes, I am sure that you are right. I can make out the two small d's quite plainly."

"What I have read to you to-night," said Dacre, "is the official record of the trial of Marie Madeleine d'Aubray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, one of the most famous poisoners and murderers of all time."

I sat in silence, overwhelmed at the extraordinary nature of the incident, and at the completeness of the proof with which Dacre had exposed its real meaning. In a vague way I remembered some details of the woman's career, her unbridled debauchery, the cold-blooded and protracted torture of her sick father, the murder of her brothers for motives of petty gain. I recollected also that the bravery of her end had done something to atone for the horror of her life, and that all Paris had sympathized with her last moments, and blessed her as a martyr within a few days of the time when they had cursed her as a murderess. One objection, and one only, occurred to my mind.

"How came her initials and her badge of rank upon the filler. Surely they did not carry their medieval homage to the nobility to the point of decorating instruments of torture with their titles ?"

"I was puzzled with the same point," said Dacre, "but it admits of a simple explanation. The case excited extraordinary interest at the time, and nothing could be more natural than that La Reynie, the head of the police, should retain this filler as a grim souvenir. It was not often that a marchioness of France underwent the extraordinary question. That he should engrave her initials upon it for the information of others was surely a very ordinary proceeding upon his part."

"And this ?" I asked, pointing to the marks upon the leathern neck.

"She was a cruel tigress," said Dacre, as he turned away. "I think it is evident that like other tigresses her teeth were both strong and sharp."

"'That he should engrave her initials upon it . . . was surely a very ordinary proceeding'"

Drawn by A. Castaigne

OXENFORD—HORSEMAN.

BY CLARA GAILLARD BYRNES

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

TO use Oxenford's expression, Mary was choice. She had always loved what was serene and pure and dainty since the days when she wore socks and a big frilled hat, and accompanied "Honest John" Petrie in his daily spin over Macomb's Dam. Honest John was not above stopping at various roadhouses for various whiskies, and he loudly boasted that he could leave the child outside to hold the lines. She was not afraid, by God!

Oxenford's first glimpse of her was in front of one of these roadhouses. There was little of her visible except her gorgeous hat, and the two small, steady hands that guided Honest John's quivering trotters round and round the grassy circle. It was a winter afternoon and the horses refused to stand.

"That's John Petrie's daughter," said Colonel Frayne, who was with Oxenford, and Oxenford looked curiously at the child. Her little nose was blue, and her eyes watering in the cold wind, but she had taken three wraps of the lines around her hands and waited, faithful and patient, with her eyes fixed on the horses. She had always been that way, and Oxenford paid her his highest compliment when he likened her to his first love, Straightaway, whose little steel racing-shoe was hung up in the place of honor in their great racing-stable. Straightaway had been like that, so little, so game, so fearless, and so exquisite.

Honest John often drove out to see Oxenford's father, to whom he was well known as a recklessly successful plunger on the turf. Sometimes he brought Mary. She was six, and young Oxenford nearly twenty, but she suited him exactly, even then. He used to carry her out to see the colts. She never clung nor gabbled, nor seemed conscious of her ultra gorgeous clothes. Just as she kept sweet in spite of the elaborate finery with which Honest John overloaded her, so she kept her odd little personality aloof from the coarseness and fever of the sporting world into which Honest John had dragged her.

When she was sixteen, Honest John crippled himself by injudicious plunging, and want of money relieved Mary of the incubus of his choice in dress. She took to the clean-cut styles that her soul loved, and Oxenford was smitten with painful delight in this new aspect of her.

"You've hit it this time, Mary," he said, after serious consideration of her appearance. "Those clothes are all right. You look like a little swell in 'em."

Mary was very fond of Oxenford, and, pleased with his unreserved approbation, she hastened to confide a great project to him. Dad was down on his luck, and she was afraid he was a steady loser. She loved to study things, and she wanted to be able to do something for herself, something nice. She wanted to go to the Normal School. She wanted to be a teacher.

Oxenford looked soberly at her. He had very different ideas for her, but they had to stand for a little.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

Mary wanted him to put in a word with her father. Honest John laughed at her. That his little girl should meditate such flights was absurd, something to be denied, with roars of Homeric laughter.

"Give him a tip—on the quiet," said Mary, falling into the vernacular in her earnestness.

"Tell him you're on the inside, and you know I'm stuck on it, and I won't give it up."

Oxenford put it that way to Honest John, and Mary went to the Normal School.

Mary found it easy going. Oxenford watched her progress with mingled pain and pride. He noticed that she ran with the nicest girls in the school. He liked that. He and his father, to whose great racing-stable Oxenford had succeeded, had always run with men like Colonel Frayne, and Tom Travis, and Philip Hunter, and the rest, who loved the Oxenfords for men's men, and thoroughbreds at heart, in spite of their breezy grammar.

He was deeply relieved to find that Mary remained friendly and sweet in spite of the magnitude of her interests. She studied in the basement dining-room, where there was a droplight, and Oxenford strayed in occasionally. Honest John regarded Mary's piles of books and dictionaries as a huge joke, but Oxenford took it all seriously and reserved questions of erudition against the times he stopped in to see Honest John. Since Mary had explained that the names of Colonel Frayne's horses all meant something, Oxenford had been deeply interested in Greek mythology, and blue-penciled names that looked classic, on his racing programme.

One night he found Mary preparing for an examination. He was aghast to see her hot little head bound with a wet towel, a shade over her eyes, and a cup of tea at her elbow. She greeted him cheerfully enough, but Oxenford sat down and stared at her with serious concern.

"Oh, I'm all right, Oxie," said she, laughing. "I'm as fit as possible."

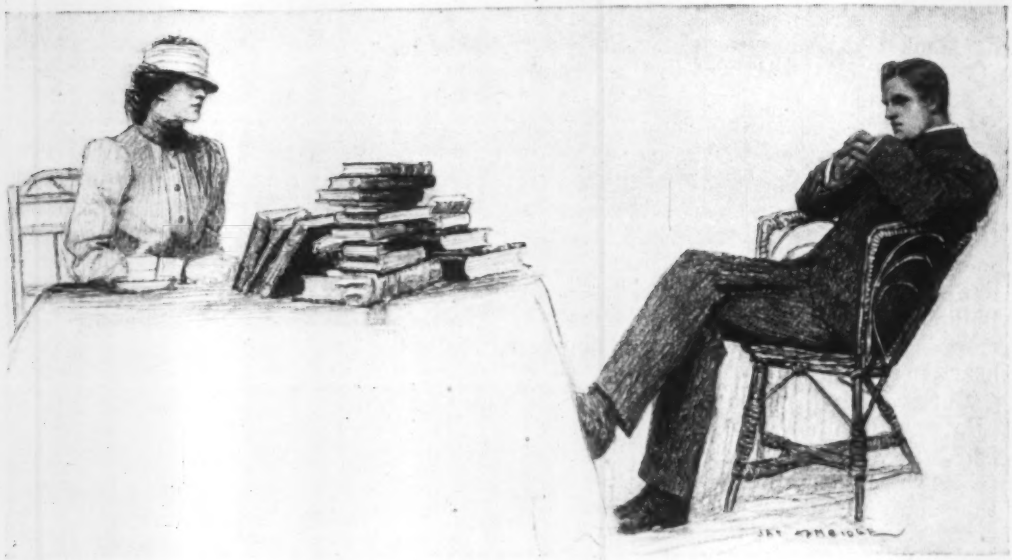
"What's all this?" asked Oxenford, indicating the various stimuli to study. Mary explained. She also explained to him the beautiful theories of the Faculty as to exams. Oxenford saw.

"This Faculty thing is bull-headed, like the judges," he said. "You run your own way, Mary. By the way," he produced a blue-penciled card. "What's Penelope? Who was he?"

Mary leaned both elbows on her book, and plunged into the romantic history of Penelope, her big eyes shining tragically under her wet towel. Oxenford was a good listener.

"Bully for Pen!" he ejaculated, when the tale ended. "That was a grand-stand finish." And he ruminated for a short time. "I say, Mary, give me a good name for my new colt. One that'll faze the starter."

"'*You've hit it this time, Mary*'"



"One night he found Mary preparing for an examination"

"How would Thor do?" said Mary. "That's Norse."

Oxenford shook his head. Too short. Mary burrowed in her Greek lexicon.

"Here's one," she said triumphantly, "Agamemnonides. Six syllables. How's that?"

"That'll do," said Oxenford thoughtfully. "Fancy Jimmy Wood yelling all that through the megaphone. Write it on a piece of paper, Mary."

"What's his stable name?" asked Mary, alluding to the newly-christened Agamemnonides.

"They'll call him the Tub," said Oxenford. "But he's all right, when the time comes. Give your father that tip from me."

Mary shook her head, all the girlish fun dying away from her mouth and pretty eyes.

"I wish he'd give up betting," she said. Oxenford knew her father's recklessness was a sore point with her. Honest John had lost his nerve and was drinking heavily. All Oxenford could do for Mary was to put Honest John on to a sure thing occasionally, which helped him to retrieve his heavy losses.

"Well," Oxenford said, looking respectfully at the slip of paper Mary handed him. "When we have company, you'll have to say it for us, Mary. When are you coming up to see us?"

"After Commencement," Mary said.

When Mary graduated, Oxenford sent her the biggest floral horseshoe money could buy. Mary was appalled when she beheld it towering on her desk, but her white-gowned classmates fortunately did not understand its significance, and thought her a whimsical little creature when she first laughed and then cried over it. They had never been lifted to Oxenford's shoulder to see a winning jockey borne high above the crowd.

Oxenford was there to see Mary graduated. He approved of it all, but it hurt him somehow, the removed charm of it, so different from his own outdoor world of track and paddock; the white dresses and the flowers, the stained glass windows, and the sweet girl voices.

If Honest John had had his way, Mary would not have been wearing that unassuming little white dress. Mary's father! How was he to tell her that he had stopped for Honest John, and found him in no condition to come to Mary's Commencement!

Mary found Oxenford, when the assembly broke up, leaning against a doorway, big and silent, in an unusually gorgeous waistcoat. She had left a group of classmates, and classmates' brothers, to go to him, and accepted his stumbling explanation about her father, with a quivering mouth.

It was not the last hurt Honest John was to cause her; for he plunged on recklessly, sinking lower and lower, until finally he put a bullet through his head in a fit of drunken melancholia.

After it was all over, Mary saw Oxenford. She put aside his sympathy with a hardness quite unusual in her.

"They say he owes you any amount of money, Oxie," she said, her eyes fixed on his. "I want to go over it with you. I want to square everything."

Oxenford looked at her hopelessly. He knew that Honest John was in debt to him to an amount far beyond Mary's power to square, and inwardly he cursed the long tongues that had given her the tip.

"Why, it don't amount to anything," he said, "perhaps eight or nine hundred." It was a worthy lie, but it was no use. Mary looked at him with bitter reproach.

"I know of twenty-five hundred he owed you myself," she said, "because he told me."

"He paid it," protested Oxenford sullenly. "I ain't out a thou'. Honest, Mary!"

"Five thou', more likely," said Mary. "You've got to take the horse, Oxie."

"What horse?" growled Oxenford. He was at a loss for the next move, if Mary insisted on considering herself in his debt. The bigness of mind that lifted him out of commonness made it impossible for him to force his love on her when she was handicapped by this ugly legacy. He knew she was fond of him, but his large humility led him to see nothing in this but the survival of her old childish fondness for the great fellow who had carried her about, her cheek against his stiff red curls.

"The Western horse. He's a two-year-old," Mary explained. "Dad lost thousands on him, but he's overtrained. I think he's a good one."

"I'll take him and train him for you," said Oxenford, beginning to get interested.

"You are to take him and keep him," said Mary fiercely. "I never want to see or hear of a horse again. I hate racing, and everything connected with it."

Oxenford winced. He found it easy to forgive her outburst, but it cut him.

"How's he bred?" he asked.

Mary had been sorting her father's papers, he noticed, and she had a copy of the animal's family tree at hand. Oxenford glanced over it.

"He ought to be a good one," he said, folding up the paper slowly. The idea of taking possession of his old friend's one asset, the horse poor old John had no doubt hoped would retrieve a fortune for Mary, was impossible. "But I can't take him, Mary. If he won a good race, you could sell him for twice as much as you owe me."

"I've tried to sell him, but they say he's no good," said Mary forlornly. "I can't get anything for him."

"Well, I tell you what I will do," said Oxenford brightening. "I'll take a half interest in him, and run him that way."

"Oh, no," objected Mary. "I couldn't do that."

Oxenford misunderstood her, and flushed uncomfortably.

"I forgot you were so down on racing," said he. "Of course you wouldn't want to be dragged into it."

"It isn't that," Mary explained remorsefully. "Only I want to square things, Oxie, and you may lose on this deal. Henry Graves says Flittermouse will never be anything but an old selling-plater."

"First laughed and then cried over it"

"Selling-plater himself!" said Oxenford hotly. "Tried to get the horse from you for about three hundred, didn't he?"

"Yes," Mary confessed.

"We'll show Graves a thing or two," Oxenford said grimly, "if you want to give me half of Flittermouse."

Mary sat in thought for some minutes. "I don't see any other way out," she said.

"All right, partner," said Oxenford cheerfully. "We'll pull enough out of our first race to make us square."

But Flittermouse lost his first race. Mary, that sedate and dainty little lady, burst forth from her school-room when the last of the wicked small boys she had been keeping in had clumped out. Rosy and hatless, she fell upon the newsboy who was shrieking the sporting extra under her school-room window. She crushed the paper between her hands and tossed it aside after one glance down the column. She and Oxenford were heavy losers.

She dropped down on one of the tiny desks and sat for an hour or more blankly staring at the wall. Between her and her father Oxie had been well robbed. And now she had forced him into running a third-rate horse for her. She was still sitting there when the janitor came in and began to raise the dust with a huge brush. Mary rose, stiff and sick and cold. She scribbled a little note to Oxenford, but at the post-box withheld her hand.

"He'll be around to-night to tell me it's all his fault," she told herself, with forlorn humor.

Oxenford did turn up at eight o'clock, big and grave and troubled. He knew precisely how Mary was going to take it, and he was prepared for the fight of his life. Mary kept him waiting some time. She had taken a flat with two girls she knew. They were nice girls. One was big and brown and handsome, a stenographer to some important political man; the other a kindergartner, a wisp of a creature, elfish and humorous. They came in and entertained Oxenford, but the good opinion they had previously entertained of him died. It is not easy to make small talk with a big man who watches the door and scowls. Finally Mary made her appearance, and they escaped gladly. She took her seat by the table, with a business-like air, and looked across it at Oxenford.

"Hard luck, wasn't it?" she said cheerfully, though her small features were disfigured with much crying. "I've been trying to figure out our losses, and I think I've got it straight." She flattened out her little account-book preparatory to reading items to Oxenford. But he moved over to the table and rested his arms upon it.

"You stop right there, Mary," he said. "It's my loss, whatever it is. There isn't anything to speak of. It was my bad judgment in pulling him in that race when he wasn't fit. I tried to push him, when I ought to have waited, and you ain't going to lose by my blunders."

He did not meet Mary's eyes, which was unfortunate, as he might have learned something to his advantage. When he looked at her, she was figuring stubbornly in the red-covered notebook.

"Did you hear me?" he persisted.

Mary pushed the book from her, and sat up very straight.

"Oxie," she said deliberately, "I know your game. Partners if we win, but if we lose, you stand to pay. Well, I don't play it that way."

"Don't you believe what I say?" demanded Oxenford, with righteous heat.

Mary studied him a few minutes with a curious smile.

"Never mind what I believe," said she, "Is that horse any good at all?"

"He's sure to win later on," said Oxenford, with conviction.

"Well, then," said Mary, "You've either got to take my half of him, or let me pay you that money."

"You're awfully afraid I'm going to do a little for you," Oxenford said with a sullenness so foreign to him that Mary stared in silence. She was looking very little and tired, but Oxenford plunged on savagely. "What's a few thou'? If you cared anything, you wouldn't mind. I know you don't care for me or my horses. I never had the cheek to think you'd care, though you always were such a bully little pal. But I've had enough of this. Square with me!" And he laughed. "What good's money and horses to me, if I see you worrying yourself sick, and I can't stop you?"

He stopped, and Mary, as if released, got to her feet. But she held to the back of a big chair, for her knees were shaking.

"Don't you care for me at all?" demanded Oxenford.

Mary looked beyond him over his shoulder. Her small face was set, though she spoke p ntly enough.

"You're always good, Oxie," she said. "It's good of you to be sorry for me. You always were sorry for things that had a tough time of it. And it's so square of you not to pretend to care for me; but just to put it that way. Thank you a lot, Oxie, for all you've done for me, and for running the horse, and that, but let's forget the rest of it." And she would

have slipped by him had not Oxenford thrown out a detaining arm.

"Look here, Mary," he said. "If that's the way it is, I'm going to take my racing stable to England. I've been thinking of it for some time. I'd like to try it over there—unless you care to have me stay."

"Don't let me interfere with your plans," Mary said politely.

Oxenford released her suddenly. "I won't," he growled. "And what's more, you're not going to bully me. I'm not going to take your half of the horse."

"Well, then," said Mary, "we'll continue as we are. And I owe you that money."

"All right then, you do," said Oxenford, and added with some bitterness, "It's a wonder you don't ask me to put in a bill for training. Good-night, Mary. I'll keep you informed about the horse. And if you want me——"

"I shan't," Mary said with dignity.

"If you want me," Oxenford repeated, stubbornly, "you'll have to send for me." And he went, without more leave-taking.

"Between her and her father Oxie had been jolly well robbed"

Oxenford went to England. Mary subscribed to an English sporting-paper, which was scarcely relevant to the career of Flittermouse, for that ornament of the turf remained on this side, and continued to lose races. Though the little kindergartner was engaged to a curate, and Miss Hutchins was a rigid Presbyterian, the fortunes of Mary's horse had a distinct fascination for them. The call of a sporting extra would send any one of the three flying down the four flights of stairs to get a copy.

At last luck changed, and Flittermouse won a race and a modest purse. Mary fluttered the check jubilantly before her two friends.

"But, Mary," Miss Hutchins said, with some reproach, "I thought you were going to sell the horse."

Mary set her little jaw. "Not yet," she said; "I'm not square with Oxie yet. He wouldn't touch a cent of the money if I sold Flittermouse, but this way he has to take his share."

She wrote occasional business-like notes to Oxenford, always with reference to Flittermouse. Oxenford's replies were not always so business-like, and he sometimes wandered from the subject of Flittermouse. He wanted to know how Mary was, and what she was doing, and whether she was not working too hard. She was not to let those ungrateful little devils wear her out. To Mary's mind, the truth would have been a bid for Oxenford's sympathy, so she told him very little about herself.

As a matter of fact, she had thrown herself into her work with the dogged enthusiasm characteristic of her. She grew big-eyed and thin, and the "ungrateful little devils" got on her nerves. Also, after the manner of the youthful modern schoolmarm, she attended various courses of lectures, and took endless notes. The little tin gods who were her superiors praised her devotion, and in the middle of the winter she broke down.

The little kindergartner came home in the winter dusk, and blundered about the sitting-room, feeling for matches. Presently she stumbled over an inert bunch by the fireplace. Terrified, she hurried to light the gas. Mary sat up, with a cut on her forehead.

"I fell," she said apologetically. "Things began to go round. My eyes are all wrong."

"Here's Helen!" The little kindergartner breathed a sigh of relief as the latch-key rattled in the door. Miss Hutchins was their tower of strength.

"See a specialist," was Helen's dictum. "I'll get off to-morrow and take you to the big man who treated my eyes."

"It's all nonsense," muttered Mary defiantly. "The big man will say it's nothing."

But, sadly enough, the big man was final and inexorable. No more work for the much-abused eyes. Some time in a darkened room, and then an operation. After that, perhaps. Mary came home white and pitiful.

That night's mail brought a letter from Oxenford.

"Read it to me, will you, Dicksie?" Mary said to the little kindergartner, for her eyes were bandaged. "And I'll get you to answer it, too, if you will? It's only business."

But the little kindergartner hesitated over the last paragraph, which was not strictly business-like.

"Are you all right, Mary?" Oxenford wrote. "You don't say anything about yourself. I was a fool to come over here. But if you want me, you've only got to say the word. You know that."

"Never mind that part," Mary cut in. "Just write a few lines for me." The little kindergartner scribbled obediently to dictation.

"Is that all?" she asked rather wistfully. She had liked Oxenford's letter, and she was not satisfied with the brief reply Mary had dictated.

Mary laughed sharply. "Perhaps you think I ought to write the truth, Dicksie. Something like this: 'Dear Oxie, I'm tired out, and half blind, and I want you. Even if you're only sorry for me, I want you just the same'—you're not a good sport, Dicksie, or you wouldn't advise it. His address is in that little red book."

"I'm writing it." And abandoning once for all the rôle of an eminently truthful and self-righteous little kindergartner, she deliberately wrote a few lines across the foot of Mary's letter.

"Dear Mr. Oxenford: Mary will never forgive me for writing this, but I can't help it. She's ill, and her eyes are all wrong, and I think she would like to see you, but she will not let you know." And signing her name hastily, she bundled the letter into its envelope.

"All right. Post it for me," said Mary, wearily. And so the news came to Oxenford, who swore over it in mingled pain and tenderness. "Stubborn little devil!" he said, but with admiration rather than censure. "I've got to get out of this." But that squareness for which Mary loved him kept him chafing there in England until his affairs were fairly settled. Meantime his intentions got abroad.

Mary, putting out her hand, one morning at breakfast, felt the familiar slippery surface of her English turf paper. She sighed and pushed it from her.

"Want to hear the news?" asked the little kindergartner. She loathed the sheet with all her Puritanical little soul. To read aloud the contaminating columns of its sporting notes required on her part the extreme of devotion, but she plunged in gallantly.

"Oh!" she said, in a surprised voice, and stopped half-way down a column. She was not lacking in a certain delicate malice.

"Go on," snapped Mary.

The few paragraphs were to the effect that Mr. James Oxenford, the well-known American turfman, was about to sell out his English stable, and return to America.

"She reached up very deliberately and ran her small fingers across his face."

It went on to elaborate some slurs at his expense.

"Of course it isn't true," said Miss Hutchins, soothingly, for Mary was in a white rage before the finish.

"True!" said Mary. "True!" And she laughed. "You don't know Oxie. Except Colonel Frayne, he's the best sport I ever knew. Go on, Dicksie."

Dicksie finished the article. It closed with a statement that Mr. Oxenford's retirement was perhaps due to the fact that he was crippled by recent heavy losses.

Mary plucked off her bandage and blinked at them like a sick kitten.

"Well," she said, "I'm going to write one letter before I go blind." And she started rather uncertainly for the sitting-room, in spite of a thunder-gust of protest.

"Dear Oxie:" she wrote, "They say you're a heavy loser. I wish you hadn't gone over there. I haven't touched the 'Quentin' money, and I want you to do something for me. I want you to take it, for it really never was mine. You know that I owe it to you. *Please, please*, Oxie, don't send this check back to me. Yours, Mary.

"How *dare* those people say such things about you!"

Oxenford sailed the day after he got that letter. He smiled his quiet smile over the villainous pink clipping. The old racing gossips had done a big thing for him when they printed those vicious paragraphs. It had been a mischievous lie, yet he owed them something, since through it Mary had come to write that letter. Plucky little pal! Not a word about going blind, either. He had been going back, but without definite hope, merely to be of service to her if he could, but now England couldn't hold him another day. Somehow he knew that she cared. Bully little pal! who wouldn't let them blackguard him!

Oxenford reached New York on the day when Flittermouse was to have his try for the Greenwich sweepstakes. But Oxenford was not thinking of Flittermouse as he made his way uptown. When he reached the landing outside the flat, he almost fell over Miss Hutchins. She was talking in a low tone to an old man of a distinctly sporting type. Oxenford recognized Con Dalaney, who had been Honest John's driver for years. He put his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Hello, Con," he said, heartily. "Come to see Miss Mary?"

"Yes, sir. That is, I have to tell her—" Con stammered with such trouble in his face that Miss Hutchins hastened to explain.

"It's that wretched Flittermouse," she said, indignantly. "They say there's something wrong with him, and he can't race."

Oxenford remembered then and understood. "That foot of his again?" Old Con nodded. "Too bad, but it can't be helped. You needn't wait, Con; I'll tell Miss Mary."

Old Con hesitated. He knew very little outside of horses, but he was devoted to Mary, and somehow the idea was fixed in his old head that Miss Mary was worrying over what she owed Mr. Oxenford. Con knew something of Honest John's affairs.

"Mr. Oxenford," he muttered. Oxenford turned on him, and under his surprised look, Con found his words with difficulty. "You won't push Miss Mary for the money," he said. "The horse ain't done yet, sir."

"You old fool!" said Oxenford, but not unkindly. "Get out!" and waited for Miss Hutchins to lead the way into the flat.

But that young woman faced him desperately, her face almost tragic under the tiny jet of gas that flickered on the stairway.

"I don't believe she'll see you, Mr. Oxenford."

"Why not?" asked Oxenford, quietly. "Did she find out Miss Murray wrote to me?"

"Yes," Miss Hutchins admitted, somewhat startled by the presence of this big, quiet horseman.

"Dicksie's curate made her tell Mary last night."

Oxenford did not damn Dicksie's curate, but his expression spoke for him. There were tears in Miss Hutchins' dark eyes.

"If Flittermouse wins this race, she says she is going to take the money, and go off somewhere. She never wants to see any of us again."

"How about me?" asked Oxenford thoughtfully. He was not sorry that Flittermouse had a bad foot.

"She says she can never face you again. She doesn't want you to think she's a whimpering little blind beggar."

Oxenford did not smile even at that, for he could imagine Mary's misery.

"But I've got to see her, you know," he said, frowning. "Tell her it's Con."

And Miss Hutchins did, regardless of the clamor of a Presbyterian conscience. Presently Oxenford, waiting in the little sitting-room, heard Mary moving through the hall. She came very slowly, and Oxenford had time to think up what he intended to say. It had not occurred to him that she was feeling her way along the hall until she entered, and then he saw that her eyes were bandaged.

"Well?" she said. "Well, Con?" And because there was an oppressive silence, Oxenford could see her shrink in expectation of something unpleasant to come, and longed to simplify matters by taking her in his arms, and telling her a few plain truths. Yet little and half blind and hard up, Mary was Mary and had to be treated accordingly. She felt her way quite close to him, and gripped his coat sleeve.

"Don't tell me he lost, Con," she said.

"No," muttered Oxenford. "No, but he can't run."

At his voice Mary grew rigid for a moment. Then she reached up very deliberately and ran her small fingers across his face.

"Oh, it's you, Oxie," she said, and raised her hands to her eyes as if to push up the bandage. But Oxenford caught her wrist.

"Don't do that," he said in alarm. "You'll hurt your eyes."

"I want to look at you, Oxie," Mary said simply.

"What!" said Oxenford. "Then what do you tell your friends to keep me out for? I guess you must believe some of those lies about me after all."

"Oxie!" cried Mary, her face quivering, "You know I'd never believe anything about you that wasn't kind and square and all right. You know it."

"You must have believed some of it," Oxenford persisted, "or you wouldn't have sent me the check. Did you think I'd take it?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't," Mary said, smiling faintly.

"Well, you were right there," Oxenford returned deliberately. "If you cared anything about me, I might have taken it."

"I do care, Oxie," Mary protested. "I do care."

"Oh, that way," scoffed Oxenford. "A lot of good that does me!"

"Oxie," said Mary suddenly, "if I loved you, would you take that money?"

"No," said Oxenford with an effort. He found it hard to be square just then. "Because I don't need it, Mary."

"Then you never lost anything?" Mary demanded, her face hardening.

"Not enough to count," Oxenford admitted.

Mary turned on him like a little cat. "I wish you had," she flung at him, savagely. "I wish something would happen to you. But you're so beastly lucky." This was enigmatic, but Oxenford began to see things clearer.

"I don't see how you make that out," he said slowly. "I may be lucky with money and horses, but how about the rest of it? You know that little pal I used to have. I thought sometime I could get her to care for me, but it's no good. She's gone back on me."

"She hasn't!" Mary said fiercely. "She hasn't. If they'd let her alone she'd have asked you to come back herself. But she was afraid if she asked you now, you'd come out of pity."

"Pity! oh rot," said Oxenford, brutally. "That girl had more sense than you, Mary. She knew I loved you."

Mary wavered where she stood.

"Oxie," she said, and a great fear grew on her face, "suppose that pal of yours goes blind?"

"She won't," said Oxenford. "We won't let her." But Mary went on:

"She was afraid of that. And she wanted to be square with you before—before——" She found it impossible to finish that sentence. "If Flittermouse had won, Oxie——"

"Oh, hang Flittermouse!" growled Oxenford. "I'm sick of horses. I love you, and all you talk about is getting square with me. You don't seem to understand, Mary. I've loved you for years, and I'm going to marry you, Flittermouse or no Flittermouse!"

Mary freed her eyes with one desperate gesture.

"Oxie," she said, staring at him, "you're sorry for me!"

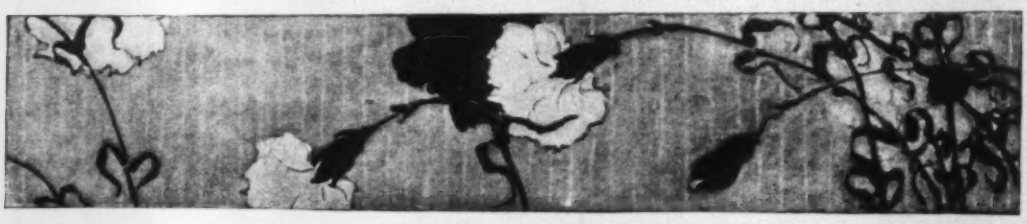
"Sorry for you?" Oxenford repeated. "Sorry for you? No, I'm not sorry for you. I think you're a regular little brute, Mary."

Mary put out her hands to him with a laugh that was tremulously near tears.

"Oh, don't, Oxie," she said, "don't! I thought it was just like you to marry me, because I was such an unlucky little devil. And I didn't want that, because I cared so much."

Oxenford swept her into his arms.

"I know," he said, and held her close. "My bully little pal!"



Sitting Bull's Defiance

by Hamlin Garland

Illustrated by
E. L. Blumenschein

ONE day some twenty years ago an officer of the Interior Department was seated on the porch of a hotel in a small town, gazing gloomily across the Missouri River. It was in June, and the oily, tawny flood of the river made a wide shining circle in the midst of the green land.

From the hotel the officer could see the tips of the smoke-yellowed teepees in Black Moon's great camp of Uncapapa Sioux. They filled the cottonwood grove which lay green in the wide flat of the valley, and hundreds of spirals of blue smoke marked the beginnings of evening fires. The officer's name was Elsdon, and he was biting his thumbs in sad predicament. An appropriation of ninety thousand dollars had been made by Congress to procure a treaty from the hostile tribes of "Blackfoot Sioux," and he had discovered that there was no such tribe, and certain traders who had contracted to furnish the goods to that tribe were anxious.

You will see that to have a ninety thousand dollar profitable contract on your hands and to find no Indians upon whom to unload your goods may become disheartening. The commissioner had decided that the only tribe which would pass for "Blackfoot Sioux" was the most powerful, the most warlike, and the most unassuageable of all the Sioux, the Uncapapas, headed by old Black Moon, Sitting Bull, and Chief Gall. And there they were, just out of gun-shot on the opposite side of the river, insolent and unapproachable.

For days the commissioner pondered, and at last he said: "If I can't make a treaty with one tribe I will try to bring in another. I will entice the Uncapapa Sioux." In this way the goods in the hands of his friends could be disbursed with profit, and his stay in the Northwest brought to an end.

"I want some one to cross the river and carry a message to Black Moon," he said to the landlord; but no one was seeking such honor. He offered one hundred dollars as a reward, and though the fort was filled with bordermen of the most reckless type, thirsty and penniless, no one came forward.

Old Hermit Kelly, bold to recklessness, refused the offer, and even Jack Varnell, who was called "the Wolf," because he always hunted alone, and was as sullen and dangerous as a crippled bear, a man who feared neither God nor man—even this man put aside the Commissioner's offer with impatient hand. "I'm not ready to cross the big river yet," he said.

One evening a couple of days later the Com-

missioner said to Clarke, the trader, "Clarke, how is this? I've been told that the West was full of men who took all the chances there were, and yet when I hold up three hundred dollars nobody wants it."

Clarke was a post trader who had married a Sioux woman. He spoke the Sioux language and knew Sitting Bull well. He was fitted to explain.

"Well, General, it's like this. We know the Uncapapas out here. They are warriors and they will die warriors. When they send out word not to enter their camp they mean it. It is taking all the chances even for me to cross that river, but I know the chiefs and I'm going to make the attempt. I need the three hundred dollars."

The Commissioner started up. "When will you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Clarke, if you bring me one chief, so that I can say I held a council, I will give you the three hundred dollars—and more. I must talk with a Sioux before I can return to Washington. What can I do for you? What do you need?"

Clarke considered. "Well, I will want some goods to take with me for presents and for trade. They know I am a trader here, and I've got to have an outfit."

"You shall have it. What else?"

The trader looked down a moment before answering. "I'm going to write a letter before I go, which I want you to take, and if I don't return I want you to carry it to my father, and smooth things over as well as you can with him." His voice broke a little and he stopped.

"I'll do that. But, Clarke, see here. If you feel that the chances are so great, don't go," the Commissioner had the grace to add.

The trader had entered into the matter, and he had no thought of turning back. "I'll need a steamboat yawl and a couple of men to row me and my goods across the river. Then have the colonel load his howitzers, and if you see me running for the boat, or hear shots, open up on the camp, and under cover of it I will escape."

That night Clarke made his preparations amid the protests of his friends. He was the one man who could attempt the desperate journey with the slightest hope of returning. His marriage into Sitting Bull's family, his acquaintance with Gall and Black Moon, made it barely possible that he might be allowed to enter the camp and return to the fort.

He asked two old trappers and border companions to row the boat across to the big sand-bar. They raised profane protest also.

"Clarke, you're crazy as a loon. We'll be shot before we touch ground on the other side," said "the Wolf."

"No, you won't be in any danger until they begin on me. You can hold the boat out in the stream, and when you hear me yell, or hear shots, then is your call to pull like time for the other shore."

They at last consented, and about nine o'clock of a warm, windless morning, the three men pushed out with the loaded boat and began rowing directly across the river. The air was deathly still. The water ran soundless as oil, the smoke of the camps rose straight into the air, the poplar leaves hardly moved, so light was the breeze, and the two men rowed steadily as if in deep midnight. Clarke, looking into their grave faces, saw a curious pallor there. At any moment a rifle might sound from the willows and one of them fall dead across his oars.

"I don't mind being shot," said "the Wolf," "but I hate to be shot in the back."

They touched the farther shore in the unbroken hush. The goods were unloaded on the sand, and in a low voice Clarke said:

"All right, boys; shove off."

They seized their oars, and with a straining of their hard muscles sent the boat shooting back over the swift yellow water.

Clarke, with his pack on his shoulder, waded ashore, and stood for a moment in the path which led under over-arching willows up toward the clear space where the camp of Black Moon stood. As he paused there, the spring had never seemed so beautiful. The sunlight filtering through the willow leaves dappled the path, worn smooth by deft mocassined feet. The smell of fruit and flowers was deliciously refreshing after the hot air of the dry plateau. He thought of his wife and his little brown babies, and wondered if he were to see them again. The pathway had the quiet of a sleeping rattlesnake—death was hid in the silence.

This irresolution lasted only for a moment, and then he started up the path. He had made but a few steps when he met a brown girl coming down to the river for water. She was looking about at the birds, and did not see him until he was almost within reach.

The instant her eyes fell upon him she uttered a shriek of terror, dropped her bucket, and fled like a fawn back toward the camp. For a few moments Clarke stood waiting, expecting each moment further outcry. This was the end—a rifle bullet—and then !——

The silence remained unbroken, and at last he continued his way toward the village. He met next a tall young man muffled to the eyes in a blanket.

"Where is Black Moon's camp?" Clarke asked.

The young man neither started nor changed countenance. He merely pointed toward a pointed teepee, rather larger than the rest.

Clarke passed on, and escaped observation till he reached the teepee of Black Moon. He knew the Indian customs well, and putting aside the flap of the tent, he entered and stood in silence.

There, on a blanket, sitting Chinese fashion, was Black Moon, an old and wrinkled, but still vigorous man. On his right sat Gall, a short man of lion-like presence, of dark complexion, and without paint. He was leaning on his elbow in the attitude of listening to Black Moon, who was dressed in all the splendor of an Indian king, eagles' feathers, fine beaded buckskin, and with breast-plate and bracelets of silver.

On his left sat a still more renowned warrior, the scourge of the Missouri, a man who had fought his way from the ranks of the unknown to a command second only to Black Moon. This was Sitting Bull, a grim-visaged man in the prime of his early manhood. No longer young, he still was not yet old. He was a warrior every inch of him, and in his face was written unconquerable will, cold calculation, and serene command. He scowled slightly as Clarke bent and laid the bundle of presents at the feet of Black Moon and waited his action—his life was at stake.

Black Moon peered up at the bold white man with curious eyes, then at Gall and Sitting Bull, whose faces darkened into wrath, and after a moment's pause reached and took up the bundle. This was a sign that the bearer could speak, that his presents were acceptable.

Sitting Bull

Sitting Bull's autograph, written at Belvedere Hotel, Washington, D. C. Original loaned by A. S. Gardner, Cuba, Ill.

Clarke drew a deep breath of relief. "Great chief, I am a messenger from a soldier of the Great Father, who wishes to see you and have a talk with you."

"What does he want to say to me?" asked the old man. Gall appeared not to listen.

"Chief, I will not lie to you. He wants to make a treaty with you."

"I have no treaty to make with him. I can't talk to him unless my people are willing."

"I will pay you if you will go," urged Clarke. "The agent will give you anything you need if you will come over even for a half hour."

Black Moon mused. "I want nothing except a pair of blankets." Why should I go? I am old, and do not like to move." Nevertheless, the idea of crossing seemed to interest him.

"It may be I will go," he said after some talk. "Come, Gall, you go with me." He seemed to banter.

Gall shook his head. "No; what is the use?"

He turned to Sitting Bull. "Come, my son; you go with me to see the white man."

found no fault. You may want to trade with me again."

Sitting Bull rose, drew his blanket up over his arm with the gesture of a king, and turned contemptuously on his heel. "You are a fool."

Followed by Old Black Moon, Clarke led the

"Sitting Bull drew his blanket up over his arm with the gesture of a king, and turned contemptuously on his heel"

Sitting Bull drew down his brows until he looked like an angry tiger. "No, I will not talk with the agent." He turned to Clarke, whom he knew well. "Don't you know better than to come into my camp?" he asked, and his deep voice trembled threateningly. "You know I kill all the white men who come into my camp."

Clarke put on a bold face. "You know me, Sitting Bull. I am a trader. You know I am not an enemy. You have traded with me and

way down to the boat. On the path he met the same young man from whom he had inquired the way to Black Moon's tent.

The old chief laid a hand on Clarke's arm. "My son, Whistling Elk." His face beamed with pride. "It is well that he should go too."

Clarke was delighted. "Good! I will give him a fine carbine if he will go."

The young man nodded his head, "I will go," and Clarke signalled for the boat. While

it was approaching Gall came running down the path. "Well, little brother chief," he said to Clarke, "I think, after all, I will go too."

"That is good also," said Clarke. "You shall have blankets and the best gun I can find."

The boat was not able to come close to shore, and Gall waded out and got into the boat, but Old Black Moon said:

"My son, I can't go into the cold water. I am old, and pains rack my knees. You must go alone." He seemed disappointed.

"No, chief," said Clarke, "I will carry you." He turned his back for the burden.

"Little chief, you are too small." The old man smiled as he spoke.

"I am as big as you and I am young," Clarke replied.

The old man climbed on the white man's back, and so was landed safely in the boat. When Clarke started to push off the boat, he looked across the river and saw the banks fringed with soldiers and the colonel pacing to and fro on the edge of the bluff. He was alarmed for fear the commander would disregard his orders to keep the soldiers out of sight, but as the boat started out into midstream, every soldier disappeared. The chiefs appeared not to see anything.

At the landing the old chief was assisted up the bank to the post, and all entered the Indian room, where the commander and the Commissioner were introduced. Then the Commissioner made his speech. He promised Black Moon everything. He promised him a steamboat load of goods. He said: "You shall have rations every seven days for all your people, and money besides, if you will come over and sign a treaty with me."

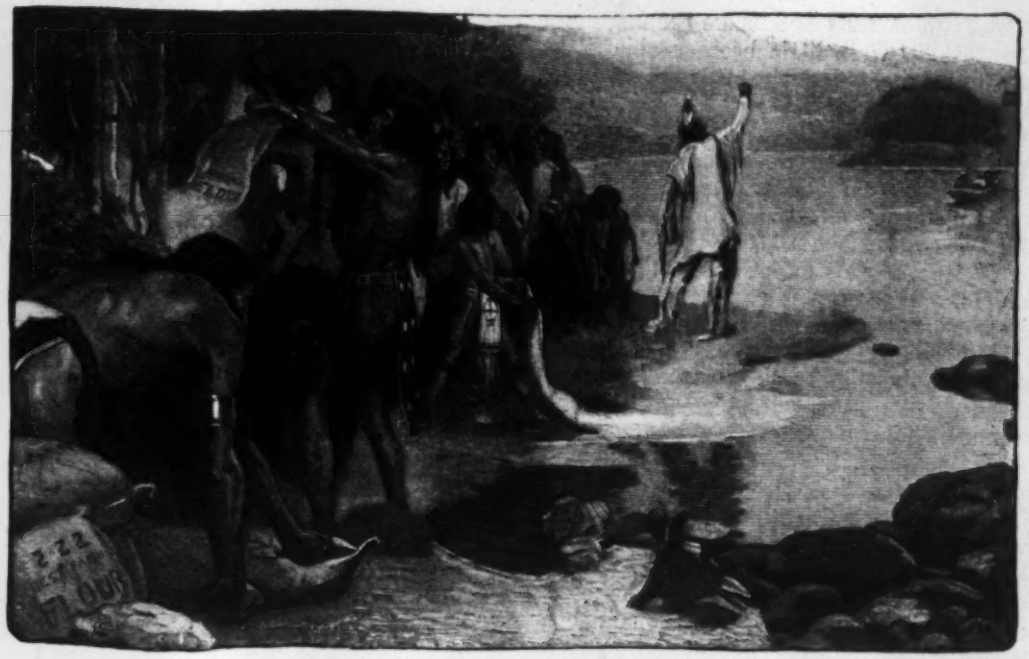
The two great chiefs listened in silence to these golden promises. Then one by one they rose and made answer.

Black Moon said: "Once I would not have opened my ears to you—but I am no longer young, I am indeed old. My limbs fail me, and my heart is no longer hungry for fighting. I would like to smoke my pipe and fight no more, but my people must decide. If they say so, then I can do nothing. I will go home and talk with them in council. I will sleep, and then I will tell you my thoughts. If my people will sign the treaty I will return."

Gall rose and stood at full height and looked at the soldiers.

"What Black Moon says is true. All depends upon the people. I am tired of fighting, not because I am old, but because it does no good. I would sign the treaty if my

"Then the commissioner made his speech"



"This is the way Sitting Bull makes treaties with you—white dogs, liars, and robbers"

people could be left alone to hunt and dance and live the ways of our fathers. I don't know what my people will say. I will tell them what you have said and will let you know."

Whistling Elk was still more non-committal, and so, loaded with presents, the three chieftains entered the boat and started across.

In the boat, in accordance with Clarke's suggestion, were sacks of flour and strips of bacon, and blankets and calico. These were for a feast and for presents for the women. It was nearly sunset as they landed on the sand-bar, which gleamed like sifted gold in the western light.

Clarke again carried the old chief on his back, while Gall and Whistling Elk waded ashore with their new guns in their arms. Black Moon shook hands in a friendly way and said, "To-morrow I will let you know."

As they talked the other white men unloaded the goods upon the sand, well knowing that the squaws would come down and carry it to camp.

At last all was ready, and as the boat was shoved off Clarke looked around. The three chiefs were lost in the willows. He turned his face to the fort, and was guiding the boat toward the landing when one of the men cried:

"Look out Clarke!"

Clarke turned, expecting to hear the whistle of a bullet or see the gleam of a lifted knife. No one was near, but the bar of golden sand swarmed with redmen. They were flinging the opened sacks of flour into the water, and the river was white with the spread of it, and gay with the fragments of slitted blankets; and in the midst of it stood Sitting Bull, the single tall painted feather which he wore quivering with his anger, and he lifted his clenched fist into the air with disdainful gesture, and his booming voice sounded clear across the sullen flood:

"This is the way I make treaties with you white dogs, liars, and robbers!"

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

Author of "The Madness of Philip"

Illustrated by Orson Lowell

TO Belden, pacing the library doggedly, the waiting seemed interminable, the strain unnecessarily prolonged. A half-hour ago quick feet had echoed through the upper halls, windows had opened, doors all but slammed, vague whisperings and drawn breaths had hovered impalpably about the whole place; but now all was utterly quiet. His own regular footfall alone disturbed the unnatural stillness of a large house.

Outside, the delicious October sun poured down through an atmosphere of faultless blue. The foliage was thick yet, and the red and yellow leaves danced heartlessly in the wind. A year ago they had gone on a nutting-party, and Clarice had raced with the children and picked up more than anybody else. Now—even to think of her brought that faint odor of salts-of-lavender and beef-tea that disheartened him so, somehow, when he sat by her bed coaxing her into sipping the stuff.

Some one was coming down the stairs. It was Peter's step—his new one since last Friday, when they had all, it seemed, begun to walk and talk and breathe a little differently. Belden hurried across the room and caught him at the foot of the steps.

"Well, old man, how goes it?" he demanded, with a determined cheerfulness.

His brother-in-law stared at him emptily.

"It's to-morrow," he said, gripping the newel-post, "to-morrow afternoon. Jameson is coming—they'll do it here. Jameson brings his special nurse for the—the operation, but the other one is due at five, and you get her just the same. I told Henry to put up the dog-cart. I don't know, though—maybe the runabout—no, the tire's loose. Still it might do——"

"For heaven's sake, Peter, don't bother about it! I'll find a rig. What else does he say?"

"He says there's a good fighting chance—a very good one. He says her grit alone— Oh, Belden, what shall we do? *What* shall we do?"

Peter sat down heavily on the lowest stair.

"Only last week she was so well—and yet she really wasn't. I suppose he knows. But it doesn't seem possible—I can't get it through my head. Poor little Caddy! She never had a sick day in her life. No headaches, like most women, even, no nonsense— Oh, Belden, *what* shall we do?"

"Brace up, Peter—think what a good fighting chance means, think of that! It's not as if Caddy were old; she has that on her side. She's seven years behind me, you know."

Peter scowled. "You're fifty, aren't you?"

"Not a bit. Only forty-eight, and just that, too. Now you go out and get the nurse, and I'll stay here. It'll do you a lot of good. Don't mope around in the house all day—what's the use?"

"I can't leave the house. Honestly, Belden, I can't. I've tried twice, and I just walk right back. It's no good. There's the cart—and you won't be long, will you?"

Belden took up the reins with a vague sense of momentary relief; it was something to do. Under the influence of the fresh autumn air his spirits rose; he found himself enjoying the swift rattle of the cart and the beat of the horse's feet. After all, think of Caddy's grit, think of her fine constitution! A fighting chance—that was little enough to say, though. Why couldn't he have put it a little stronger? Hitchcock was always a pessimist.

At the station the usual crowd of well-dressed suburbanites quieted their horses and waited impatiently for the express. As Belden drew up into line, they greeted him with a subdued interest; coachmen left their seats to ask how Mrs. Moore was to-day, and when could one see her? A sudden mist came over his eyes as he answered briefly, "Very soon—I hope."

The train thundered in; in an incredibly short time all the guests and commuters were hurried off toward town—where was that nurse?

As his glance wandered through the thinning crowd, it was met suddenly and squarely by two brown eyes, set in a fresh pink face, framed by dark hair lightly sprinkled with gray. The second that he looked into that woman's eyes taught him her character, absolutely, as finally as if he had grown up with her. One could trust her to the last ditch, he thought.

She walked straight up to the cart. "I am the nurse sent for by Dr. Hitchcock. Are you Mr. Moore?"

"I am Mrs. Moore's brother—Mr. Belden," he explained. "Have you your checks?"

"That is all arranged," she returned briefly. "I am all ready. May I ask you to hurry? Dr. Hitchcock was anxious for me to see her before six, when the fever begins."

His nerves were more sharply edged than he knew: an instant irritation seized him.

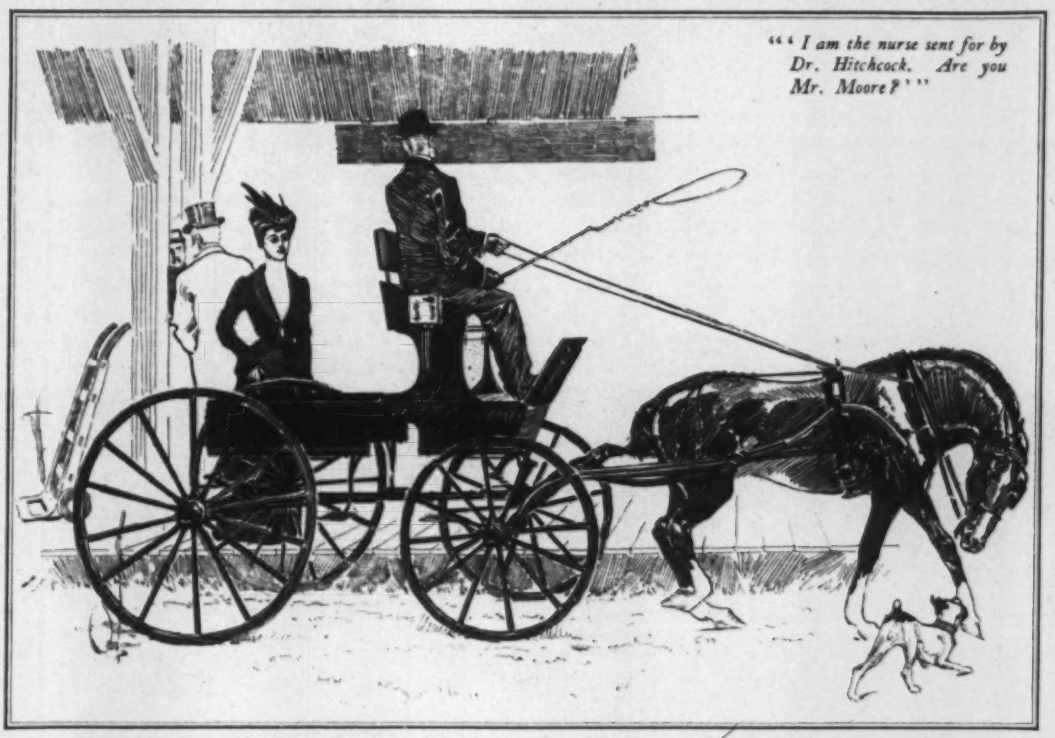
"There is plenty of room in the back of the cart," he insisted; "the express people are very uncertain. Would you not better give me the checks?"

She swung herself up beside him with a firm, assured motion; for a heavily built woman she carried herself very lightly.

"I think not," she said decidedly; "the man has started, I am sure. I would rather lose no time."

He bowed and started the horse; he disliked her already. To a deep-seated, involuntary disgust that any woman should have to earn her

"'Oh, Belden, what shall we do?'"



"'I am the nurse sent for by Dr. Hitchcock. Are you Mr. Moore?'"

living he added a displeased wonder that one should choose this method of doing it. There must be disagreeable details connected with it, embarrassments, absolute indignities—why did they not marry? This woman was good-looking enough. She was very obstinate—almost dictatorial. His idea of womanhood was hopelessly confused with clouds of white *tulle*, appealing eyes, and a desire for guidance. It was impossible to connect any of these characteristics with the woman beside him.

For a while they drove in silence. Then compunction seized him and he remarked on the beauty of the foliage. She assented easily, but seemed no more relieved by the speech than embarrassed by the silence. It was impossible to treat her as a hired servant: one felt a strong personality in her. Before they reached the house he was searching for conversation that should not bore her.

As they stepped into the wide hall, where he observed with a shade of displeasure that her luggage had come before them, Dr. Hitchcock met them.

"Ah, Miss Strong, glad to see you. Come right up. On time, as usual, of course! I was afraid you couldn't make it. Jameson comes to-morrow, you know——"

They were up the stairs; Belden stood idly in the hall where they had left him. He had an idea of showing her the house, stating some of the facts of Clarice's sudden and terrible need of her, indicating that in a family so jarred from the very foundations it would be wiser to look to him than to the bewildered master of the establishment; but this was not necessary. Evidently she persisted in dispensing with his services.

His hand slipped to his vest pocket, but he replaced the cigar uncertainly: it seemed not quite the thing to smoke. Ought he go to Peter? In his mind's eye he saw the poor fellow haunting the landing by Caddy's door; he had an idea that in some way he kept things quiet by doing this. And how could one be sure that the troubled creature wanted company?

There was a violent ring at the bell, a jarring of wheels on the asphalt. The door flew open and the prettiest little woman imaginable, all fluffy ends and scarlet flowers and orris scent, rushed toward him.

"Oh, Will! Oh, Will!" she gasped, "isn't it terrible? Where is Peter? Can I see her? Oh, Will!"

Instinctively he took her in his arms—one always did that with Peter's sister—and she put her head on his shoulder and cried a little, while he patted her and murmured, "There, there!"

She was so manifestly comforted, and it was so pleasant to comfort her—this was what a woman should be. He felt a renewed sense of capacity, of readiness for even the most terrible emergency. He led her gently to the great cushioned window-seat and listened sympathetically to her excited babblings.

"'Oh, Will! Oh, Will!' she gasped, 'isn't it terrible?'"

"It will kill Peter—it will kill him! In—in a great m-many ways, you know, Will, Peter isn't so—so c-calm as Caddy. He is just bound up with her. Suppose— Oh, Will!"

"Don't cry, Sue dear, don't!" he said soothingly. "She has a good chance—a fine chance, really. These things are mostly resisting power, you know, and grit, and think what a lot of grit Caddy's got!"

"Oh, I know, I know! Don't you know when the baby died—that first baby—and s-she was so weak she could hardly speak? 'Never mind, P-Peter, we'll have another!' Oh, dear, she was so pl-plucky, Will! And now to think——"

He choked a little. "I know, I know," he murmured, "Caddy's a brick. She always was."

She sat up, not wholly withdrawing from his arm, and patted her eyes, breathing brokenly. Little gusts of orris floated toward him.

"Where are the children?" she asked, almost herself now.

"They're here—Peter wants them one minute and sends them away the next. I should send them to Grandmother's, but he won't hear of it."

A light step sounded on the stair. The nurse appeared on the lower landing. She was dressed in cool blue gingham; the straps of her white apron marked the firm, broad lines of her bust and shoulder.

"Is this Mrs. Wylie?" she said in her clear, assured voice. "Mrs. Moore would like to see her a moment. Will you come with me?"

"I will come directly," and Sue gathered together her gloves and hand-bag.

"She's very good-looking—it's a pity her hair is so gray," she breathed in his ear. As the two women stood together a moment on the landing he realized, not for the first time, that Sue was a little too small. But he had never thought her sallow before.

Peter came in by the greenhouse door, walking slowly, his hands behind his back. He looked old for the first time in his jolly, persistently boyish life.

"Those chrysanthemums are all drying up," he complained fretfully; "not one of the blamed servants has done a thing since—since—O Lord, Will, what shall we be doing this time to-morrow? Where are the children?

Where's Miss Strong? There's a woman for you! Caddy took to her directly. She's there now. She's talking to her about the children. Oh, my God!"

Belden grasped his hand and they walked silently up and down the hall.

"Aunt Lucia's coming to-night," Peter resumed nervously. "She will drive me mad. Take care of her, will you? If I could have choked her off—but when you think she was just like a mother to Cad all these years, what can you do? She's got a right. You'd think she'd have got some sense from living with Cad so long. I told Henry to go for her—and there they are," he added, as the cart drew up before the open door.

Belden went slowly down the steps; he detested Aunt Lucia, and Clarice had always stood between them.

"How do you do?" he began, assisting her from the high seat. Her long crape veil caught in the wheel, and the numberless black and floating ends of her costume wound themselves about him as he bent down to disentangle her.

"Oh, Wilmot, this is a terrible day for us all, is it not? Be careful of the hem of that veil, please. When I kissed Clarice good-by last Christmas I little thought *what* a good-by it was! Is she conscious? You have muddied the boa, I think, but never mind. Can I see her once more?"

"For Heaven's sake, Aunt Lucia, anybody would think Caddy was in her grave! She's a long way from it yet, thank God! Of course she's conscious, and spunky as the—as ever. I don't think you really needed to——"

"My dear Wilmot, I prepared Clarice for her confirmation, I dressed her for her wedding, and I was here when the children were born. If you think that I would fail her in this crisis you have a very poor idea of my character. But then, I am perfectly aware that you always had. Oh, there is Peter! My poor Peter!" She rushed toward him, and Belden smiled sardonically as his brother-in-law planted a perfunctory kiss on her chin.

"This may comfort you, Peter, as it has me so often in such circumstances. So short, so true, so helpful. '*Underneath are the everlasting arms!*' Do you feel that, Peter?"

"I—I—yes, indeed, Aunt Lucia—you must want a bite of something, I'm sure, driving so far."

Peter writhed miserably in Aunt Lucia's crape-and-jet arms.

"Not till I have seen her, Peter. Afterward I shouldn't mind. I have brought such a beautiful address by Bishop Hunter. It was delivered on the occasion of the death of Governor ——, unless I forgot to put it in with my knitted shawl. I believe I did. I will send for it directly. When my dear husband—he was so fond of Clarice—died, I read it more than anything else, except the Prayer-book, of course. You will surely find it a help."

"Yes, Aunt Lucia. Your room is ready, and——"

"Not till I have seen her, Peter."

"Susy is there now, and Miss Strong says nobody else this evening. To-morrow——"

Aunt Lucia drew away.

"Do I understand that Susy Wylie—no relation at all—is preferred before the only mother Clarice has had for all these years?"

Peter winced. "But you weren't here, Aunt Lucia," he argued wearily.

"Who is Miss Strong?"

"Here she is!" There was great relief in Peter's voice. "Miss Strong, my aunt, Mrs. Wetherly."

"Mrs. Moore sends you her best love, and wants you to get thoroughly rested, so that you can see her the first thing in the morning, Mrs. Wetherly. She says you are not to let them frighten you."

As if by magic the formidable frown faded from Aunt Lucia's forehead. She smiled approvingly at the nurse.

"Very well. I should like to ask you a few questions—Clarice was always thoughtful."

They moved away together. The two men stared at each other.

"How do you account for that?" Belden queried.

"Oh, it's her calm way and her voice. You want to do everything she says. Norah says she's sure Mrs. Moore will get well now, with her to take care of her. By George, Will, if she pulls Caddy through it'll be worth her while, I tell you."

"Oh, they always do their best. And they all have that habit, I fancy. It's part of the training."

Peter looked up surprised.

"You don't like her, eh?"

"How absurd. I never considered her particularly. I don't care for masculine, dictatorial women, on general principles——"

"Oh, nonsense! I tell you you've taken a grudge against her, and you want to get rid of it as soon as possible."

"I suppose I have a right to my opinion," Belden began hotly, but a wave of remorse surged over him at sight of the other man's drawn, nervous face.

"Any one would think we had nothing to do but scrap over a trained nurse," he said lightly.

"She's all you say, I haven't a doubt, old man, and if she pulls Caddy through, I'll sing her praises louder than any of you."

They sat in silence. A burst of laughter from the kitchen garden startled them, and Belden started up as if to check it.

"Don't stop 'em—it's the servants. Why shouldn't they laugh?" said Peter quietly. "I've been thinking it all over. If Caddy—if—if she doesn't get well, she doesn't want a lot of black and all that. It's bad for the children. And she said the children oughtn't to grow up without a mother—think of that!"

"I guess that's all right," said Belden sadly. "Look at my boy there!"

A slender, stoop-shouldered lad slouched by the window, his hands in his pockets, an unlighted cigarette in his mouth.

"Well, well, we all have our load!" Peter's mood had changed utterly, to the other's astonishment. He seemed gentler, more thoughtful, controlled beyond belief.

"I don't see why we shouldn't smoke," he added, and they lighted cigars.

"You see, we talked it all over," he said, half to himself, "and she's so reasonable and calm, herself. . . . . She says Margaret's going to grow up just like her. That's a comfort. And there's the boy."

Suddenly the cigar dropped from his lips to the floor.

"Good God, Belden!" he shouted, "I kept thinking she'd be here, too! I forgot—I— Oh, what rot! Do you think I'll stand it? Do you think I'll put up with it? Why didn't Hitchcock know before? It was his business to know! I tell you I'll ruin that man if it takes every dollar I've got!"

Belden stared at him helplessly. Was this Peter, this red-faced, scowling menace? As he watched him silently the nurse came in from the greenhouse.

"Mrs. Moore wants to say good-night to you, Mr. Moore," she said, her deep, clear voice echoing strangely after the hoarse passion of Peter's rage. "I found these all picked—were you going to take them to her?"

Peter drew a deep breath and put out a shaking hand for the flowers.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Will—I talk like a fool," he half whispered. "I can't get used to this damned see-saw. First I'm all ready for it, and then I'm nearly wild. And so it goes—up and down, up and down."

"How is she? Is it all settled for to-morrow? Hitchcock said that perhaps——?"

"Mrs. Moore is doing very well—really very well. She was a little excited when Mrs. Wylie was with her, but she is nicely sleepy, now. I think it will be better to stay only a moment. She will get a good night's rest to-night, it is so cool. The weather is on our side."

She smiled into his eyes and nodded gravely. He brightened and squared his shoulders. As he went quickly up the stairs, Belden stopped the woman.

"Tell me," he said authoritatively, "how is my sister, really? What do you consider her chance?"

She looked him easily in the eyes. "It is impossible to say," she returned gravely. "Your sister is a very brave, self-possessed woman, and seems to have a good constitution. That is, of course, half the battle. But her case is very complicated, and until the operation, no one can tell. You may have every confidence in Dr. Jameson. He is a magnificent surgeon."

Before her non-committal eyes his own fell baffled. He was more irritated than he cared to own. Could she not see that he was prepared for anything, that his self-control was as great as her own? She treated him like a child; those professional reserves, necessary, doubtless, in the case of Peter and his excitable sister, were wasted on him. Why could she not see it?

"I am quite aware of Dr. Jameson's skill," he said coldly, "but I had hoped that you would find yourself able to break through the professional attitude sufficiently to give me your real opinion, which, of course, you must have formed."

She threw him a quick glance. "Ah, my friend," he thought exultingly, "you have a temper, then!" But in an instant it was gone.

"I have told you all I was able to tell," she said evenly. "I have been here but a short time, you know."

She turned and left the hall, and he, chafing under a sense of merited rebuke, conscious of a foolish petulance, went discontentedly into the library. He seemed to be continually at fault with Miss Strong, but unable to resist the effort to master her.

The evening was very lonely and still. Peter had gone to his room early and the children had effaced themselves: Susy was with them. Aunt Lucia read the "Imitation of Christ," by the fire. Belden's mind turned unconsciously to the old days when Caddy and he dreamed out their future in the nursery. It had all come out just as she had planned, except this. Poor little Caddy—a fighting chance!

The next morning seemed to fly by them: it was nine o'clock, ten, eleven.

At this hour a feverish activity suddenly

spread through the house. They met and passed each other, hurrying, troubled, secretive; the servants stumbled and quarreled in their purposeless haste. To Belden, quieting when he could, sternly optimistic everywhere, at heart heavy and uncertain, it seemed that the one anchor of their hopes was this calm, clear-eyed woman in her uniform of authority!

Peter hung pathetically on her lightest word; the children, dazed and terrified, ate and exercised at her command; his own boy, a strange hard look in his furtive eyes, followed her like a dog, and Aunt Lucia submitted with unprecedented meekness to an abrupt curtailment of her interview with Clarice. He himself went into the bedroom for a moment, half uncertain of the reality of the experience. It was absurd to remember that he might never see her, conscious, again—his own little Caddy.

He sat awkwardly on the side of the bed.

"Well, little woman, how goes it?"

"Queen's taste, Will!"

"Good for you! I'm proud of the Beldens, Caddy—Billy acts like a drum-major."

Her eyes softened.

"The dear boy," she murmured. Their eyes met. "*Look after him,*" hers said, and his, "*As long as I live!*" He stooped and kissed her lightly. "Mind you look as well as this tomorrow!"

"Oh, I shall be all right. Miss Strong will take care of me. When I think how I have the best of everything—such care—I've been a very happy woman, Will, dear."

His eyes filled. He threw her a kiss and went out blindly. A hand touched his arm.

"You've done her good," said the nurse softly. "You stayed just long enough. She'll take her nap now."

He went heavily into his own room. Below him a little porch led out from the smoking-room, and as he sat lost in a miserable reverie, voices rose from it to his window.

"Nobody knows what she's been to me. As much like a mother as I'd let her. I did everything but the cigarettes, and I meant to tell her I'd do that too, next month—that's her birthday."

Was this his boy, that pleading, shaken voice? He looked out: the lad was fingering Miss Strong's white apron nervously. She leaned over the railing of the little porch, her hand on his shoulder.

"You tell her about it—I'll never smoke another one. It was the last thing she asked me."

"I'll tell her—she will be so pleased, I know.

"'*I dare say you are surprised*'"

She asked about you, yesterday. I'll let you know as soon as I can."

Belden, a little later, hurried down stairs, with a confused idea of thanking her. On the threshold of the library he paused, amazed. Dr. Hitchcock sat before a small green baize table, studying five playing cards held fan-shape in his left hand. Opposite him sat Miss Strong, holding the pack expectantly.

"You can give me two, my dear, I think," he said as Belden entered. Looking up, he smiled apologetically.

"I dare say you are surprised," he suggested, "but I have been much exasperated, Mr. Belden, and a long experience has taught me that nothing so quickly clears the mind as throwing a few hands of poker. Miss Strong —an invaluable person—is kindly assisting me. Did I say three? Yes, of course. Thank you. We are playing for beans, only, you see."

Belden watched them curiously. She sat as imperturbably as by Caddy's bedside, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on her cards.

"—And raise you three," she said.

"Five more—you will excuse me, Belden, but your aunt, Mrs. Wetherly, is a somewhat unusually irritating woman. I'll see you, Miss Strong,—ah, yes, two pair, queens up."

"What has she done?"

"She insists that Mrs. Moore shall not only see Mr. Burchard, to which I have not the least objection, but that he shall hold a Communion Service, directly, there. Now, if your sister had asked for this herself, it would be another matter, but unless this is the case I always regard it as a depressing agent. It is a strain, in any case."

"I think Mrs. Moore will go through with it very easily, Doctor," Miss Strong interposed, slipping the cards into their leather envelope and gathering up the beans. "She will be fresh from her nap, and it will be very short. She has promised Mrs. Wetherly, you know, and it would distress her more to break it——"

"All right, all right. Have it your way. Much obliged."

He took the cards from her and went out.

"My aunt is very trying," Belden began.

"Oh, many people feel so about it," she assured him, "especially High Church people. She only did what she thought right."

He drew a breath of relief.

"You'll see she's not too tired?" he asked, and as he went to luncheon he wondered at the comfort he derived from her mute nod.

He was roused from the table, where the dishes left by them were untouched for the most part, by a disturbance in the hall.

"It's the priest," the waitress murmured, and with a frown he checked her rising tears.

Aunt Lucia bustled through the room.

"You must come, Wilmot," she whispered eagerly, "she asked for you. Peter is locked into his room, and neither of the children has been confirmed. Susy, of course, is a Presbyterian. Not that dear Mr. Burchard would object—he is so broad. But you have no excuse. Oh, it is beautiful, Wilmot! She looks so lovely!"

He followed her wearily. What did it matter? It seemed to him ominous, terrible—but it would please Caddy. She sat propped up in the bed. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes bright. White chrysanthemums stood in silver vases, candles burned softly on the white-draped dresser. Mr. Burchard, in the hall just beyond, was slipping his surplice over his head. A faint odor of wine mingled with the flowers.

Belden dared not look at her. She was to him, in that moment, mystic, holy, a thing apart. He dropped on his knees beside a silvery white apron, his eyes on the floor, his heart beating hard.

The clergyman entered slowly, the service began. It was all a murmured maze to him. Aunt Lucia sobbed quietly beside him, but as he glanced at her he caught a light on her wet, uplifted face that thrilled him strangely. Her deep responses spoke a faith and surety that swallowed for the moment all her little sillinesses and obstinacies.

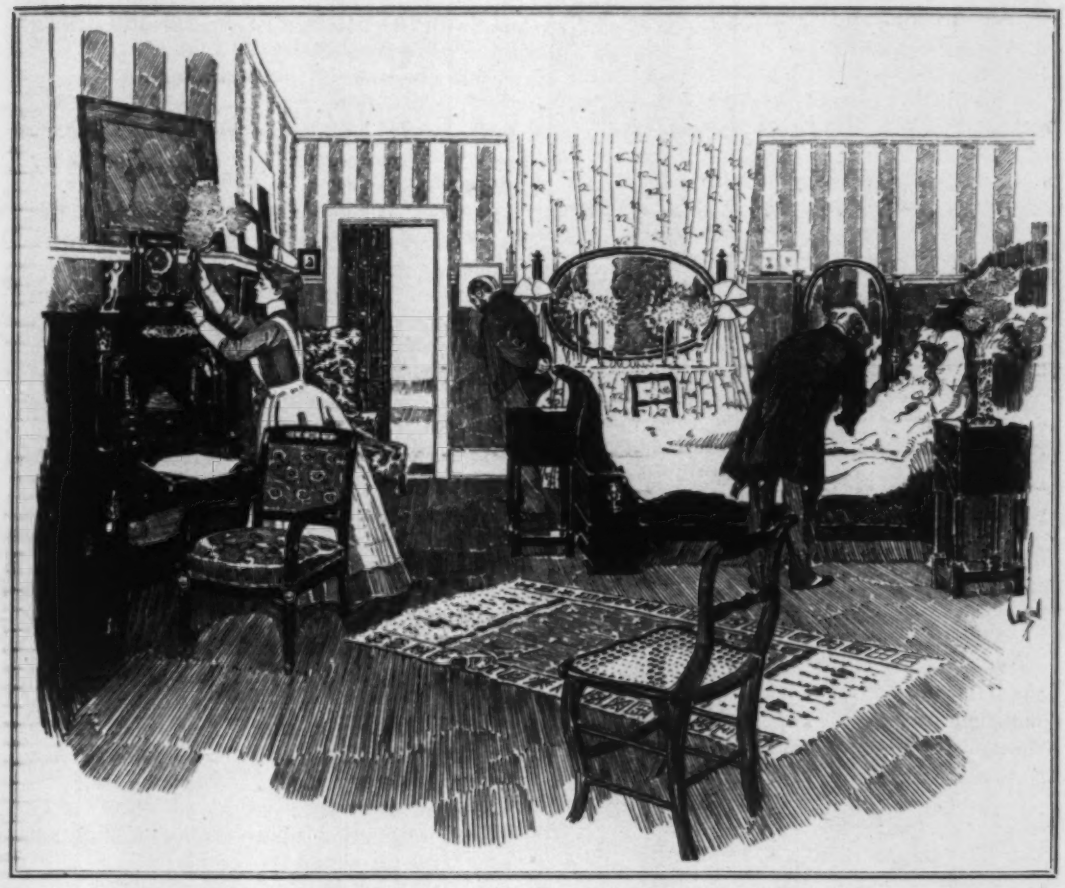
The solemn words grew in intensity, the candles flickered audibly in the secret hush. The clergyman moved toward the bed, and they heard Caddy's breath draw out in a deep, shuddering sob; her teeth chattered against the Cup.

Belden set his jaw; it was cruel, brutal! They were killing her. His clenched fist moved blindly toward his neighbor: he touched her hand and gripped it fiercely.

In front of him on the wall hung a large photograph of Billy's base-ball nine in full uniform. He could have drawn it from memory, afterward. Billy, he remembered, was a great catcher. He held hard to that cool, firm hand.

"— *be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.*" There was a little stir. The hand was drawn from his.

"Come, now," whispered Aunt Lucia, and he walked, stumbling and stiff from kneeling, from the room. At the door he glanced a second backward, but only Dr. Hitchcock was to be seen, bending over the bed. Miss Strong had already taken away candles and flowers,



"Miss Strong had already taken away candles and flowers"

and Caddy's triple mirror was back on the dresser.

Mr. Burchard, in his long black cassock, offered his hand cordially.

"I am glad you could be with us, Mr. Belden," he began, but the other broke in:

"If you have tired her, if this—makes a difference—" he muttered fiercely, "you will have me to settle with. Mind that!"

He hurried down the stairs, his hands still clenched. Peter was starting off with the road wagon. They nodded shortly at each other.

From then, the time raced on incredibly. The great surgeon, with his two assistants, was in the hall; he was on the stairs; he was lost to sight. There was a momentary rush and bustle, the closing of a door. Peter came out, whispering to himself, and disappeared somewhere. The others, clustered in the library, spoke fitfully.

"They carried her on a cot into the west room," somebody murmured close to Belden. It was little Margaret. "I saw her. She waved her hand at me! I threw her a kiss. Miss Strong smiled at me—I love Miss Strong."

Aunt Lucia sobbed. Susy bit her lip and played with Billy's unwilling hand.

"Where's my father? Where's he gone?" he demanded. "Who's that other woman with the apron?"

Miss Strong appeared at the door. "She has taken the ether very well indeed; they are much pleased," she said softly. They hung on her words; they overwhelmed her with questions. She soothed them like children.

It grew suddenly clear to Belden that Caddy would die. It must be so. He wondered that they had hoped for anything else. He was sorry for them all. He watched indifferently while Miss Strong led the children away—he knew she was taking them to their father. Later, while Aunt Lucia, on her knees, read through streaming eyes from her prayerbook, and Susy talked nervously to him, he watched the firm, full figure of the woman pacing up

"A drawn, old, white-faced man . . . leaned weakly in a chair"

and down the piazza outside, her arm drawn through his restless boy's.

"God bless her!" he said aloud.

▾▾▾

Afterwards, he could never recall the consecutive happenings of the end. He saw only separate pictures.

In one, a strange young man opened the door and said the words that frightened them with delight.

In another, a drawn, old, white-faced man —surely not Dr. Jameson—leaned weakly in a chair, while a woman handed him a tiny glass of colored liquid.

In yet another, a father hid his face in his little daughter's bosom and sobbed, with shaking shoulders; his tall son smiled bravely over the bent head.

In the last picture he himself bore a part; for when he came upon his shy, suspicious boy clasped in the kind arms of the woman whose brown eyes, once seen, had haunted his thoughts ever since, he gathered them both to him irresistibly. As he laid his cheek against hers, he felt that it was wet with tears.

"It lies with you now," he whispered in her ear, "to give her back to us, well and strong. He says you can. Afterwards—"

She drew away from him.

"I—I must go. I am so glad—I will do my best," she answered unsteadily.

He caught her hand. "And afterwards?" he repeated, a growing mastery in his voice. She tried to meet his eyes, but her own fell, conquered.

THE BALLAD OF THOMPSON'S SHACK

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS,

Author of "Red Saunders"

TWO dozen women and their kids was holed in Thompson's shack
With just six men that happened there to scrap a blasted pack
Of hootin', shootin', whoopin' Sioux that pranced upon the prairie,
Their minds made up to do us harm, but just a little scary,

For we had knocked it to 'em stiff when they first tried to jump us.
A slew of Reds with cold, cold feet was all that marked that *rumpus.*

But then they played it at long range, a quiet, hold-on course—
Also a three-ply, air-tight cinch for which we was the horse.

This latter racket made our stack of little hopes diminish.
We felt, unless we got some help, that we could see our finish.

A fat man, by the name of Jones, was kind of running us—
The sort that always grabs aholt when things get in a muss.

We two had had a falling out, before the Sioux uprisin'.
He put two loads of shot in me, and I lammed him surprisin'.

But all bad feeling was called off when we met in the shack.
The way he braced and stood his work made me take some things back.

A busy, sassy cuss was Jones, and bad *as Hebrew sin;*
But when affairs was on the loose that fat man sailed right in,

Took off his coat, and ran the game as though he'd played before.
It didn't lie in hard luck's hand to make that porpoise roar.

Now, we was up ag'in it, hard, *and plenty to the bad.*
To hear them gals and children screech just fairly drove me mad.

As night come on, Jones says to me, "There's that dam Pearson whelp—
He's scart plum out of any use; let's let him go for help.

"If I have this thing puzzled out, he stands no chance in three
Of ever getting through their lines, but you can't go, nor me,

"Nor any of the other boys. We're flying too light now;
And if they gather Pearson's hair, it's no loss, anyhow."

I couldn't help but pity him, poor devil-harried gawk;
His eyes bunged out, his face was green, he couldn't hardly talk;

Yet, if he stayed, his chance was small, as, likewise, if he flew,
For any way you viewed the scene, the gen'ral tone was blue.

But when it comes to cashin' in, and payin' nature back,
You'll take out doors in preference to any man's durn shack.

So Pearson put his best hoof front the liveliest he knew;
And, blast my hide! if, by some scratch, he didn't sneak right through!

He pasted high, and wide, and swift, clean up to Bradley's Branch,
Where seven men with seven guns was holdin' down the ranch;

Not holler-eyed by any means, yet mindful of the text,
"When Injuns' hearts is very bad, the devil knows what's next."

Then Pearson tells 'em how the game is going, Thompson's way,
And makes a break due east once more when he has said his say.

'Twas Stevens told me all that part; ses he, "He's skipped, you bet!
Unless he's fell down some one's well, I guess he's movin' yet!"

The sup'rintendent of that branch, a red-haired man named Bill,
Said he didn't see how he could spare a hand, and make any kind of a decent
stand if he got jumped, but still,
As long's 'twas kids and women there
He s'posed he'd have to whack up fair.

Four men was picked to help us out, thus leavin' Billy two—
A hefty lot on either side to fight a hundred Sioux.

So out pulls Cock-eyed Stevens,
And Caspar Hazeltine,
And Old Man Snow from Idaho,
And Texas Sliver Greene.

About a mile to east of us they stopped and had a chin,
To figure out the cutest scheme to work their passage in.

It didn't take 'em long to see the safest thing to do,
Instead of waiting to get jumped, was just to jump the Sioux.

"Our cards ain't good," says Sliver Greene, "and they're dead sure to call.
Unless we bluff 'em out of it, the bank is bust—that's all."

I ain't a-sayin' that it waren't well-nigh the only way,
But backin' fours agin a gang is mighty hard to play.

Our checks was getting mighty low about this time of night.
The Injuns touched our shanty off and then we had to fight

Both man and fire. It looked like our style of game was barred,
For while we sloshed the water on, they fanned it to us hard.

Against the leaping flames behind we made an easy mark,
With nothing we could see to shoot outside there, in the dark.

We lost three men, and all our hope. Old Jones and me, we shook,
And said "Good-bye," and cussed our luck, and one good breath we took

To meet our ends like men—when out there bust a bunch of hoots
That brought my hairs all standin' up a-tiptoe on their roots.

"Well, what's loose now? *" says Jones to me. Then off the Injuns flew*
Across the buttes to left of us as fast as they could screw.

"By God, we're saved!" says I to him. "The cavalry is here!
They didn't sound no bugle, though; that smells a little queer;

"But it's sure *them. Now, let's get down and open up the gate.*
Three minutes more 'ud done for us, and they'd 'a' been too late."

Well! . . . When that army cantered up, Old Jones and me fell dead;
We just stood still and looked at them, and never a word we said;

For here come Cock-eyed Stevens,
And Caspar Hazeltine,
And Old Man Snow from Idaho,
And Texas Sliver Greene!

MEN OF LETTERS

Personal Recollections and Appreciations

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY

WHETHER the world or those hundreds of thousands of its best inhabitants who read this magazine have much curiosity about men of letters seems a little uncertain. And nothing is more difficult than to gratify a curiosity which does not exist; it is like creating the appetite you have to appease. However, the men of letters are perhaps interested in each other, and they are numerous enough to constitute an audience by themselves; unhappily, but necessarily, a critical audience. The late Mr. Traill, one of the most accomplished and, vulgarly speaking, least successful of modern writers in England, once wrote an article on "The Minor Poets of the Day." There were sixty-seven of them, by themselves a respectable and ready-made public. But I have heard it said—this was in London—that authors in the flesh are disappointing when met in society. Society expects them to be as clever as their books, but if they have put the best of themselves into their books, as they are bound to do, how much is likely to be left for social purposes?

Sometimes, no doubt, a great deal. Thackeray had enough for all purposes, but Thackeray was a giant—a great, healthy, hearty, human being, as well as the first—and by far the first—writer of modern fiction. Browning was another. He wrote each morning versified studies in psychology, and every night of his life while the London season lasted, dined out and dined well, and talked with prodigious energy in a strident voice; sometimes, if his companion so willed, of the weather, more often of music and books and men (and women), and of philosophy, religion, and other high matters. Perhaps he was a little prone to discourse, to monologue rather than talk, and certainly he liked a gallery. Thackeray I never knew; he had said his last good-by to England before I ever set foot on its shores. Browning I saw often and in many ways. I have curious books which he gave me and letters he wrote to me, of which I shall say something hereafter. But I suppose I met him most often at dinner, and often he dined with me; and London is a place so vast, even social London, that the company is never twice the same or nearly the same; so that I saw Browning tried in all ways. There was no company in which he did not shine.

Possibly it will seem odd to his admirers, but he was, as a rule, least admirable when other writers were of the company. I will suggest it as a rule for young entertainers that it is a false ambition to invite too many lions to the same table; their joint roar is apt to be discordant. There arises a sense of competition; a thing fatal to that harmony which more than anything else is, in social life, an element of success. Challenged, Browning could be aggressive, and a dinner-table is not a convenient place for carrying on military operations. I could name a host who delighted to collect about the same board with Browning, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, and one or two other celebrities. The atmosphere was always a little hot. Each of these eminent men of letters had a just sense of his own place in the world and in society, which he was by no means disposed to relinquish in favor of others. Lowell had the honor of the flag to maintain as well as his own, besides which, a habit of correcting the errors of his pupils at the University clung to him in the world, which he regarded as a larger university. His impatience of inaccuracy showed itself heedlessly among people to whom pedantic accuracy in mere dates and facts, or even in the pronunciation or use of a word, seemed less vital than ease and security in convivial moments. He had, as all those I have named had, a delightful courtesy of manner, and was alike a delightful host and a delightful guest. But no rebuke stings so sharply as the rebuke courteous. They all had repartee, and all practised this dangerous gift with freedom with and upon each other as well as in general society. They were each and all brilliant exceptions to the general rule or theory that the writer has not enough both for his books and for the best table talk with his fellow-men and women. Browning was the most argumentative and the most fond of bringing heavy artillery into action. Arnold, in conversation as with his pen, found humor a more effective weapon, and his humor could be merciless, sportive, and charming, as it was when his mind had free play and his ascendancy was undisputed. Lowell had wit, between which and the humor he liked best there was no very clear dividing line; at any rate, when you were dazzled and perhaps a little alarmed by his conversation you hardly cared to dis-

tinguish one from the other. When that Damascus blade began to perform conic sections in the air the victim was lucky if he knew enough to get out of the way of the lightning, if he could. Not a spark of malice, nor any enjoyment of pain or terror. Lowell simply sat in the judgment seat and delivered judgment, which his innate kindness would temper with mercy when sentence had to be pronounced. Still, for social and conversational ends, the judicial bench is not the best model, nor the Old Bailey the best school. Lowell himself after a time felt this, and his manner and methods softened. England taught him much. He used to say it certainly taught him, among other things, the habit of toleration. He learned to keep the critic and the pedagogue under, and to be himself; with charity to all, and that abounding love for others and sympathy with others, and the absolute unselfishness which were among his best traits. I should say the same of Arnold; once let him satisfy his literary conscience and he became altogether lovable. He knew perfectly well that the best talk is never controversial.

I have been speaking of these three—Browning, Lowell, Arnold—together, because each brings out the other in relief. Browning was perhaps the most overpowering personality of the three; the one who most obviously took possession of the company and kept it. Certainly he was, of the three, the greatest social figure and for the longest time. Lowell became social in obedience to the demands of his official position; abandoning because he must, and for a long time only because he must, the better-loved library, his favorite and scarce edition of "Don Quixote" in red morocco, the converse of the single friend or two he loved to have about him, and his pipe. Perhaps Mr. Leslie Stephen was as often to be met there as any one—Du Maurier, also, and one or two men less known. Lowell's likings ran wide, and his tolerance had no ascertainable limits where bores were concerned, provided the bores had done something in literature, could talk on their own subject, and did not misquote.

Perhaps Arnold was the best loved of the three; best by his intimate friends if not by those for whom his superiorities were not always kept in check. I do not know a more touching proof of the affection he won than a remark of the late George Smith, that prince among publishers to whom we owe the "Dictionary of National Biography," and in more senses than one, since he paid many scores of thousands of dollars out of his own pocket to carry it through. He published some of Matthew Arnold's books, and he loved Arnold, who was often his guest. "You know," said Mr. Smith to me one day at dinner when Arnold had been expected but detained, "I gain one thing by his absence. When he comes, I give him my best wine, and he likes the wine; but he likes me to drink it with him, and I do. The result is I have an attack of gout next day. But I had rather have the gout than not have Arnold."

To Browning, also, George Smith was a frequent host, during a long series of years, though Browning was in such demand that he had to be asked weeks in advance if you would be sure of getting him. Browning loved port before all other wines. He would drink no other if he could get that. "I gave him," said George Smith, "my 1820 port while it lasted; then the 1834; and the 1847 till they were exhausted; then finally 1851. Now you know that the 1851, though a great wine, is not equal to any one of the others. Browning drank the 1820 and the rest in silence, but when I set before him the first decanter of 1851 he said, for the first time, 'Ah, that's a good wine.'" For Browning also, Smith was publisher, and it was many years before any volume of verse by Browning proved profitable to either publisher or author. Not for that or for any other reason did the poet swerve from the path he had marked out for himself, or which had marked itself out for him. He could live without royalties; without pen in hand each morning he could not live. He had a message that he must deliver. For fame he did not care, and cared the less because it came late. "There are," said the late Lord Houghton while he was still "Dicky Milnes," "but two lines in 'Sordello' I can understand—the first and last—'Who will may hear Sordello's story told,' and 'Who would hath heard Sordello's story told.' And both are false." But the passion for obscurity never died out of Browning's mind. I find myself wondering what has become of the house in Warwick Place where he lived so long, with his sister, a woman of fine character, and of the library where he read and thought and wrote. Many of his books came to him from his father. Some of them were rare, and interesting for other reasons. I said so to him one day. "You know I don't care for a book," he answered, "because it is rare; still less because it is curious or well bound. Except those which were my father's you may have them all and welcome." Indeed, I wish I had accepted some of them as souvenirs of a wonderful writer and a good friend.

If I am to speak of living men of letters in England in their personal or social relations, it is impossible not to remark on the different social position of men of letters in London and in New York. Mr. Howells has lately told us that the attitude of American writers toward New York society is one of exclusion. If his view be true of New York, it certainly is not true of London. The English writer does not hold himself superior to society; nor, on the other hand, does English society refuse to stretch out the hand of good fellowship to him who lives by pen and ink, provided he lives well and attains to a certain distinction in his business of book-writing. For English society is eclectic; it chooses out the best; and means to be composed of the best; and the best only, in many differing kinds. It does not readily tolerate eccentricity or ill manners or outlandish dress; since conformity in such matters is necessarily a condition of admittance. If a man does not choose to wear a dress coat it is presumed he does not care to dine where dress coats are worn. From what I have said above, it will be seen what place the great men of letters of the immediate past held, and how they valued it. And will anybody explain how the novelist who deals with social life is to deal with it accurately if he never finds himself in contact with it? How could Thackeray have written "Vanity Fair" if he had always dwelt outside of Vanity Fair? And how could Mr. Anthony Hope have written the "Dolly Dialogues" if he had had no acquaintance with the Carters and Lady Micklehams of actual life?

As I have mentioned Mr. Anthony Hope—to give him the name by which he chooses to be known as a writer—I may as well add that his relations with people who compose society have saved him from those errors which less fortunate writers do not seem able to escape. Why do some of the dramatists who concern themselves with the comedy of society put impossible people on the stage in circumstances that are also impossible? It is the first business of the dramatist, as it is of the novelist, to observe, but how can he observe through a closed door? How can the note be caught if you are not in a position to hear it? You sit through a comedy in which the men and women say and do things they never could have said or done in actual life, or would have said and done once only and no more. Even Mr. Howells would admit that this is unfortunate, and that these gentlemen ought either to leave society alone or depict it as it really is.

You will remark one thing about Mr. Anthony Hope and his use in fiction of the material which his acquaintance with the upper world supplies him. He never photographs. He never puts a single living person into a book as a single character in fiction. He takes no liberties, violates no confidence. What he does is to compose a picture, selecting, arranging, and giving the reader not a reproduction of any one scene, but a scene to which several have contributed. You can identify no individual though you may recognize in a single character some of the traits of several whom you happen to know. It is the opposite method which sometimes brings suspicion upon the good faith of eminent writers, as in the case of a living Frenchman who, in a very French story and in very questionable surroundings, has drawn a perfectly recognizable portrait of an English lady to whom he was under considerable obligation.

Mr. Howells himself, turning his back resolutely on the people of fashion whom he holds unworthy to mingle with the people of letters, contents himself with describing the life he sees at a Saratoga hotel or on a river steamboat, which he does with admirable fidelity. Mr. Henry James has, or long had, a different method. Less intolerant of the unlettered world than Mr. Howells, he has spent a good part of his life in the various societies of Boston, of New York, of Paris, of Rome, Florence, Venice, and of London. His novels are exact and admirable studies of these societies, or they were until he chose to concern himself with a world which neither he nor anybody else can do much more than guess about. It is something more than a coincidence that the changes in his methods of work and of life occurred about the same time. He renounced London where for many years he had been known and sought after; where everything was open to him; where clubs and drawing-rooms knew him almost equally well. Because he thought there would be more leisure for writing if away from all these sources and inspirations of his own kind of writing, he banished himself to Rye. There he lives the life of a recluse, tempered by the visits of friends. Needless to say that the social attractions of this little port on the Channel do not distract him from literary pursuits. It is perhaps for this reason that he has turned his mind inward. What is there to observe outwardly? The marshes which stretch from his rear windows to the Channel; an ancient steamer threading its way to port; a few small coasting vessels or fishing smacks; dingy relics of a past when Rye was, as indeed it still is, one of the Cinque Ports of England. The

railway whistle and the scream of the sea-gull vie with each other in shrillness; a cyclist or two wheels past; a golf player with his burden of clubs may be seen in the distance. The town itself is a town of shops and shop-keepers, close built, with devious streets; with solid brick houses and solid brick garden walls, massive enough for a fortress, so that you almost expect a challenge from a sentry as you pass. Instead of which you find an open door and a welcoming host—or would, except that he has met you at the railway station and taken charge of you. The house is airy, old-fashioned, with a garden, with rooms charming in their simplicity and a certain antique taste. From the time you enter till you depart you feel the genial presence of the owner, and perhaps are only reminded of the writer as you hear him dictating to his stenographer, a habit acquired of recent years, and acquired with pain, after much experimenting. If Mr. James does not tell you somebody else will, that it is a tradition of Rye that the tenant of Lamp House has always been mayor of the town. So perhaps that high dignity awaits Mr. Henry James also.

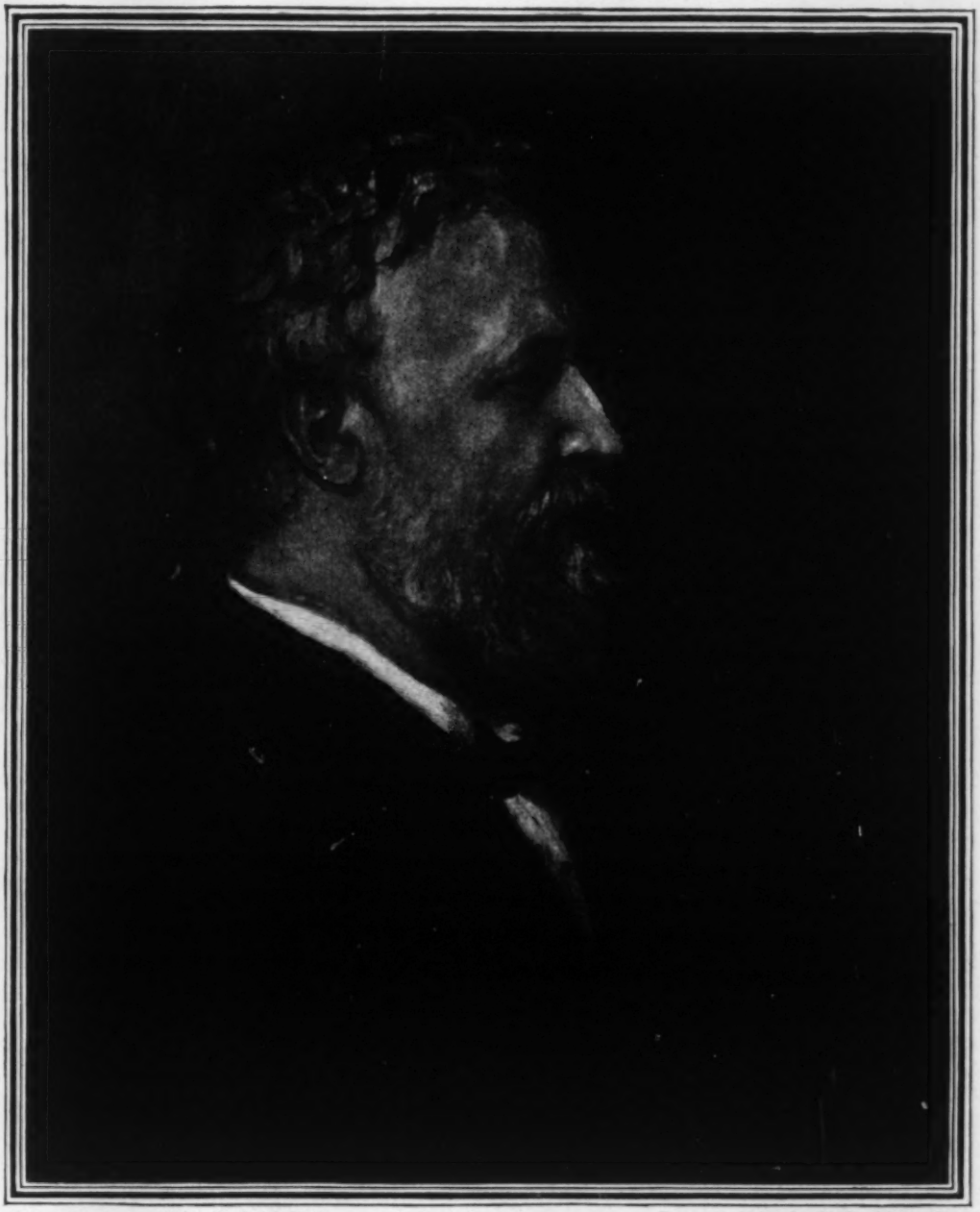
Were Mr. John Morley offered his choice whether to be dealt with as man of letters or man of politics, I know not which of the two he would elect. He has been both. He has won a permanent renown in literature. What he has won in politics it were more difficult to say, unless we are content to regard a man as successful because he found his way into the Cabinet, and to the Front Bench of the House of Commons, and to Dublin Castle. He had, indeed, a triumph greater than all these. To him belongs the credit, if credit it be, of having more strongly influenced Mr. Gladstone toward Home Rule than anybody else. To measure the value of that you must try to conceive of Gladstone as a man seldom much influenced by anybody, and still more seldom giving any part of his confidence to anybody not like himself a staunch believer, and a Churchman; and especially a Churchman, for it is doubtful whether Mr. Gladstone held a Dissenter or an Agnostic in the greater abhorrence. Two things, I imagine, attracted him to Mr. John Morley: the remarkable intellectual powers Mr. Morley brought to bear on subjects not his own, and his profound sincerity of character and conviction. Mr. Morley had both, and Mr. Gladstone valued both.

Yet no training could have seemed less promising for public life than Mr. Morley's. He never likes to be reminded, with reference to the conduct of affairs, that he was first of all a student and a writer. The antithesis between books and affairs he holds cheap. Perhaps journalism, in which for some years he was eminent, may be regarded as transitional between the two. It touches literature, not always with a sure hand, and must deal with affairs. Thiers said of journalism that it was a good profession provided you got out of it soon enough; and in this Mr. Morley seems to have agreed with Thiers. Kinglake said of it that a first-rate leading article, or what we call an editorial, ought to be in the tone of a Cabinet Minister's speech. I don't know that Mr. Morley will think it a compliment if I say that as between his leaders in the "Pall Mall Gazette" and his speeches in the House the tone of the Cabinet Minister is as marked in the former as in the latter. There was, at any rate, in both, the honest effort to get at the root of the matter, and the penetration of view which seconded well the moral aspiration.

Probably it is by pure perverseness of fate that this historical student should seem unable to take anything but the modern view. The fault of his learned book on Cromwell is that he applies to the acts of Cromwell in the seventeenth century and during a civil war the test which he applies to events in the nineteenth or twentieth centuries in time of peace. He cannot rid himself of the moral notions which have become embedded in his nature. On that side of him he is austere, unbending, uncompromising, at times narrow, and at all times a fanatic, a man who would go to the stake for his own ideas or send you there for yours.

And yet on the personal side he has a sweetness of nature and a sweet reasonableness in talk which I can only call lovable. He impresses the men who are most unlike him with his fairness of mind and fairness of purpose. Years ago occurred a conversation between Mr. Morley and a man as unlike him in most points as can be conceived, a Conservative and a Scotland lad. They talked freely and parted friends. "You seem to get on well with Morley, Radical as he is," said a bystander. He answered, "If all Radicals were like Morley they would be easy to get on with." Then he added, "And perhaps there would be fewer Conservatives." Yet Mr. Morley had been implacable in argument. What had impressed and softened the Conservative was this very sweetness and sweet reasonableness, with which the mere doctrinaire is so seldom endowed.

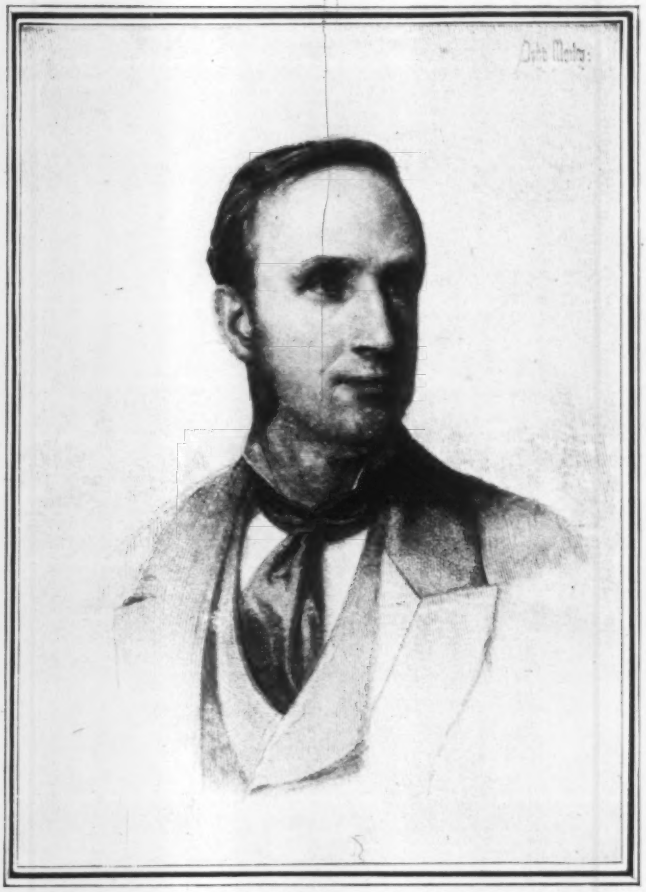
He looks like a Puritan and talks like a philosopher. Better than that, his talk, his presence, his life persuade you that here is a man



Copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer *From a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.*

ROBERT BROWNING

who cares for men, and for humanity. He puts emotional conceptions into sparkling epigrams, as if to dazzle you into the belief that the sentimental view of affairs is the practical view. There is a hint of the millennium in his political teachings, nor is it always quite clear whether his radicalism does not slide imperceptibly into socialism. He has written the best book extant on Burke, unless Mr. Payne's "Preface to the Select Works" be an exception. Yet Mr. Morley's is not the real Burke. He is the apostle of the socialistic radicalism of the eighteenth century in France, and he taught the doctrine of "somber acquiescence" in the anarchy and terror to which it led. And now he is writing the "Life of Mr. Gladstone," to whom all these things were profoundly repugnant. It will be a unique piece of biography—the biography of a believer by an unbeliever, of the real adroit pro-



Copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer *From a drawing by F. Sandys*

THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

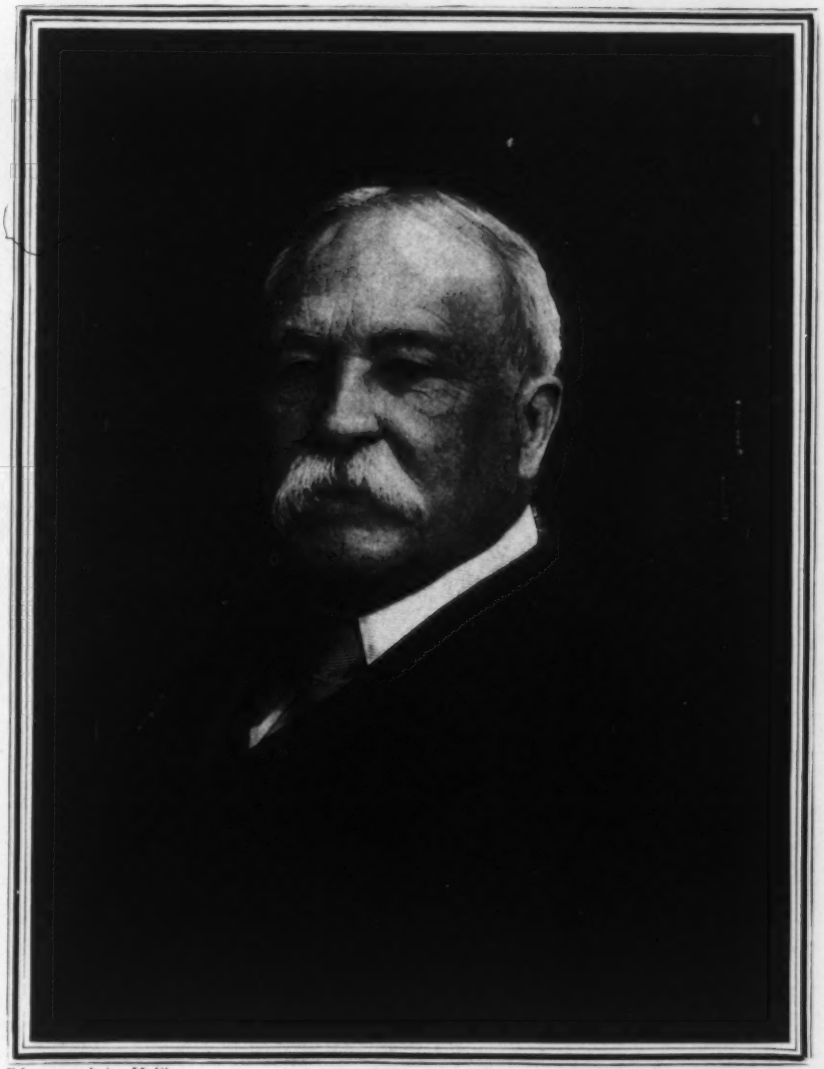
Courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan & Company, Ltd., London

fessional politician of his times by a political amateur; of an Imperialist by a Little Englander; of a *bon-vivant* by an ascetic; of a great orator by a writer; and a biography by a real man of letters, of a man who had literature, indeed, and much literature and wrote many books, yet never a book which the world would not willingly let die. For writing it he receives, say those who ought to know, not less than $50,000. It has been the work of two busy years, and will be ready in the spring. The "Life of Cobden" in two thick volumes, is said to have been completed within two months in a lonely Scottish moor.

Mr. Morley was for many years the "reader" to Messrs. Macmillan, and is still, I think, their literary adviser. There could be none with more literature, few of sounder literary judgment, or with a more conscientious sense of responsibility in letters. He is a student of history as well as of literature. He cares for books not as books, but as literature. It is characteristic of him that in his study of Voltaire his references are to a discredited and obsolete edition. He asked for a book once at Bains, the well-known little book-shop in the Haymarket. "Which edition, sir?" "Oh, any edition is good enough for me, and any copy." What he cared for was the substance, not the form.

The most careless sketch of living authors would not omit the Poet Laureate. I give him the style and title of the dignity he holds, the style he prefers. You may hear it as the servant throws open the door of the room where dinner guests are assembling: "The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Austin." It may provoke a smile, but Mr. Alfred Austin has long since made his appeal to posterity rather than to the present. Criticism, even ridicule—quite undesired—falls off from him and leaves him unscathed; his confidence in himself unimpaired; his faith in the justice the unknown future is to do him, wholly unshaken. Well, in days when we are all supposed to expect the immediate verdict of the democracy and to abide by it, there is something fine in the attitude of a poet who regrets it with contumely and goes his way and writes more verse to be met with real dispraise.

In truth, Mr. Alfred Austin has written much more prose than verse, and prose of high merit in a particular way. He was for many years a leading writer on "The Standard." He would not, I imagine, reject the general verdict of his fellow-journalists in England on his editorial prose. They rank it with the very best. "There never was anybody," said an expert, "who could deal with an important subject more rapidly, more firmly, more at tractively, or with a better gift of making his points clearly, broadly, convincingly." The writing of a good editorial article is so much an art by itself, and so difficult, that even a poet laureate need not disdain such a tribute to his powers. He begins his letters to the Prime Minister, "My dear Salisbury." On the other hand, Lord Randolph Churchill, when leader of the House of Commons, used the style, "My dear Lord Salisbury," although his chief wrote to him "My dear Randolph."



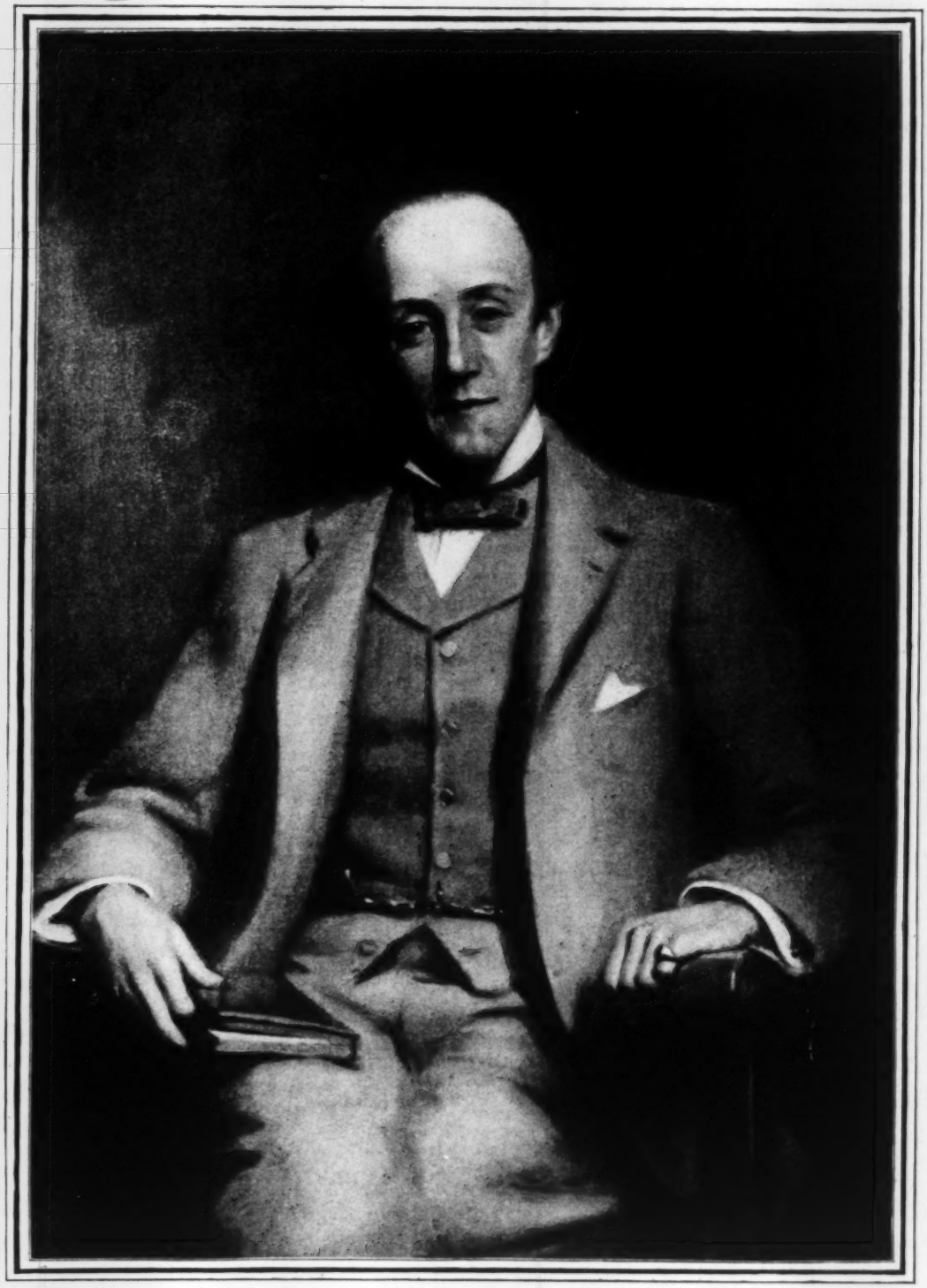
Photograph by Hollinger

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mr. Gladstone did not like to be called "My dear Gladstone"—he had been known in reading to the House a letter from a colleague which omitted the "Mr." to restore it, as more consonant with the dignity of his office, and of himself. However, Mr. Austin is the friend of many persons, whom his caprices do not alienate, and a guest at many well-known houses. He has a house and place of his own in the lovely country of Sussex, and perhaps in his prose books on the country and on the charms of nature and of gardens there is as much poetry as in his books of verse. He has been rather hardly dealt with by the American press. Yet to this country he has proved himself a friend.

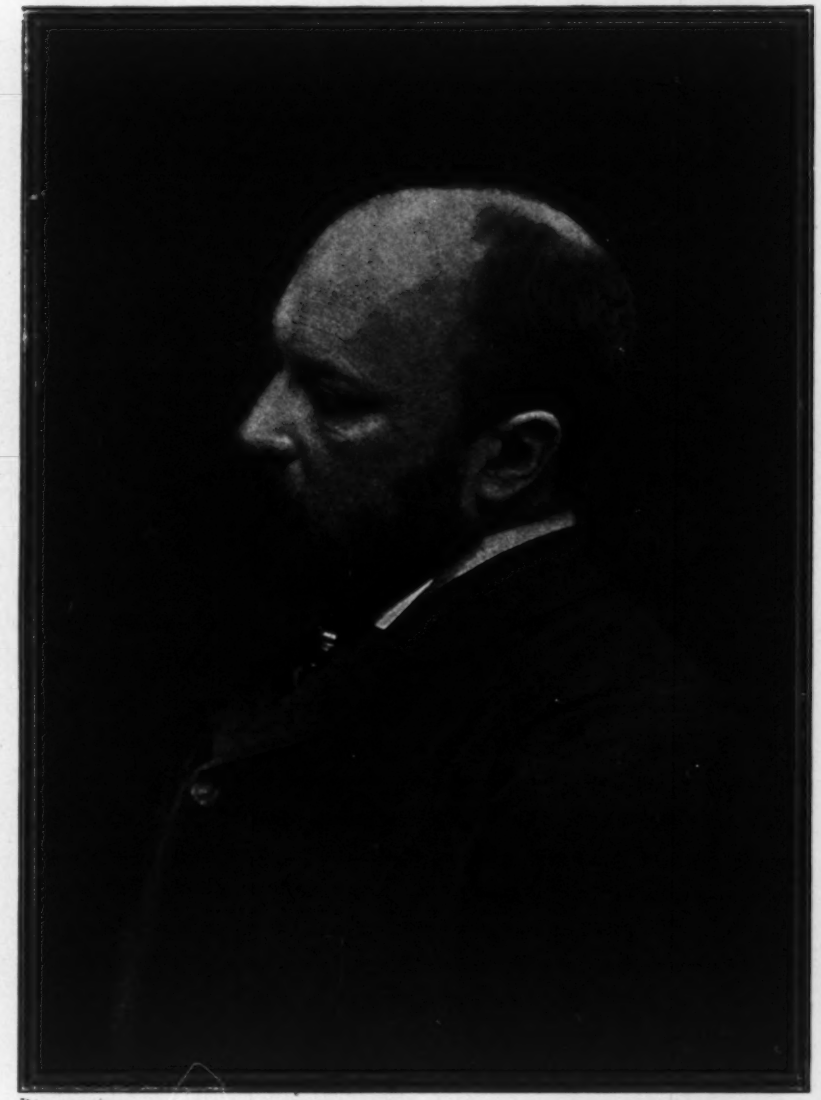
Mr. Swinburne, to whom the Poet Laureateship would naturally have fallen had he not chosen to make himself impossible as a candidate, is, even to the world of letters, more a name than a man. He has lived a life apart. One stanch friend, Mr. Watts-Dunton, has been his guardian angel; a few others are admitted to his acquaintance; he may be met at a Royal Academy private view where many a finger points him out, and there are houses where also he is to be met. But his real life is among his books and with himself; an ideal life in certain ways, with a wide, sound scholarship as one basis of it, and a life-long communion with the Greeks, whose literature he deeply admires and, except by way of experiment or adventure, refrains from taking as a model. Nobody is more modern, and if he be not entirely modern his literary godfathers need not be sought farther back than the Renaissance.

It was not merely as a Republican that he put himself out of the running as Poet Laureate. The Queen, to whom the Prime Minister had to submit the name proposed for that honor, was understood to hold that Mr. Swinburne's verse had at times failed to conform to the standards of strict decorum which she enforced in her own court and desired to see prevail throughout her realm. The eulogist of Théophile Gautier was scarce likely to be a favorite with his sovereign. And Mr. Swinburne has shown often enough in his own poetry that he holds himself bound by no conventional law of propriety.



Copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer *From the painting by Hugh de T. Glazebrook*

ANTHONY HOPE



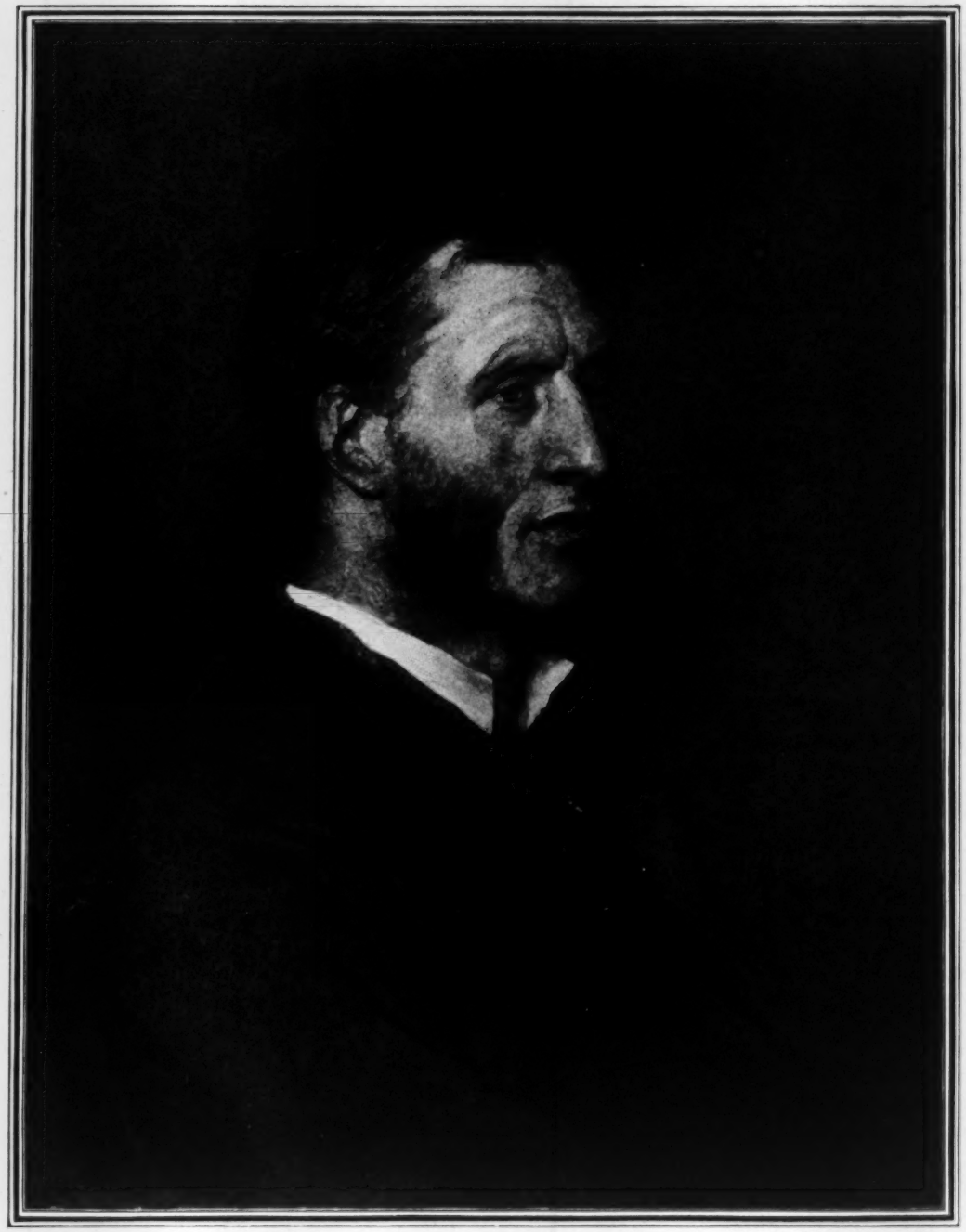
Photograph copyright by Elliott & Fry

HENRY JAMES

Other conventions have scarce a firmer hold on him, or had. Many years ago there was in London, though on a visit only, an American who greatly admired Mr. Swinburne, and knew him. The poet went to see the American at his hotel. To a friend who passed him on his way out the American said: "Do you know that man?" "No." "That is Swinburne. He came to tea three days ago, and has been here ever since." And the American, with the true instinct of hospitality and of hero-worship, rejoiced in the poet's visit and was proud of the easy comradeship he had shown. But, as I said, that was many, many years ago. If I mention such an incident I suppose I ought to add that Mr. Swinburne comes of an old family, and was born into that state of life in which social usages are of inheritance. If he departed from them it was as a man takes liberties with a language of which he is master. That also Mr. Swinburne does.

The author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and of "A Solitary Summer" has revealed so much of herself in those books that it may not be indiscreet to lift another corner of the veil. Those books are, in truth, autobiographies on autobiographical fragments. Her ideas, her emotions, her relations to other persons, including her husband—many of those matters which we are wont to regard as personal and intimate—are handled freely: hence the charm of the book. As Pascal says, we are delighted and astonished to find not only an author, but a living human being. Well, this living human being and mother of the April, May, and June babies is the Countess von Arnim. Her husband is son to that Count Arnim, once German Ambassador in Paris, whom Prince Bismarck felt obliged to crush. He flung down a diplomatic gauntlet to Prince Bismarck. Too rashly that accomplished and agreeable German measured himself against the Iron Chancellor, and in that unequal conflict was destroyed, as befell so many others who miscalculated their strength and his.

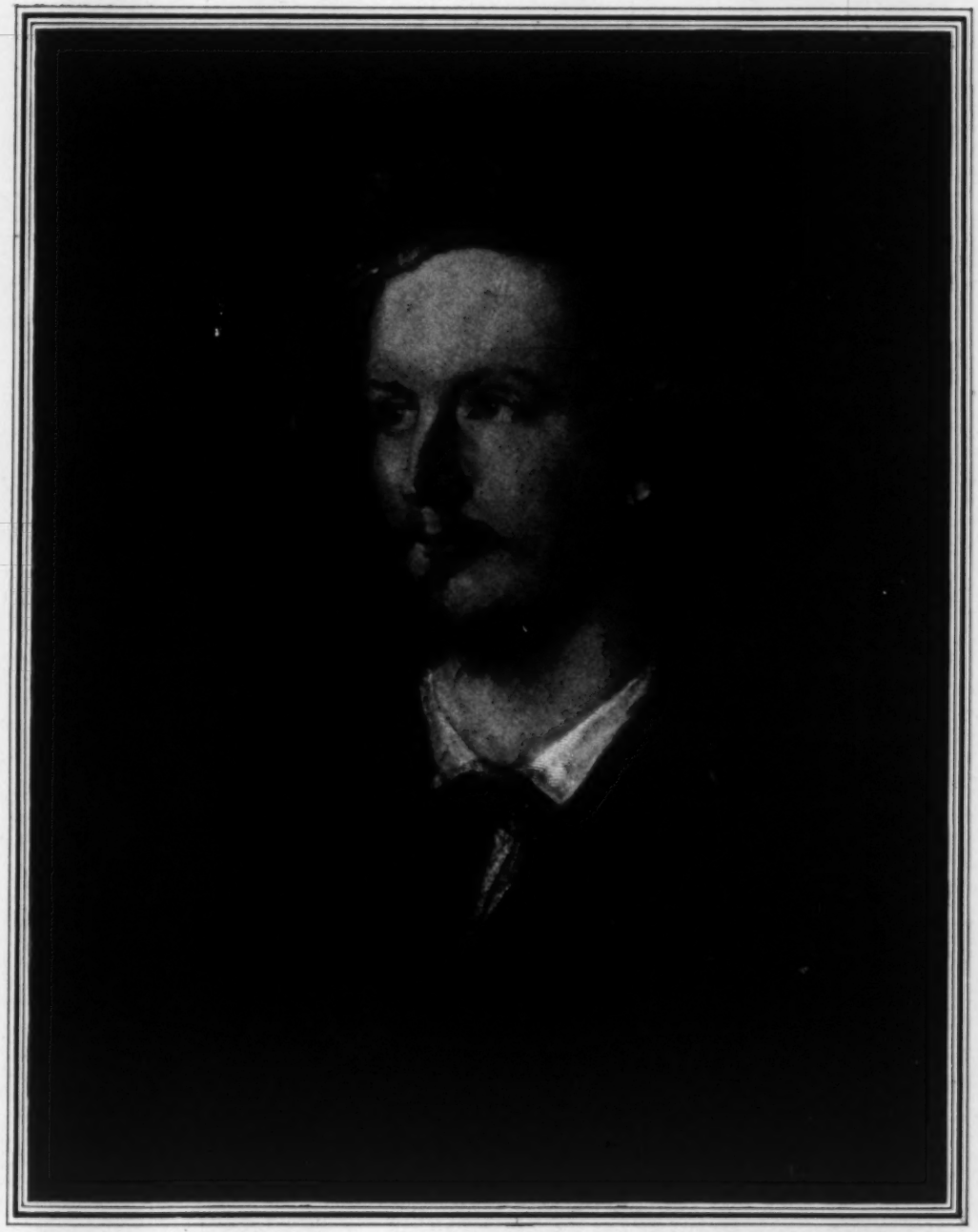
The wife to this present Count Arnim is English, and before her marriage was Miss May



Copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer *From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Beauchamp. She was staying in Rome, and her habit was to go often to one of the Roman churches to play the organ while there was no service. Count Arnim, passing one day, heard the organ, and went in to listen. He loved music, and the organ especially, and presently came to love the organist, whom there were other opportunities of meeting. "Man of Wrath," as she chooses to call him in her books, she makes plain enough her devotion to him; it is writ so that all men may read. Between them was a certain difference of age, at which love laughed. They were married, and the German took his English wife to live in Berlin in one of those stately, but somber palaces, and amid a stately, but somber society, which she did not like. Her heart was in the country, with the flowers and blue



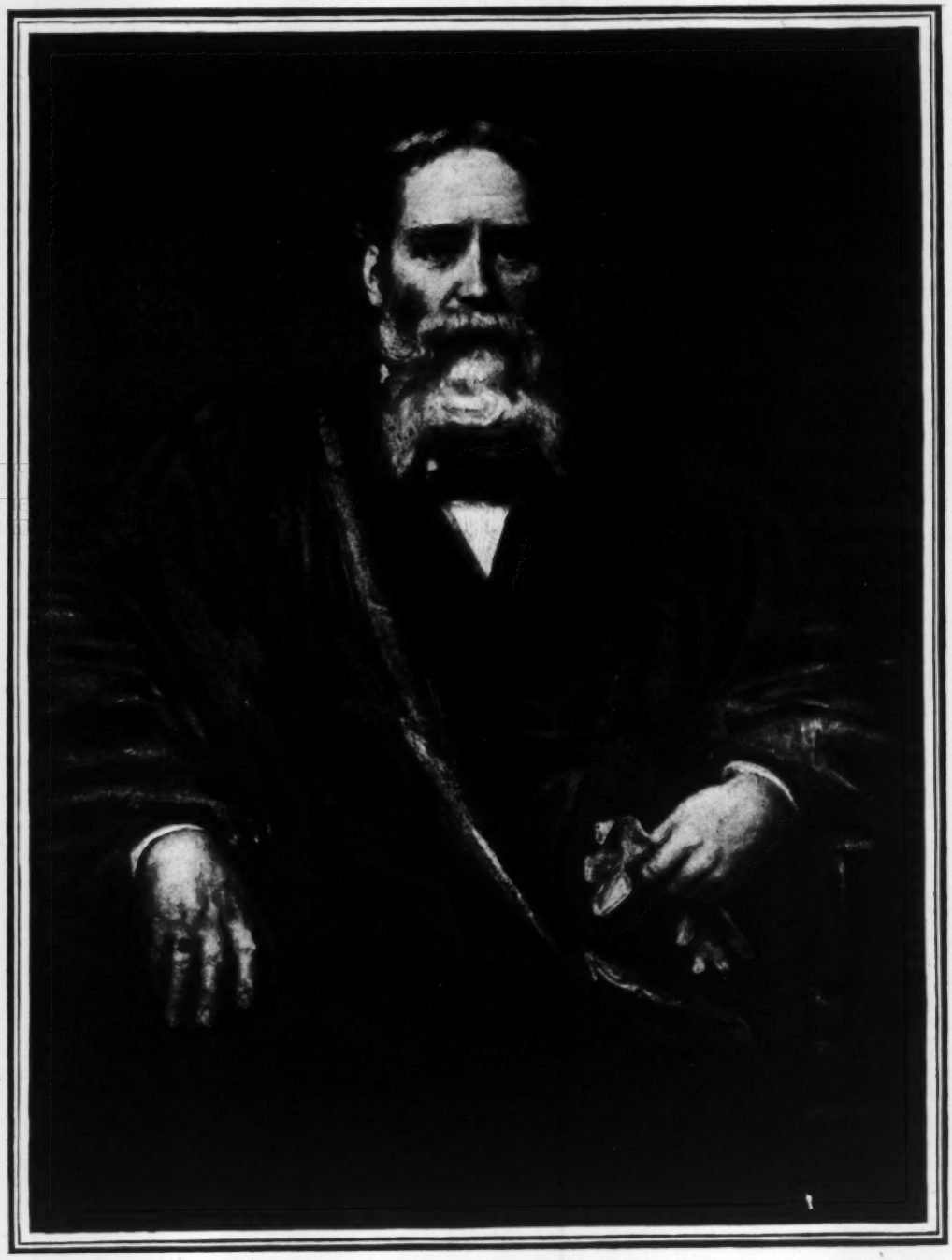
Copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer *From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

skies and pine forests. Presently it appeared that Count von Arnim had an estate in the north, not far from the Baltic; a place, to his mind, quite uninhabitable. They journeyed thither to have a look at it, when lo! to her mind it appeared not only habitable, but a paradise. They went there as an experiment, and stayed there finally as in the home both liked best.

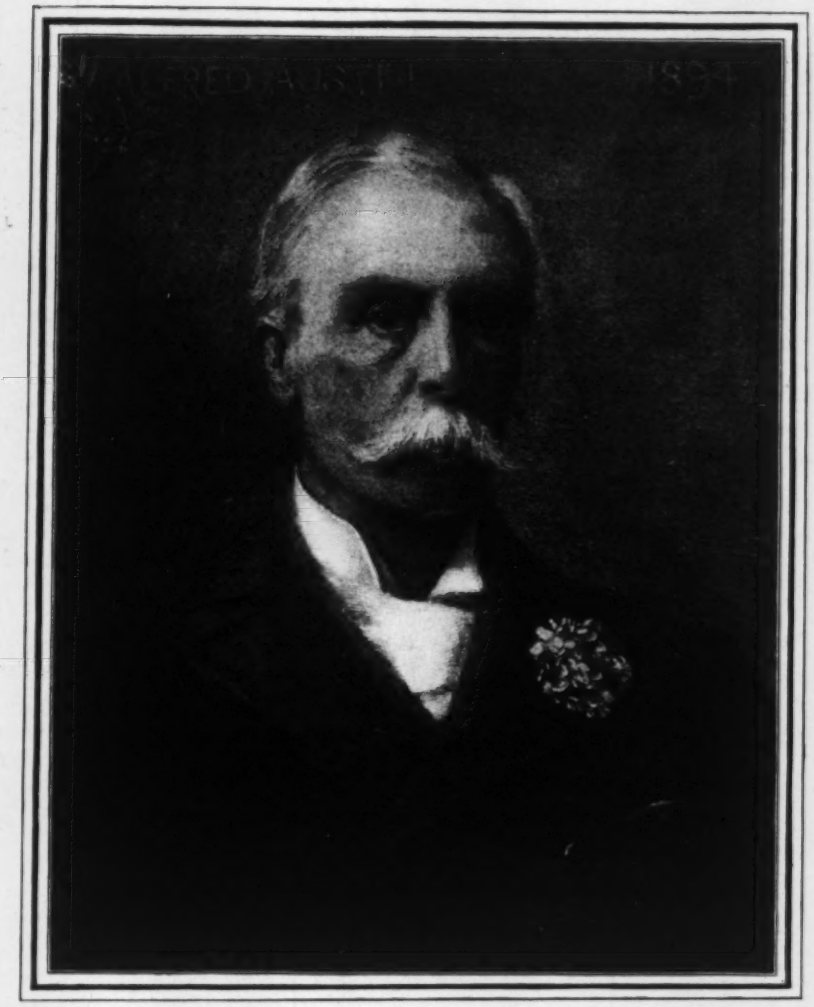
Out of this came the first book which, I hear, was published not only anonymously, but unknown to her husband. German counts are not all lovers of literature. It was not till her first book had won public favor and piqued the public curiosity and taken a place of its own —I think a permanent place—that the wife confessed her authorship to the husband.

But "Elizabeth and her German Garden"



From the painting by Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt, which hangs in University Hall, Harvard University

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL



From the painting by Mrs. Ridley Corbet *Permission of Mr. Austin*

ALFRED AUSTIN

was a success from the beginning, much more because of Elizabeth than because of the German garden. Edition followed edition, and presently "A Solitary Summer" followed the "German Garden," with better fortune than sequels usually have. More distinctly in the second than in the first is seen the true critical gift this lady possesses, and her true feeling for literature. And now comes "The Benefactress," for which, they tell you in London, the publishers paid $5,000 down. Meantime, the April, May, and June babies have been succeeded by a fourth; of what month I know not. The new book is not, like the two others, a *causerie*, but a novel. It is also a study of German life, curiously minute, vivid, and true. But a first novel, whatever else it may be, is necessarily an experiment. The American reader may presently find an occasion of saying to the author, if he likes, whether he thinks her experiment successful or not. On the same authority on which rest these few personal details, I am allowed to say that the Count and Countess von Arnim will visit the United States early this year. There can be no doubt of the welcome that awaits them.

A NARRATIVE AFTER THE FACT
BY LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE. AND
ILLUSTRATED BY
CORWIN KNAP LINDON

HAVING drawn his number in the pool formed to speculate on the daily run of the ship—a privilege that cost him one dollar, and gave him one chance in ten—the Hon. Frederick Baddington left the smoking-room and strolled down the deck to where his wife was sitting in her steamer-chair, snugly protected against the fresh breeze blowing from the sea by a heavy Scotch rug. He tossed his cigar over the rail and sat down beside her. She was a very attractive woman even at sea, where only a few women retain their good looks, and he was very fond of her.

"Fred, I have been thinking about the steerage," she said. "They are just what you want."

Baddington smiled. He knew his wife so well that he had been expecting the calling up of his immigration bill ever since the ship left Rotterdam. One reason for their trip abroad for the summer had been his desire to gather original material in support of the measure that he intended to introduce at the next session of Congress. He smiled to himself when he thought how few immigrants they had met during their travels. Surely there had been none at the Cecil in London, and none in the Embassy circles in Paris, and in the Netherlands they had not found them to any extent either in the museums or in the churches.

"There appears to be a heavy steerage list," he said. There had been nothing lower than second cabin on their trip over from New York.

"Five hundred and sixty," she answered; for she was of good Yankee descent, and took a just pride in figures.

"That is an omen or a coincidence," he said lightly. "It is just the size of my majority in the district last fall."

"I had forgotten that," she replied. The fact certainly was of interest.

The Hon. Frederick Baddington was a member of Congress. There are Congressmen who have been abroad several times. He had been one of that larger number who spend their summers at American resorts, not assuming that a knowledge of foreign conditions at first hand is necessary in the business of making national laws.

In Washington Mrs. Baddington was not recognized as a political factor. That was due to the skillful management of her husband, who made it appear that in his home the consideration of political matters was ruled out; though there was a perfect domestic understanding as to the real part played by his wife in his political career.

She was a woman of superior education and wide social experience, and, like many other American women of similar qualifications, had that tireless energy that could not be satisfied with remaining a passive spectator to the progressive life about her. She was not of the class of women who desire the franchise for her sex. She was, however, of that more important class who hold their husbands to an intelligent account of their civic duties, and understand the value of a political career.

Baddington had been well aware of this before he entered the transitory stage of city and State politics that had paved the way for his seat in Congress. A man of university train-

ing and of cultured tastes, he would have devoted his energy to his private business, and buried his talents in his own library indefinitely, had not his wife directed them elsewhere. At the time of which we write he was, in many respects, a typical representative of the best element in his district; not a politician in the common acceptance of the word, but an honest, conscientious legislator; successful in business, and, consequently, well posted as to the trade conditions in his part of the country; a gentleman in society, and credited with having fair literary attainments.

The further discussion of the subject was interrupted at that point by the ringing of the dinner bell, and it was not until the following morning, as they started on their after-breakfast promenade, that it was resumed.

"I was down in the steerage before you came up," said Baddington as they reached the end of the promenade deck, and could look to the steerage deck below.

She at once lost interest in the gray lines of the sea, from which the fog was just lifting. "What did you find?" she asked.

"They are a sorry lot," he replied. "The Senator's bill, even if it was defeated, was not half strong enough."

The Senator's bill had aimed at a radical restriction of immigration, but had failed to pass the last Congress, partly for political reasons, and partly through the failure of the Western members to recognize its importance. But in Baddington's district the sentiment had been strongly in favor of it. His wife had pointed out the opportunity to win where the Senator had failed. He had been weak in the presentation of his bill. A more vigorous man, with all the facts at his command, would compel a favorable hearing; and success might mean as an ultimate reward an election as the Senator's successor. For these reasons it meant much to Mrs. Baddington that her husband was at last seriously interested in the subject, and she entered vigorously into the discussion as they stood where they could look down upon the mass of unwashed and unkempt humanity on the lower deck.

A number of Assyrian women were prostrate on one side of the steerage deck, unable to rally from the effects of a night of rough sea, while half a dozen unhappy-looking Cossacks, in high boots and astrakhan caps, dragged themselves back and forth in a hopeless promenade on the other; but a more striking picture was a group of half a hundred Roumanian Jews, huddled together in blankets, half drenched by the last wave that had broken over the bows.

Many of the men had soiled rags tied about their foreheads, the women were limp upon the deck in their misery; and the litter of children and kettles, and the evidence of woe unspeakable, completed a picture that might have been recalled from that past when the

"Prostrate on one side of the steerage deck, unable to rally from the effects of a night of rough sea"

Jews encamped outside the walls of Jerusalem in helpless forlornness when driven out by their Babylonian conquerors.

"The doctor took me with him on his rounds this morning," said Baddington. "There are at least a dozen nationalities, and many families appear to be almost destitute."

"If that could be shown, would they be allowed to land in New York?" she asked suddenly.

"Certainly not," he replied. "Of what are you thinking?"

"Of your future!"

"Thank you. And your plan?" He knew that she had one in mind.

"When we reach New York you must turn back as many of these people as possible," she said. "The newspapers will send men to interview you, and you will talk. It will pave the way for your immigration bill."

"Mary, you are a born politician," he said with spirit.

"I am your obedient wife," she replied; and left him to think over what she had suggested.

Frederick Baddington, like many other members of Congress, was not a linguist. Waiters in Switzerland may speak three languages, and cabmen in Italy may know something of four; but this is a proof of the ascendency of the Anglo-Saxon race. Even the fact that we are obliged to strain our knowledge of Latin to translate the State mottoes adopted by our forefathers is no argument that the times require any language other than English.

While Baddington was not a politician in the common sense, his power of political perception was entirely good, and the longer he considered his wife's suggestion, the clearer he recognized its feasibility. Now that he was prepared to make a systematic study of the steerage, he regretted his inability to speak any but his own language, and in his necessity he looked about him for an interpreter. He found one in the person of a Chicago man, Frank Louber by name, a genial fellow, somewhat past the prime of life. They became good friends under the advances made by the Congressman. His wife was observant, but held her peace for a couple of days. Then she asked her husband for a report of progress.

"We are progressing capitally," he told her. It was late in the afternoon, and their chairs were set forward, where they could watch the setting sun; for the ship was in the Gulf Stream, and the sea was a mass of undulating color. There were young people promenading the deck, and friendly groups were looking over the rail; while from the steerage below there came the sound of laughter, and of wild Assyrian singing.

The lower deck swarmed like an ant hill, for the somber dullness of the first storm had been cleared away by the sunshine, which was reflected in the bright headdress of the women, and the fantastic shirts and vests worn by the men. There was a deck-house well forward, and this was now crowded with immigrants, seated with their backs to the wind, while in the midst of them, on a great coil of rope, a young couple sat simply, with arms about each other's waists, in the ecstasy of a happy courtship. Perfect health was stamped upon their faces. All else about them bespoke absolute poverty.

"If cleanliness is next to godliness, they are the most God-forsaken people that I have ever seen," the ship's doctor had said to Baddington. The Congressman repeated the statement to his wife, and added: "They don't know the first thing about sanitary laws, and fully half of them will be upon the State within a month after they land."

"If they land," suggested his wife.

"Yes, if they land," he corrected, laughingly.

Baddington was a systematic worker, and on the fifth day he had made such progress in his investigation that the first draft of his proposed immigration bill was written. It went even farther than the Senator's had ventured, but with the data that he would have at hand, he hoped to be able to carry it through to a triumphant passage.

Aided by Louber, he was now at work on the subject of wages paid to the immigrants in their own country. He already had found that if they were willing to work for double, and, in many cases, for quadruple what they had received in their villages, the rate would still be so low as to prove a menace to American workmen. If he could learn something more definite of their antecedents, it would aid his object greatly. It was at this point that he made an important discovery.

It was on a Saturday morning, and going into the steerage with Louber he found the Roumanians—two hundred or more Jews—gathered aft, as far away as possible from their fellow-passengers, for worship. For the time being the place had become a synagogue, and in the absence of a Rabbi one of the elders was reading from the Scriptures. His head, a type of the race, was covered in part by a little round hat, and a silky beard, streaked with gray, reached nearly to his waist. The attitude of the congregation was peculiarly devout, and the faces of the men were, for the moment, lifted above the sordid surroundings of the dingy, littered deck to a higher spiritual plane, in which there was both pride and a hope of the future.

"Clannish people," suggested Baddington, as they stood a little apart, watching the service.

"He was now at work on the subject of wages"

"For the time being the place had become a synagogue"

"They came from the same village," replied the Chicago man.

"Indeed!" said the Congressman. "How did that happen?"

"They have suffered both from taxes and persecution, and the people of the village have been raising a fund for a year, to pay the passage of these, the most unfortunate, across the Atlantic."

"So they land as paupers!"

"Not exactly. They go to friends who left the village a year ago, and who have been saving from their earnings against the time of the coming of these people. But that is not the point. These Roumanians have tramped across Europe to Holland, three months by the way, footsore by day, and unsheltered in the open country at night, in order to reach Rotterdam and take passage upon this boat."

"You are certain that they tramped across Europe in order to immigrate?"

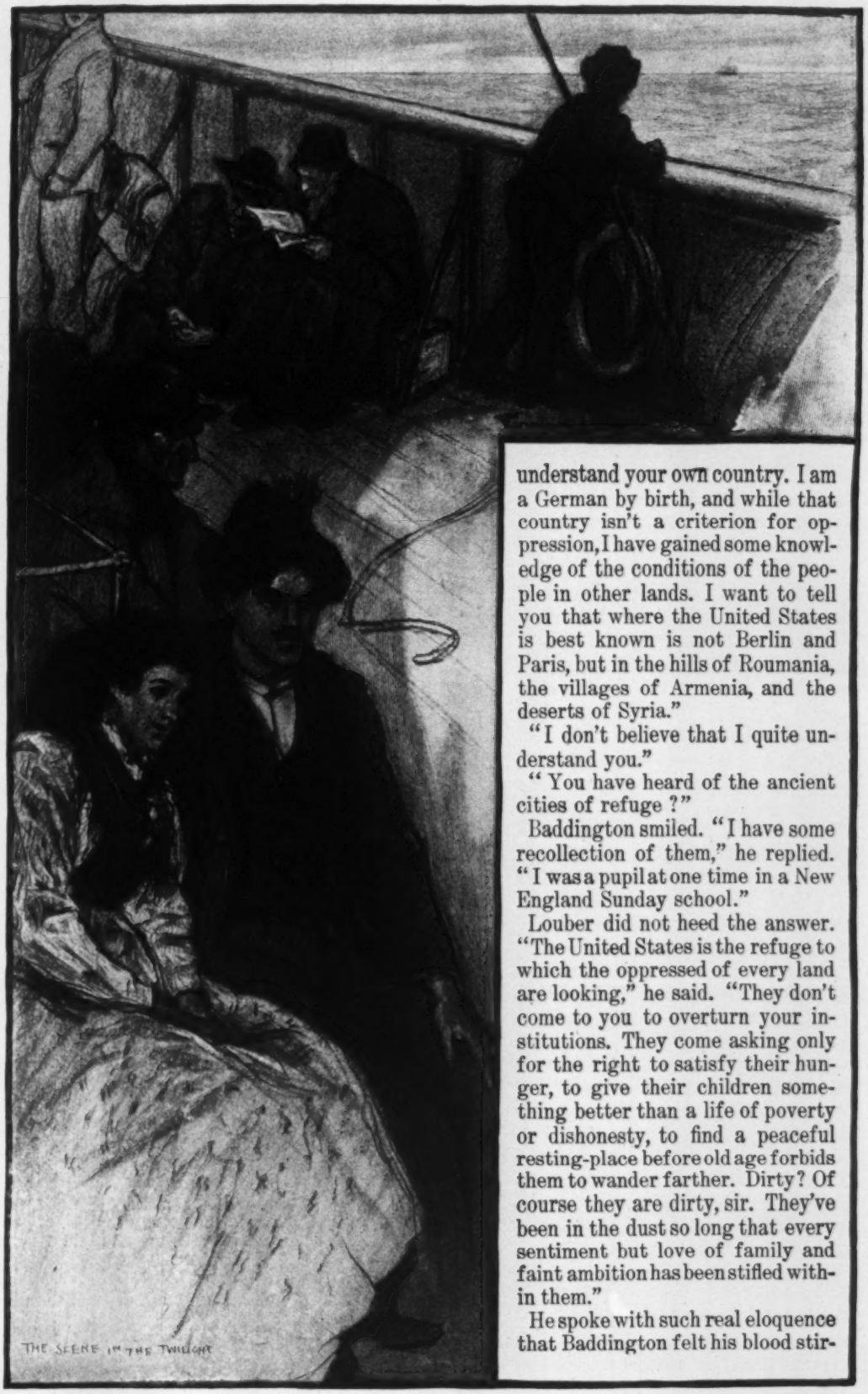
"Their chief men have told me in their own tongue, and they do not lie," replied Louber.

Baddington returned to the saloon deck for reflection. The picture of those believing people turned back at New York, after their weary weeks of tramping, came back sharply before his mind. He could not get the women and the children out of his mind, and he came very near stating the case to his wife for her judgment upon it.

But his wife had met a nobleman traveling incognito, and dragged him away for an introduction. In the evening he rejoined Louber, tramping the deck for his after-dinner cigar, and after a turn or two on the lee side of the ship he brought up the subject of the afternoon.

"I can't get those Roumanians out of my mind," he said. "It was only a few miles from Rotterdam, at Delfshaven, that the Pilgrims first set sail for America. What was it that influenced these people to go there?"

Louber stopped short in his walk and faced him. "Mr. Baddington," he said. "I wonder sometimes just how well you native Americans



THE SCENE IN THE TWILIGHT

understand your own country. I am a German by birth, and while that country isn't a criterion for oppression, I have gained some knowledge of the conditions of the people in other lands. I want to tell you that where the United States is best known is not Berlin and Paris, but in the hills of Roumania, the villages of Armenia, and the deserts of Syria."

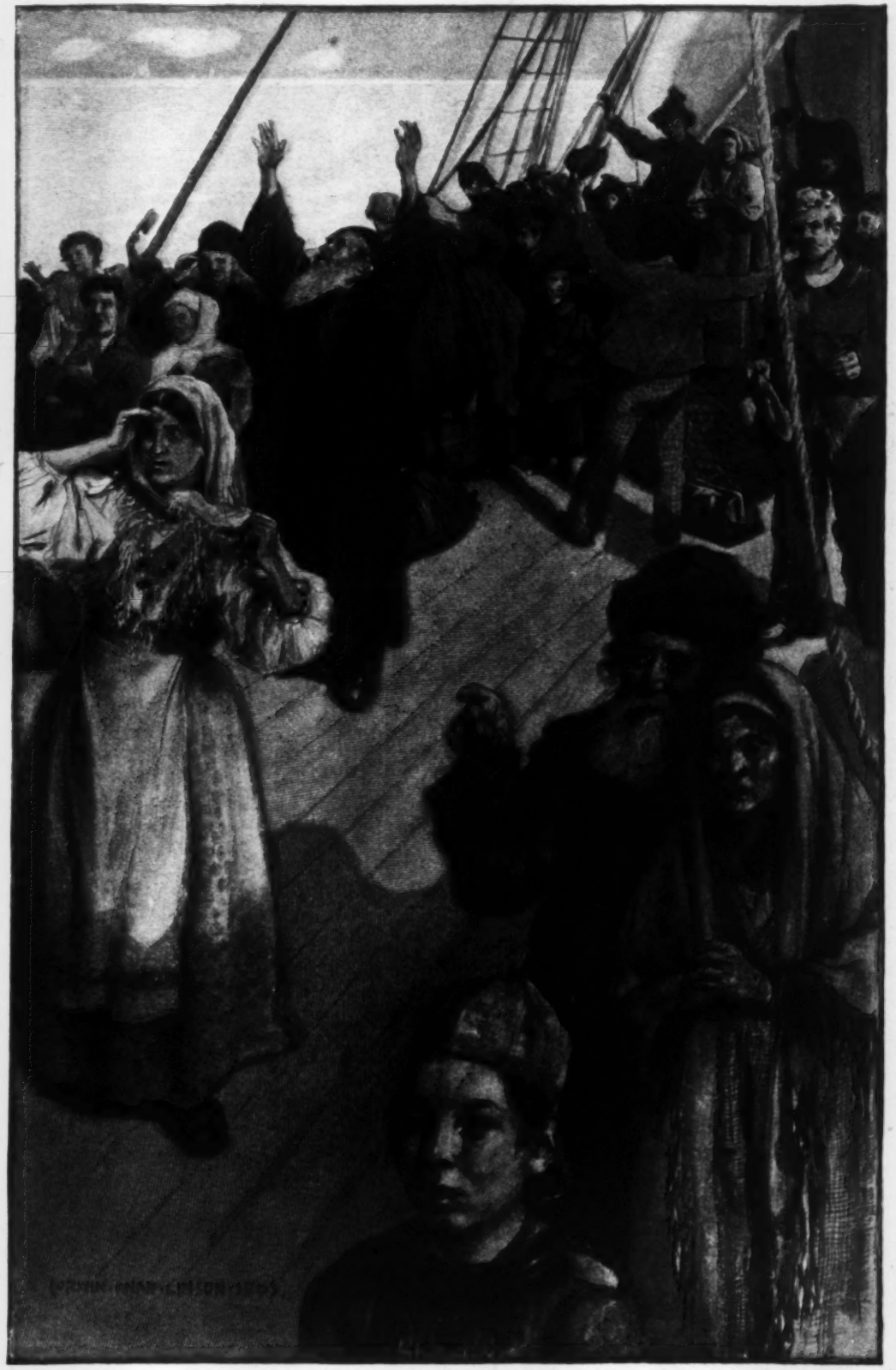
"I don't believe that I quite understand you."

"You have heard of the ancient cities of refuge?"

Baddington smiled. "I have some recollection of them," he replied. "I was a pupil at one time in a New England Sunday school."

Louber did not heed the answer. "The United States is the refuge to which the oppressed of every land are looking," he said. "They don't come to you to overturn your institutions. They come asking only for the right to satisfy their hunger, to give their children something better than a life of poverty or dishonesty, to find a peaceful resting-place before old age forbids them to wander farther. Dirty? Of course they are dirty, sir. They've been in the dust so long that every sentiment but love of family and faint ambition has been stifled within them."

He spoke with such real eloquence that Baddington felt his blood stir-



"A wild shout rang out"

ring only as it did when he threw himself into the arena of debate in Congress. "You say that they have ambition," he said. "How can you prove it?"

"How can I prove it? I know it, even when I don't realize a tenth of the ambitions that exist among them. What are the ambitions of the first cabin deck? I am going back to my business; you to your politics. Mr. Sledger over there is a judge. Dr. Myer can afford to leave his patients whenever he wishes to go abroad. Jones, who throws away his money in the smoking-room, made it in the silver mines. They are all prosperous, and know to what they are returning. Now look over the rail at the scene down there in the twilight. Do you see that young couple on the coil of rope? They have been there together for the greater part of three days. It looks absurd enough on the face of it, but they are only anticipating a happy home in the land that they have never seen.

"Look at the old man still trying to read his book. I was talking with him this morning. He is a scholar, but an Armenian, and he saw his wife and daughter murdered in Turkey. Then look at that brown skinned lad staring at the sea. He told me that his sister was thrown into prison for repelling the insults of a tax collector in Russia."

He paused for a moment, and snapped the thumb and forefinger of his right hand vigorously, as though the action relieved him of the tension under which he was laboring. "They come to you in their ignorance, knowing far more of your land and your customs than you dream," he continued. "They are not cultured, and err because they still cling to their own customs. But I tell you that at heart they are safe. They will work for you, fight for you, die for you; and their children will become the real Americans."

"But your proof?" asked Baddington, quietly.

"I came over in the steerage myself forty-five years ago, and both I and my sons have fought for your flag since then," replied Louber, and walked away abruptly.

Baddington paced the deck alone for half an hour. He was beginning to regret not having completed his education earlier in life with a study of European conditions. His data on the American side of the immigration question were sound. He knew the dangers of a lowered standard of wages, the relative increase in pauperism and crime due to the foreign element, and the undesirable quality of certain "machine made" citizenship. Yet there now stared him in the face this other side of the question—the pilgrimage from Roumania to nearly that same port in Holland from which his own honored ancestors had set sail for the same land of refuge nearly three centuries before. The first mate, who met him once on his solitary promenade, told him that the ship might sight land before another night, and this warned him of the necessity of a speedy decision as to the course that he should follow when New York was reached.

A ship bound from America to Europe sails at night into the cold East, but homeward bound again it seeks at sunset the golden West. The mate's prophecy came true, and by early evening there was land hard ahead in the yellow haze that hung over the sea. Everybody was upon the decks of the ship, and the Congressman and his wife stood with others looking over the rail into the changing West.

"Fred, there was a burial at sea this morning," Mrs. Baddington said suddenly.

"I had not heard that," he replied.

"It was a child in the steerage, ill since that day of the storm," she said. "A priest read the service, and they dropped the body into the sea in a sack. The mother fainted, though she has five poorly clad children left. It was an awful thing!"

The Baddingtons had lost their only son when a child. The Congressman understood why the incident had so deeply touched his wife.

"I have been thinking that it will be a great disappointment to many of these people to be sent back," she continued. "I inquired about the woman who lost her child. She is going to her husband, who settled in Syracuse six months ago. Isn't it possible—just possible, you know, that we may have been hasty in our conclusions? Are either of us, Fred, great enough to be the judge of all these people?"

It was a real effort for her to make this speech, but she was bound to do it, because it seemed right for her to do so. The death of the child had changed her whole view of the question, and if her husband still desired to carry out the plan that she had urged upon him, he must do it without her further aid.

"After all, if these people were really prosperous and happy, they would not wish to come to us, and there would be no need of immigration laws," he said, so kindly that she looked up into his face.

"See them now," she replied, directing his attention to the deck below. "You would hardly know them for the people who came aboard the ship."

The steerage passengers had cast away their

remaining rags, and were dressed in clean and not unattractive garments. They had swarmed forward, and were hanging over the rails, their faces, too, toward the West. They crowded the bows, and the lovers stood, arm in arm, on the vantage ground of their coil of rope, chattering loudly, regardless of the rest of their world.

The outline of the land grew more distinct, until the islands of the outer harbor stood revealed. A wild shout rang out from the lower deck, and a Jew with a flowing beard and a round velvet cap threw his hands straight above his head and began to recite from the Scriptures. The young man whose arm was about the girl suddenly discovered that his coil of rope was a rostrum, and prepared to address the people below him. He clapped his hands, and the wild murmur of the throng gradually became hushed.

On the deck above Mrs. Baddington had just asked her husband what steps he had decided to take against the immigrants, when she paused to listen to the curious sounds coming from below. A few voices were wavering in a song, gathering courage as others joined them, until, from the unintelligible chorus there finally came the clearly defined strains of a well-known air.

"Do you hear it? Do you hear it?" asked Mrs. Baddington, excitedly.

"I hear it."

"They are trying to sing 'America.'"

The Congressman had been tearing a sheet of closely written paper into small pieces. "Mary, there goes the first and last draft of my immigration bill," he said, as he threw it from his hand.

The pieces fell in a tiny shower upon the heads of the steerage.

SOPHISTRY

BY PAUL KESTER

WHAT gain is there
In sorrow?
What health in suffering?
Does misfortune teach
Us charity?
Is bitterness the seed
Of joy,
And pain
The sure precursor of delight?
Are not these teachings
False, when all
Seek to escape the road
That we are told
Shall lead us upward?
Sophistry would take
From courage, patience,
And the stern virtues
That marshal the iron front
Of self-control,
Their only glory
With their only need.

THE ADVOCATE'S FIRST PLEA

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark"

TALL and ungainly, young and self-conscious, he walked into the crowded court room, fresh from the law school, utterly without advice or experience. His pale boyish features wore the flush of knowledge, but it was the painful knowledge that every one was looking at him. Convinced that he was creating an unusual stir among the old and staid lawyers, the straight-laced bailiffs, and the habitual hangers-on, he took a seat at one of the broad tables and assumed that posture of importance attained only by extreme youth.

By his side was another youth, not over sixteen, fair, ruddy-cheeked, and comely. It may seem strangely coincident that, on the day Edward Gray first entered the court room as a full-fledged attorney, his younger brother should be there as a witness—a witness in a case wherein a man was being tried for forgery. The brothers had gone to the court room together, the elder leading the way with the importance of his position, the younger following in some trepidation, full of inquiry as to how he should act, what he should do. With superior indifference the attorney replied gruffly, affording the earnest interrogator but little satisfaction, no consolation, and the assurance that he was going into a place where none but the greatest of men could enter.

When Frank Gray stepped into the big court room for the first time in his life he knew no more of its etiquette than if he had been an untutored savage. His magnificent brother, upon whom he looked with respect and awe, had told him nothing, except that it was the home of justice, of truth, and of dignity. Little did he know that the strutting attorney at whose heels he tagged was filled with a fear and trembling in comparison with which his own was but a trifling flutter. Ignorant as was the honest country lad, raw from the district school, unlearned in the ways of the great city proudly known as the county seat of a community whose total population did not exceed 50,000, he was not half so crude as the mighty brother felt himself at heart. His dignity was assumed, his importance the fruit of a determined ambition, his superiority as feeble in reality as the years which marked his bare majority. But he assumed, he acted all three with the desperation of an unpractised intelligence; he distressed himself with the wish that he could be seen for all he was worth, that he could display in himself all that had taken others a lifetime to achieve—ability. Such is youth.

The cause on trial was of considerable prominence. A cashier, holding a responsible position in a large mercantile establishment, had forged the name of a customer and had drawn the money, intending to replace it and destroy the check before discovery. His plans had gone awry, and he was arrested. Frank Gray, the boy, was in the store when the sergeant of police served the warrant on the forger, and heard every word of the conversation which passed between them. He was subpœnaed by the defendant, who wished by him to disprove certain allegations made by the officer.

The boy was alarmed at the prospect, dreaming for nights before of the ordeal through which he expected to pass on that awful day when he faced the court. His brother merely—and sharply—instructed him to see that nothing but the truth was told—"the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The lad's honest, wondering blue eyes had barely become accustomed to the strangeness of his surroundings, when he was suddenly startled by hearing his brother's name called out in the metallic, rasping tones of the court's voice:

"Any motions, Mr.—Mr.—" (here the court leaned over and asked the nearest bailiff a question) "Mr. Gray?"

"None, your—your honor," came the wee small voice of the mighty brother, notwithstanding the ponderous effort put forth to make the tones loud and firm.

"Then, bailiff, you may call the case of the State vs. Royal."

The usual preliminaries were rushed through, the indictment read, and the opening statement made by the prosecuting attorney before

Frank quite understood what was happening. Several witnesses were introduced, examined, and cross-examined, proving the fact that the signature was a forgery, and then the police sergeant was called to the stand.

The officer was asked to detail or to give in substance the conversation which had passed between him and Royal, the accused man. By this time young Gray was deeply interested, his ruddy face the picture of rapt attention. He drank in every word of the sergeant's story, approving it as remarkably accurate. In fact, he could hardly comprehend how the man remembered everything so clearly. His learned brother apparently ignored the case on trial, looking over the pages of a volume of reports with a very intellectual frown between his eyes.

"You may state, Sergeant Greeting, if possible, the exact reply of the defendant when you asked what cause required him to secure the money at that particular time," asked the counsel for the state.

"You want me to give his very words?"

"Yes, sir; if you can."

"Well, he said this: 'I just had to have $35 that night. I had been gambling and had to pay my losses or be kicked out of the club—I belong to the "Bear Club."'"

Frank heard this statement with growing wonder. He straightened up in his chair and allowed his astonished eyes to wander from the witness to the prisoner, on whose face there was a look of hopeless misery. Then his own sturdy frame stiffened, his honest blue eyes flashed from beneath a flushed brow, and his strong young voice cried out boldly:

"He didn't say that at all. He said——"

"Silence!" shouted the astonished court, and two bailiffs hurried toward the dissenter threateningly. His brother half started from his chair with the shock he had received, his cheek flushing and then blanching, as if a sort of terror had seized upon his heart.

"I ask to have this young man ejected from the court room," cried the state's attorney, sputtering in amazement. The sergeant of police looked guiltily defiant, the prisoner's face lit up, and a whole room full of people strained their necks to see the owner of the disturbing voice.

"Well, he lied, that's all! Mr. Royal didn't say that—he said he had to have it because his wife had been sick two months and the doctor wouldn't come to see her any more if he didn't pay him. I heard him say it, Judge," cried Frank, his heart now beating with a fright which strove to overpower the truth that struggled to his indignant lips.

"Take him from the room, sheriff! I never heard of such impudence," cried the outraged judge. "I never did in all my life."

"But I'm a witness," stammered Frank, a surly resentment taking possession of him. He was looking at the court manfully.

"That's enough, sir! Is it possible that you do not know enough to observe order in a court room? Where do you come from? I shall attend to your case in a few moments, sir. You cannot disturb the order of this court with impunity—why, I never heard of such a thing!" blustered the judge, and to see his expression was to believe him.

By this time the young fellow's face was white and drawn. Humiliation was stamped all over his crushed, drooping person. Still the boyish indignation and resentment would not down, his pride was cut to the quick, his very heart cried out within him. A sharp glance at the white face of his brother—a glance which was a prayer for help—showed him that he was alone in the fight; the ally was trembling and his eyes were riveted on the floor. As the court concluded his last exclamation the boy's lips trembled, his teeth clashed together sullenly, and his angry voice rang out with:

"Oh, I don't care, you darned old fool!"

Imagine the consternation this rash retort produced. There followed a moment's silence, like unto the space which intervenes between the flash of lightning and the clap of thunder. Scores of eyes peered at the bowed, stubborn head of the boy, whose face was red and twitching; then they turned toward the court, upon whose turkey-red features grew the blue of rage. His eyes were glaring down upon the boy ominously; his back was very straight; the cords in his neck were strained and hard with the tension his anger imposed.

"Young man," he began, and then stopped to clear the lump of wrath from his throat. "Young man, you have committed an indiscretion which cannot be overlooked; you have insulted this court; you have outraged this bench of justice. In sheer amazement I realize that you are almost a man and not a child, as one might suspect from your rashness, from your utter indifference to the consequences which you must certainly have known would be the result of your outburst. I do not know who you are, but you surely have not been reared with an absolute disregard for the respect due to age and to men who occupy such positions as that held by this court. To me it looks like pure viciousness on your part, and I shall certainly teach you the

error of your way. It will be a painful duty for me to fine you and to send you to jail, but I firmly believe it is the only course to pursue where one of your age and apparent intelligence commits an act such as you have committed."

Frank's sudden burst of uncontrollable weeping interrupted the court at this juncture. The poor boy threw his arms upon the table beside which he sat; his face was instantly buried upon them, and his body shook with the most pitiful sobs. Before the judge could resume his reprimand, the tall, unsteady figure of that deserting brother arose, his embarrassed face turned toward the bench, his bloodless lips moving stiffly as if they were uttering words. No sound, however, came from them. There was a supreme effort put forth. One hand clutched the back of the chair against which his stiff legs braced themselves, and these words came out in strange, unnatural tones, clear and strong, as if some unusual power produced them:

"Your honor, I beg your indulgence for a moment. You certainly will listen to a weak appeal for leniency before you too severely condemn my brother—my ignorant, impulsive brother. If a penalty must be inflicted for the dishonor shown to this court, I feel that all the punishment should fall upon another and more deserving head. Your honor, upon me should be cast all the blame, all the indignant reproaches brought about by this unfortunate occurrence. It was I who, knowing full well the conduct he should have pursued during the hours when justice reigns, refused, through an unbrotherly exaltation of my own superiority, to respond to his eager questions when he sought for information. I revelled in my knowledge and in his ignorance. He had never seen a court room before; knew nothing of its rules, its exactions. In my miserable heart I felt that I was unkind to him, but my foolish pedestal was too high to allow me to come down to him in his helplessness. It was, perhaps, an added fault of mine that I told him to tell the truth only while here; a fault, I say, your honor, because he needed no such caution, no such insult from one who knows his virtues as I know them. He has never told a lie, that I swear. Not all the power on earth could make my brother utter a falsehood. What he interposed during the testimony of that witness was true, absolutely true, or he would not have said it. His blunder in crying out was due to his own uncovered honesty and to my injunction to tell the truth. He did not know the rules; he knew nothing, may it please your honor, save that a lie was being told, and his heart cried out the truth. I am to blame for his first mistake. For the second—the insult to the court—nature itself must be held accountable. I ask you to go back to the day when you were of his age, the years when youthful pride overruled discretion, judgment—everything. Place yourself in his position, your heart bursting with injury to your boyish pride, filled with that young anger, turbulent resentment and youthful horror of ridicule stirring every fiber, and how would you have felt it? He, with the unfortunate courage of ignorance, blurted out his ill-suppressed feelings; you would have felt as he did, you might have done as he did. I leave that to the considerate remembrance of your own boyish impressions. Remember, your honor, the heat of your despairing anger when you, as a boy, were subjected to sharp criticism, merited or not; whether before the eyes of others or not; whether by age or youth. Remember, sir, your resentment even against your father, your best of friends, the mother you now hold so dear, and then put yourself in this boy's place. Can you again feel the insufferable rankling of pride, of scorned immaturity in your heart—you, a judge of men and all their emotions? Go back, your honor, to the days when your very soul burned with the fires of resentment, and have pity on this offender. He is innocent of a wrong intention. He would not show the least dishonor to you or to any man on earth had he not felt that a man—that prisoner—was being harshly treated. He is honest; he is a boy, a boy such as you were; such as all of these men were; such as I am who speak to you. I ask you not to punish him, for he would never forget the disgrace. I ask you to suspend further reprimand and allow me to take him from the room until he is asked to come and tell his honest story under oath. What more you might say to him could have no more weight than what you have said. Your first command, 'Silence'! crushed him. It was sufficient for the tender, untried heart. He feels as you felt when you were a boy, your honor!"

The stiff figure relaxed, the pleading white face dropped forward, as if unsupported, the tall frame sank into the chair, and the advocate's first plea was over. Tears stood in the eyes of the court, a glow of sympathy went around the room, a clapping of hands arose from the reminiscent old lawyers, and it was evident that the young fellow had won his point.

He did not hear the plaudits, for he had fainted!

THE TWO VANREVELS

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

Author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Illustrated by Henry Hutt

CHAPTER XVII

The Price of Silence

IT was the misfortune of Mr. Cummings's final literary offering to annoy one of the editor's friends. The "Journal" was brought to the new Corporal at noon, while he was considering whether he should rise from his bed or sleep another hour. Reclining among his pillows, he glanced through Cummings's description with the subdued giggle he always had for the good William's style, but as his eye fell upon one paragraph, he started, sat upright, and proceeded to read the passage several times with anxious attention.

"Only two or three sources of regret occurred to mar the delight (in which young and old participated) of that festal and dazzling scene. One was the absence of Miss Fanchon Bareaud, one of the donors; another, that of Corporal Gray; a third was the excessive modesty of Major Vanrevel, who, although present at the time, refused to receive the ladies' sumptuous offering, and insisted that Captain Marsh was the proper person to do the honors, to which the latter reluctantly, though gracefully, consented. Also, we were sorry that the Major appeared in citizen's dress, as all were anxious to witness him in his uniform. However, in our humble judgment, he will be compelled by etiquette to don it this afternoon, to receive the officers of the regular army, who will arrive by the stage about five o'clock, it is expected, to inspect the company and swear them into the service of the Federal Government at the Court House. We, for one, have little doubt that, owing to the Major's well-known talent in matters of apparel, his appearance will far eclipse in brilliancy that of his fellow-officers."

Crailey dressed slowly, returning to the paper now and then with a perturbed countenance. How would Miss Betty explain this paragraph to herself, and how account for the fact that she had not seen Crailey, how for the fact that she had seen Tom? It seemed unlikely that she could have overlooked the latter—Tom was one of those whom everybody saw, wherever he went. And what inquiries would she make? For Crailey had no means of knowing that she would not see the "Journal." To-morrow he would be gone—it would be all over—but he wanted this last day to run smoothly. What wild hopes he had of things that should happen when they all came marching home, no one can say; even if it were not to be doubted that Crailey ever entertained hopes of any kind whatever, since to hope is to bestow thought upon the future.

But, however affairs ran with him so far as hope was concerned, he seldom lacked an idea; and one came to him presently, a notion that put the frown to rout and brought the old smile to his lips—his smile of the world-worn and tolerant prelate. He flicked the paper lightly from him, and it sped across the room like a big bird in awkward flight. For he knew how to preserve his last day as he wished, and to make it all smooth.

Finishing his toilet with particular care, he took a flower from a vase on his table, placed it in his coat, and went down to the dusty street, where everything was warm and bright with summer. It was joy to be alive; there was wine enough in the air; and Crailey made up his mind not to take a drink that day—the last day! The last day! The three words kept ringing through his head like a minor phrase from a song. To-morrow, at noon, they would be churning down the river; and this was the last day—the last day!

"But not too late to make another friend at home," he said, stopping to pat the head of a mangy street cur that came crouching and wobbling toward him like a staveless little keg worried by scurries of wind. Dogs and children always fell in love with Crailey at first sight, and he never failed to receive them in the spirit of their approach. Now the mongrel, at his touch, immediately turned himself over and lay upon the pavement with all paws in air, as if to say: "Great lord, magnificent in the graciousness which deigns to cast a glimpse upon this abject cluster of ribs, I perceive that your heart is too gentle to kick me in my present helplessness; yet do with me as you will."

"I doubt if you've breakfasted, brother," Crailey responded aloud, rubbing the dog's

head softly with the tip of his boot. "Will you share the meagre fare of one who is a poet, should be a lawyer, but is about to become a soldier? Eh, but a corporal! Rise, my friend. Up! and be in your own small self a whole corporal's guard! And if your Corporal doesn't come home from the wars, perhaps you'll remember him kindly? Think?"

He made a vivacious gesture, the small animal sprang into the air, convoluted with gratitude and affection, while Crailey, laughing softly, led the way to the hotel. There, eating sparsely himself, he provided munificently for his new acquaintance, and recommended him, with an accompaniment of silver, to the good offices of the Rouen House kitchen. After that, out into the sunshine again he went, with elastic step, and a merry word and a laugh for every one he met. At the old English gardener's he bought four or five bouquets, and carried them on a round of visits of farewell to as many old ladies who had been kind to him. This done, leaving his laughter and his flowers behind him, he went to Fanchon and spent part of the afternoon bringing forth cunning arguments cheerily, to prove to her that General Taylor would be in the Mexican capital before the volunteers reached New Orleans, and urging upon her his belief that they would all be back in Rouen before the summer was gone.

But Fanchon could only sob and whisper, "Hush, hush!" in the dim room where they sat, the windows darkened so that, after he had gone, he should not remember how red her eyes were, and the purple depths under them, and thus forget how pretty she had been at her best. After a time, finding that the more he tried to cheer her, the more brokenly she wept, he grew silent, only stroking her head, while the summer sounds came in through the window: the mill-whirr of locusts, the small monotone of distant farm-bells, the laughter of children in the street, and the gay arias of a mocking-bird swinging in the open window of the next house. So they sat together through the long, still afternoon of the last day.

No one in Rouen found that afternoon particularly enlivening. Even Mrs. Tanberry gave way to the common depression, and, once more, her doctrine of cheerfulness relegated to the ghostly ranks of the purely theoretical, she bowed under the burden of her woe so far as to sing, "Methought I Met a Damsel Fair" (Her of the Bursting Sighs) at the piano. Whenever depression sat upon her soul she had acquired the habit of resorting to this unhappy ballad; and to-day she sang it thrice. Mr. Carewe was not at home, and had announced that he intended to honor the evening meal by his attendance, but should be away for the evening itself; as comment upon which statement Mrs. Tanberry had offered ambiguously the one word, "Amen!" He was stung to no reply, and she had noted the circumstance as unusual, and also that he had appeared to labor with the suppression of a keen excitement, which made him anxious to escape from her sharp little eyes; an agitation for which she easily accounted when she recalled that he had seen Vanrevel on the previous evening. Mr. Carewe had kept his promise to preserve the peace, as he always kept it when the two met on neutral ground, but she had observed that his face showed a kind of hard-leashed violence whenever he had been forced to breathe the air of the same room with his enemy, and that the thing grew on him.

Miss Betty exhibited not precisely a burning interest in the adventure of the Damsel Fair, and wandered out of the room during the second rendition, wandered back again, and once more away. She had moved about the house in this fashion since early morning, wearing what Mamie described as a "peak-ed look." White-faced and restless, with absent and distressed eyes, to which no sleep had come in the night, she could not read; she could no more than touch her harp; she could not sleep; she could not remain quiet for three minutes together. Often she sank into a chair with an air of languor and weariness, only to start immediately out of it and seek some other part of the house, or to go and pace the garden. Here, in the air heavy with roses and tremulous with June, as she walked rapidly up and down, late in the afternoon, at the time when the far-away farm-bells were calling men from the fields to supper, the climax of her restlessness came; nay, it was more than restlessness. The old rebellion against the law that inaction must be her part—that anguish and desperation, so old in her sex—had fallen upon her for the first time. She came to an abrupt stop and struck her hands together despairingly, and spoke aloud.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Ma'am?" asked a surprised voice, just behind her.

She wheeled about, to behold a shock-headed urchin of ten in the path near the little clearing. He was ragged, tanned, dusty; neither shoes nor coat trammeled his independence; and he had evidently entered the garden through the gap in the hedge.

"I thought you spoke to me?" he said inquiringly.

"I didn't see you," she returned. "What is it?"

"You're Miss Carewe?" he asked; but before she could answer he said, reassuringly, "Why of course you are! I remember you perfect, now I git the light on you, so to speak. Don't you remember me?"

"No, I don't think I do."

"Lord!" he responded, wonderingly. "Why, I was up on them boxes with you the night of your pa's fire!" Mingled with the surprise in his tone was a respectful unction which intimated how greatly he honored her father for having been the owner of so satisfactory a conflagration.

"Were you? Perhaps I'll remember you if you give me time."

But at this point the youth recalled the fact that he had an errand to discharge; and assuming an air of business-like haste too pressing to permit farther parley, he sought in his pocket and produced a sealed envelope, with which he advanced upon her.

"Here. There's an answer. He told me not to tell nobody who sent it, and not to give it to nobody on earth but you, and how to slip in through the hedge and try and find you in the garden when nobody was lookin', and he give a pencil for you to answer on the back of it, and a dollar."

Miss Betty took the note, glancing once over her shoulder at the house, but Mrs. Tanberry was still occupied with the Maiden, and no one was in sight. She read the message quickly:

"I have obeyed you, and shall always. But you have not sent for me. Perhaps that was because there was no time when you thought it safe—or maybe you have still felt there would be a loss of dignity. Does *that* weigh with you against good-by? Tell me, if you can, that you have it in your heart to let me go without seeing you once more, without good-by—for the last time. Or was it untrue that you wrote me what you did? Was that dear letter but a little fairy dream of mine? Ah, will you see me again, this once—this once—let me look at you, let me talk with you, hear your voice? The last time!"

There was no signature.

Miss Betty hastily and nervously wrote four lines upon the same sheet: 'Yes—yes! I *must* see you, must talk with you before you go. Come at dusk. The garden—near the gap in the hedge. It will be safe for a little while. He will not be here." She replaced the paper in its envelope, drew a sharp line through her own name on the letter, and wrote "Mr. Vanrevel" underneath.

"Do you know the gentleman who sent you?" she asked.

"No'm; but he'll be waitin' at his office, 'Gray and Vanrevel,' on Main Street, for the answer."

"Then hurry!" said Betty.

He needed no second bidding, but, with wings on his bare heels, made off through the gap in the hedge. At the corner of the street he encountered an adventure—a gentleman's legs and a heavy hand at the same time. The hand fell on his shoulder, arresting his scamper with a vicious jerk; and the boy was too awed to attempt an escape, for he knew his captor well by sight, although never before had he found himself so directly in the company of Rouen's richest citizen. The note dropped from the trembling fingers, yet those small fingers of the boy did not tremble as did the man's when, like a flash, Carewe seized upon the missive with his disengaged hand and saw what two names were on the envelope.

"You were stealing, were you!" he cried, savagely. "I saw you sneak through my hedge. What did you steal?"

"Nothing!"

Mr. Carewe ground his teeth. "What were you doing there?"

"Nothing!"

"Nothing!" mocked Carewe. "Nothing! You didn't carry this to the young lady in there and get her answer?"

"No, sir!" answered the captive, earnestly. "Cross my heart, I didn't. I found it!"

Slowly the corrugations of anger were leveled from the magnate's face, the white heat cooled, and the prisoner marveled to find himself in the presence of an urbane gentleman whose placidity made the scene of a moment ago appear some trick of distorted vision. And yet, curious to behold, Mr. Carewe's fingers shook even more violently than before as he released the boy's shoulder and gave him a friendly tap on the head, at the same time smiling benevolently.

"There, there," he said, bestowing a wink upon the youngster. "It's all right; it doesn't matter—only I think I see the chance of a jest in this. You wait, while I read this little note, this message that you *found!*" He ended by winking again with the friendliest drollery.

He turned his back to the boy as he opened the note; and he continued to stand in that position while he read the two messages. It struck the messenger that, after this, there need be no great shame in his own lack of this much-vaunted art of reading, since it took so famous a man as Mr. Carewe such length of time to peruse a little note. But

perhaps the great gentleman was ill, for it appeared to the boy that he lurched several times, once so far that he would have gone over if he had not saved himself by a lucky stagger. And once, too, except for the fact that the face that had turned away had worn an expression of such genial humor, the boy would have believed that from it issued a sound like the gnashing of teeth.

But when it was turned to him again it bore the same amiable jocosity of mouth and eye, and nothing seemed to be the matter, except that those fingers still shook so wildly, too wildly, indeed, to restore the note to its envelope.

"There," said Mr. Carewe, "put it back, laddie, put it back yourself. Take it to the gentleman who sent you. I see he's even disguised his hand a trifle—ha! ha!—and I suppose he may not have expected the young lady to write his name quite so boldly on the envelope! What do *you* suppose?"

"I d'know," returned the boy. "I reckon I don't hardly understand."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Carewe, laughing rather madly. "Ha, ha, ha! Of course you wouldn't. And how much did he give you?"

"Yay!" cried the other joyously. "Didn't he go and hand me a dollar!"

"How much will you take not to tell him that I stopped you and read it; how much not to speak of me at all?"

"What?"

"It's a foolish kind of joke, that's all. I'll give you five dollars never to tell any one that you saw me to-day."

"Don't shoot, Colonel!" exclaimed the youth, with a riotous fling of bare feet in the air. "I'll come down."

"You'll do it?"

"Five!" he cried, dancing upon the boards. "Five! I'll cross my heart to die I never hear tell of you, or ever knew they *was* sich a man in the world!"

Carewe bent over him. "No! Say: 'God strike me dead and condemn me eternally to the everlasting flames of hell if I ever tell!'"

This entailed quick sobriety, though only solemn benevolence was in the face above him. The jig-step stopped, and he pondered, frightened.

"Have I got to say that?"

Mr. Carewe produced a bank-bill about which the boy beheld a halo. Clearly this was his day; heaven showed its approval of his conduct by an outpouring of imperishable riches. And yet the oath misliked him; there was a faint savor of the demoniacal contract; still that was to be borne and the plunge taken, for there fluttered the huge sum before his dazzled eyes. He took a deep breath.

"'God strike me dead,'" he began slowly, "'if I ever'——"

"No. 'And condemn me to the everlasting flames of hell'——"

"Have I got to?"

"Yes."

—"'And condemn me to—to the everlasting flames of—of hell, if I ever tell!'"

He ran off, pale with the fear that he might grow up and take to drink, and some day tell in his cups, but so resolved not to coquet with temptation that he went round a block to avoid the door of the Rouen House bar. Nevertheless, the note was in his hand and the fortune in his pocket.

And Mr. Carewe was safe. He knew that the boy would never tell, and he knew another thing, for he had read the "Journal," though it came no more to his house—he knew that Tom Vanrevel wore his uniform that evening, and that, even in the dusk, the brass buttons on an officer's breast make a good mark for a gun steadied along the broad ledge of a window. As he entered the gates and went toward the house he glanced up at the window which overlooked his garden from the cupola.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Uniform

CRAILEY was not the only man in Rouen who had been saying to himself all day that each accustomed thing he did was done for the last time. Many of his comrades went about with "Farewell, old friend," in their hearts, not only for the people, but for the usual things of life and the actions of habit, now become unexpectedly dear and sweet to know or to perform. Thus Tom Vanrevel, relieved of his hot uniform, loose as to collar, wearing a big dressing-gown, and stretched in a chair, watched the sunset from the western window of the dusty office, where he had dreamed through many sunsets in summers past, and now took his final leave of this old habit of his in silence, with a long cigar, considering the chances largely against his ever seeing the sun go down behind the long wooden bridge at the foot of Main Street again.

The ruins of the warehouses had been removed, and the river was laid clear to his sight; it ran between brown banks like a river of rubies, and, at the wharf, the small evening steamboat, ugly and grim enough to behold from near-by, lay pink and lovely in that

broad glow, tooting imminent departure, although an hour might elapse before it would back into the current. The sun widened, clung briefly to the horizon, and dropped behind the low hills beyond the bottom lands; the stream grew purple and then took on a luster of pearl as the stars came out, while the rosy distances changed to misty blue; the chatter of the birds in the Main Street maples became quieter, and, through lessening little choruses of twittering, fell gradually to silence. And now the blue dusk crept on the town, and the corner drug store window-lights threw mottled colors on the pavement. From the hall, outside the closed office door, came the sound of quick, light footsteps; it was Crailey going out; but Tom only sighed to himself, and did not hail him. So these light footsteps of Crailey Gray echoed but a moment in the stairway, and were heard no more.

A few moments later, a tall figure, wrapped from neck to heels in a gray cloak, rapidly crossed the mottled lights, and disappeared into Carewe Street. This cloaked person wore on his head a soldier's cap, and Tom, not recognizing him surely, vaguely wondered why Tappingham Marsh chose to muffle himself so warmly on a June evening. He noted the quick, alert tread as unlike Marsh's usual gait, but no suspicion crossed his mind that the figure might be that of his partner.

A rocket went up from the Rouen House, and then another, followed by a salvo of anvils and a rickety discharge of small arms; and a noble display of fireworks was begun in celebration of the prospective victories of the United States and the utter discomfiture of the Mexicans when the Rouen Volunteers should reach the seat of war, an exhibition of patriotism which brought little pleasure to Mr. Vanrevel.

But over the noise of the street he heard his own name shouted from the stairway, and almost instantly a violent knocking assailed the door. He bade the visitor enter, and the door was flung open by a stout and excited colored woman, who, at sight of him, threw up her hands in tremulous thanksgiving. It was the vain Mamie.

She sank into a chair, and rocked herself to and fro, gasping to regain her lost breath. "Bless de good God 'lmighty you ain' gone out!" she panted. "I run an' I run, an' I come so fas' I got stitches in de side f'um head tuh heel!"

Tom brought her a glass of water, which she drank between gasps.

"I nevah run so befo' enduin' my livin' days," she asserted. "You knows me, who I am an' whuh I cum f'um, nigh's well's I knows who you is, I reckon, Maje' Vanrevel?"

"Yes, yes, I know. Will you tell me who sent you?"

"Miz Tanberry, suh, dat who sended me, an' in a venomous hurry she done de same!"

"Yes. Why? Does she want me?"

Mamie emitted a screech. "'Deed she mos' everlas'in'ly does not! Dat de ve'y exackindes' livin' t'ing she does not want!"

"Then what is it, Mamie?"

"Jass lemme git my bref, suh, an' you hole yo'ne whiles I tell you! She say tuh me, she say: 'Is you 'quainted Maje' Vanrevel, Mamie?' s' she, an' I up'n ansuh, 'Not tuh speak wid, but dey ain' none on 'em I don' know by sight, an' none betterer dan him,' I say. Den she say, she say: 'You run all de way an' fin' dat young man,' she say, s' she, 'an' if you don' git dar fo' he leave, er don' stop him on de way, den God 'lmighty fergive you!' she say. 'But you tell him f'um Jane Tanberry not tuh come near dis house or dis gyahden dis night! Tell him dat Jane Tanberry warn him he mus' keep outer Carewe's way ontel he safe on de boat to-morrer. Tell him Jane Tanberry beg him to stay in he own room dis night, an' dat she beg it on her bented knees!' An' dis she say tuh me when I tole her what Nelson see in dat house dis evenin'. An' hyuh I is, an' hyuh *you* is, an' de blessed Jesus be thank' you *is* hyuh!"

Tom regarded her with grave attention. "What made Mrs. Tanberry think I might be coming there to-night?"

"Dey's cur'ous goin's-on in dat house, suh! De young lady she ain't like herself; all de day long she wanduh up an' down an' roun' about. Miz Tanberry are a mighty guessifying woman, an' de minute I tell her what Nelse see, she s'pec' you a-comin' an' dat de boss mos' pintedly preparin' fo' it!"

"Can you make it a little clearer for me, Mamie? I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Well, suh, you know dat ole man Nelson, he allays tell me ev'yt'ing he know, an' ev'yt'ing he think he know, jass de same, suh. An' dat ole Nelse he mos' 'sessful cull'd man in de worl' tuh crope roun' de house an' pick up de gossip an' git de 'fo' an' behine er what's goin' on. So 'twas dat he see de boss, when he come in to'des evenin', tek dat heavy musket offn' de racks an' load an' clean her, an' he do it wid a mighty bad look 'bout de mouf. Den he gone up tuh de cupoly an' lef' it dar, an' den come down agin. Whiles dey all is eatin', he 'nounce th'ee time' dat he goin' be 'way endu'in' de evenin'. Den he gone

out de front do', an' out de gates, an' down de street. Den, suh, den, suh, 'tain't no mo'n a half-'n-hour ago, Nelse come tuh me an' say dat he see de boss come roun' de stable, keepin' close in by de shrubbery, an' crepe in de ballroom winder, w'ich is close tuh de groun', suh. Nelse 'uz a cleanin' he harness in de back yo'd an' he let on not tuh see him, like. Miss Betty, she walkin' in her gyahden an' Miz Tanberry fan' on de po'che. Nelse, he slips in de house whuh de lights ain' lit, an' stan' an' listen long time in de liberry at de foot er dem sta'hs; *an' he hyuh dat man move, suh!* Den Nelse know dat he done gone up tuh de cupoly room an'—an' dat he settin' dah, *waitin'!* Soze he come an' tole me, an' I beg Miz Tanberry come in de kitchen, an' I shet de do' an' I tole her. An' she sended me hyuh to you, suh. An' if you 'uz a-goin' de good God 'lmighty mus' er kep' you ontel I got hyuh!"

"No; I wasn't going." Tom smiled upon her sadly. "And I dare say there's a simpler explanation. Don't you suppose that if Nelson was right and Mr. Carewe really did come back, it was because he did not wish his daughter and Mrs. Tanberry to know that—that he expected a party of friends, possibly, to join him there later?"

"What he doin' wid dat gun, suh? Nobody goin' play cyahds ner frow dice wid a gun, is dey?" asked Mamie, as she rose and walked toward the door.

"Oh, that was probably by chance."

"No, suh!" she cried vehemently. "An' dem gelmun wouldn' play t'-night, no way; mos' on 'em goin' wid you to-morrer an' dey sayin' good-by to d'er foks dis evenin', not gamblin'! Miz Tanberry 'll be in a state er mine ontel she hyuh f'um me, an' I goin' hurry back. You won' come dar, suh? I kin tell her dat you say you sutney ain' comin' nigh our neighborhoods dis night?"

"I had not dreamed of coming, tell her, please. Probably I shall not go out at all this evening. But it was kind of you to come. Good night."

He stood with a candle to light her down the stairs, but after she had gone he did not return to the office. Instead, he went slowly up to his own room, glancing first into Crailey's—the doors of neither were often locked—to behold a chaos of disorder and unfinished packing. In his own chamber it only remained for him to close the lids of a few big boxes, and to pack a small trunk which he meant to take with him to the camp of the State troops, and he would be ready for departure. So he set about his task, and, concluding that there was no necessity to wear his uniform on the steamboat, he decided to place it in the trunk, and went to the bed where he had folded and left it. It was not there. Nor did a thorough search reveal it anywhere in the room. Yet no one could have stolen it, for when he had gone down to the office Crailey had remained on this floor. Mamie had come within a few minutes after Crailey went out, and during his conversation with her the office door had been open; no one could have passed without being seen. Also, a thief would have taken other things as well as the uniform; and surely Crailey must have heard; Crailey would—Crailey——!

And Tom remembered the figure in the long cloak and the military cap, and, with a sick heart, he began to understand. He had read the "Journal," and he saw why Crailey might wish to masquerade in a major's uniform that night. If Miss Carewe read it too, and a strange wonder rose in her mind, this and a word would convince her. Tom considered it improbable that the wonder would rise, for circumstances had so settled her in a mistake—trivial and ordinary enough at first, merely the confusing of two names by a girl new to the town, but strengthened by every confirmation Crailey's wit could compass—that she would, no doubt, only set the Cummings paragraph aside as a newspaper error. Still, Crailey had wished to be on the safe side!

Tom sighed rather bitterly. He was convinced that the harlequin would come home soon, replace the uniform (which was probably extremely becoming to him, as they were of a height and figure much the same), and afterward, in his ordinary dress, he would sally forth to spend his last evening with Fanchon. Tom wondered how Crailey would feel and what he would think about himself while he was changing his clothes; but he remembered his partner's extraordinary powers of mental adjustment—and for the first time in his life Vanrevel made no allowance for the other's temperament; and there came to him a moment when he felt that he could almost dislike Crailey Gray.

At all events he would go out until Crailey had come and left again; for he had no desire to behold the masquerader's return. So he exchanged his dressing-gown for a coat, fastened his collar, and had begun to arrange his cravat at the mirror, when, suddenly, the voice of the old negress seemed to sound close beside him in the room:

"He's settin' dah—*waitin'!*"

That cravat was never tied; Tom's hands dropped to his sides as he started back from

the staring face in the mirror. Robert Carewe was waiting—and Crailey—— All at once there was but one vital necessity in the world for Tom Vanrevel, that was to find Crailey; he must go to Crailey—even in Carewe's own house—he must go to Crailey!

He dashed down the stairs and into the street. The people were making a great uproar in front of the hotel, exploding bombs, firing muskets in the air, sending up rockets; and rapidly crossing the outskirts of the crowd, he passed into Carewe Street, unnoticed.

Here the detonations were not so deafening, though the little steamboat at the wharf was contributing to the confusion with all in her power, screeching simultaneously approval of the celebration and her last signals of departure. At the first corner Tom had no more than left the sidewalk when he came within a foot of being ridden down by two horsemen who rode at so desperate a gallop that (the sound of their hoof-beats being lost in the uproar from Main Street) they were upon him before he was aware of them.

He leaped back with an angry shout to know who they were that they rode so hastily. At the same time a sharp explosion at the foot of the street sent a red flare over the scene, a flash, gone with such incredible swiftness into renewed darkness that he saw the flying horsemen almost as equestrian statues illumined by a flicker of lightning, but he saw them with the same distinctness that lightning gives, and recognized the foremost as Robert Carewe. And in the instant of that recognition Tom knew what had happened to Crailey, for, remembering Mamie's story, he read the truth in the ghastly face of his enemy.

Carewe rode stiffly, like a man frozen upon his horse, and his face was like that of a frozen man; his eyes glassy and not fixed upon his course, so that it was a deathly thing to see. The animal bounded and swerved under him in the mad rush down the street, but he sat rigid, bolt upright in the saddle, his face set to that look of coldness. The second rider was old Nelson, who rode with body crouched forward, his eyeballs like shining porcelain set in ebony, and his arm like a flail, cruelly lashing his own horse and his master's with a heavy whip.

"De steamboat!" he shouted, hoarsely, bringing down the lash on one steed and then on the other. "De steamboat, de steamboat—fo' God's sake, honey, de steamboat!"

They swept into Main Street, Nelson leaning far across to the other's bridle, and turning both horses toward the river, but before they had made the corner Tom Vanrevel was running with all the speed that was in him toward his enemy's house. The one block between him and that forbidden ground seemed to him miles long, and he felt that he was running as a man in a dream, and, at the highest pitch of agonized exertion, covering no space, but only working the air in one place, like a treadmill. All that was in his mind, heart, and soul was to reach Crailey. He had known by the revelation of Carewe's face in what case he would find his friend; but as he ran he put the knowledge from him with a great shudder, and resolved upon incredulity in spite of his certainty. All he let himself feel was the vital necessity to run, to run until he found Crailey, who was somewhere in the darkness of the trees about the long, low house on the corner. When he reached the bordering hedge he did not stay for gate or path, but hurled himself with a loud shout half over, half through the hedge, like a bolt from a catapult.

Lights shone from only one room in the house, the library; but as he ran toward the porch a candle flickered in the hall, and there came the sound of a voice sobbing with terror.

At that he called desperately upon his incredulity to aid him, for the voice was Mrs. Tanberry's. If it had been any other than she who sobbed so hopelessly—she who was always steady and strong! If he could, he would have stopped to pray, now, before he faced her and the truth; but his flying feet carried him on.

"Who is it?" she gasped, brokenly, from the hall. "Mamie? Have you brought him?"

"It's I," he cried, as he plunged through the doorway. "It's Vanrevel."

Mrs. Tanberry set the iron candlestick down upon the table with a crash.

"You've come too late!" she sobbed. "Another man has taken your death on himself."

He reeled back against the wall. "Oh, God!" he said. "Oh, God, God, God! It's Crailey!"

"Yes," she answered. "It's the poor vagabond that you loved so well."

Together they ran through the hall to the library. Crailey was lying on a long sofa, his eyes closed, his head like a piece of carven marble, the gay uniform, in which he had tricked himself out so gallantly, open at the throat, and his white linen stained with only a few little splotches of red.

Miss Betty was kneeling beside him, holding her lace handkerchief upon his breast; she was as white as he, and as motionless;

so that, as she knelt there, immovable beside him, her arm like alabaster across his breast, they might have been a sculptor's group. The handkerchief was stained a little, like the linen, and like it, too, stained but a little. A flask of brandy and a pitcher of water were on the floor near-by.

"You!" Miss Betty's face showed no change, nor even a faint surprise, as her eyes fell upon Tom Vanrevel, but her lips soundlessly framed the word—"You!"

Tom flung himself on his knees beside her, but, though she drew back a little, mechanically, she did not move the handkerchief from its place.

"Crailey!" cried Tom, in a sharp voice that had a terrible shake in it. "Crailey! Crailey, I want you to hear me!" He took one of the limp hands in his and began to chafe it, while Mrs. Tanberry grasped the other.

"There's still a movement in the pulse," she faltered.

"*Still!*" echoed Tom, roughly. "You're mad! You made me think he was dead! Do you think Crailey Gray is going to die? He couldn't, I tell you—he couldn't; you don't know him! Who's gone for the doctor?" He dashed some brandy upon his handkerchief and set it to the white lips.

"Mamie. She was here in the room with me when it happened."

"'Happened!' 'Happened!'" he mocked her, furiously. "'Happened' is a beautiful word!"

"God forgive me!" sobbed Mrs. Tanberry. "I was sitting in the library, and Mamie had just come from you, when we heard Mr. Carewe shout from the cupola room: 'Stand away from my daughter, Vanrevel!' Only that—and Mamie and I ran to the window, and we saw through the dark a man in uniform leap back from Miss Betty—they were in that little open space near the hedge. He called out something and waved his hand, but the shot came at the same time, and he fell. Even then I was sure in spite of what Mamie had said, I was as sure as Robert Carewe that it was you. He came and took one look—and saw—and then Nelson brought the horses and made him mount and go. Mamie ran for the doctor, and Bettie and I carried Crailey in. It was hard work."

Miss Betty's hand had fallen from Crailey's breast, where Tom's took its place. She rose unsteadily to her feet and pushed back the hair from her forehead, shivering convulsively as she looked down at the motionless figure on the sofa.

"Crailey!" said Tom, in the same angry, shaking voice. 'Crailey, you've got to rouse yourself! This won't do; you've got to be a man, Crailey!" He was trying to force the brandy through the tightly clenched teeth. "Crailey!"

"Crailey!" whispered Miss Betty, leaning heavily on the back of a chair. "Crailey?" She looked at Mrs. Tanberry with vague interrogation, but Mrs. Tanberry did not understand.

"Crailey!"

It was then that Crailey's eyelids fluttered and slowly opened; and his wandering glance, dull at first, slowly grew clear and twinkling as it rested on the ashy face of his best friend.

"Tom," he said, feebly, "it was worth the price—to wear your clothes just once!"

And then, at last, Miss Betty saw and understood. For not the honest gentleman, whom every one except Robert Carewe held in esteem and affection, not her father's enemy, Vanrevel, lay before her with the death-wound in his breast for her sake, but that other—Crailey Gray, the ne'er-do-weel and light-o'-love, Crailey Gray, wit, poet, and scapegrace, the well-beloved town scamp.

He saw that she knew, and as his brightening eyes wandered up to her he smiled faintly. "Even a bad dog likes to have his day," he whispered.

CHAPTER XIX

The Flag Goes Marching By

WILL CUMMINGS had abandoned the pen for the sword until such time as Santa Anna should cry for quarter, and had left the office in charge of an imported substitute; but late that night he came to his desk once more, to write the story of the accident to Corporal Gray; and the tale that he wrote had already been put into writing by Tom Vanrevel as it fell from Crailey's lips, after the doctor had come, so that none might doubt it. No one did doubt it. What reason had Mr. Carewe to injure Crailey Gray? And only five in Rouen knew the truth; for Nelson had gone with his master, and, except Mamie, the other servants of the Carewe household had been in the crowd in front of the Rouen House when the shot was fired.

And so the story went over the town: how Crailey had called to say good-by to Mrs. Tanberry; how Mr. Carewe happened to be examining the musket his father had carried in 1812, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball entering Crailey's breast; how Mr. Carewe, stricken with remorse and

horror over this frightful misfortune, and suffering too severe anguish of mind to remain upon the scene of the tragedy his carelessness had made, had fled, attended by his servant; and how they had leaped aboard the evening boat as it was pulling out, and were now on their way down the river.

This was the story, too, that Tom told Fanchon; for it was he who brought her to Crailey. Through the long night she knelt at Crailey's side, his hand always pressed to her breast or cheek, her eyes always upward, and her lips moving with her prayers, not for Crailey to be spared, but that the Father would take good care of him in Heaven till she came. "I had already given him up," she said to Tom humbly in a small voice. "I knew it was to come, and perhaps this way is better than that—I thought it would be far away. Now I can be with him, and perhaps I shall have him a little longer, for he was to have gone away before noon."

The morning sun rose upon a fair world, lively with bird chatter in the big trees of the Carewe place, and sweet with the odors of Miss Betty's garden, and Crailey, lying upon the bed of the man who had shot him, hearkened and smiled good-by to the summer he loved; and, when the day broke, asked that the bed be moved so that he might lie close by the window. It was Tom who had borne him to that room. "I have carried him before this," he had said, waving the others aside.

Not long after sunrise, when the bed had been moved near the window, Crailey begged Fanchon to bring him a miniature of his mother which he had given her, and urged her to go for it herself; he wanted no hands but hers to touch it, he said. And when she had gone he asked to be let alone with Tom.

"Give me your hand, Tom," he said faintly. "I'd like to keep hold of it a minute or so. I couldn't have said that yesterday, could I, without causing us both horrible embarrassment? But I fancy I can now, because I'm done for. That's too bad, isn't it? I'm very young, after all. Do you remember what poor André Chénier said as he went up to be guillotined?—'There were things in this head of mine!' But I want to tell you what's been the matter with me. It was just my being a bad sort of poet. I suppose that I've never loved any one; yet I've cared more deeply than other men for every lovely thing I saw, and there's so little that hasn't loveliness in it. I'd be ashamed not to have cared for the beauty in all the women I've made love to—but about this—the most beautiful of all—I——"

"She will understand!" said his friend, quickly.

"She will—yes—she's wise and good. If Fanchon knew, there wouldn't be even a memory left to her—and I don't think she'd live. And do you know, I believe I've done Miss Betty a favor in getting shot; Carewe will never come back. Ah, was ever a man's knavery so exactly the architect of his own destruction as mine? And for what gain? Just the excitement of the comedy from day to day!—for she was sure to despise me as soon as she knew—and the desire to hear her voice say another kindly thing to me—and the everlasting perhaps in every woman, and this one the heart's desire of all the world! Ah, well! Tell me—I want to hear it from you—how many hours does the doctor say?"

"Hours, Crailey?" Tom's hand twitched pitifully in the other's feeble grasp.

"I know it's only a few."

"They're all fools, doctors!" exclaimed Vanrevel, fiercely.

"No, no. And I know that nothing can be done. You all see it, and you want me to go peacefully—or you wouldn't let me have my own way so much! It frightens me, I own up, to think that so soon I'll be wiser than the wisest in the world. Yet I always wanted to *know*. I've sought and I've sought—and now to go out alone on the quest of the Grail—I——"

"Please don't talk," begged Tom in a broken whisper. "For mercy's sake, lad. It weakens you so."

Crailey laughed weakly. "Do you think I could die peacefully without talking a great deal? There's one thing I want, Tom. I want to see all of them once more, all the old friends that are going down the river at noon. What harm could it do? I want them to come by here on their way to the boat, with the band and with the flag I was to follow. But I want the band to play *cheerfully!* Ask 'em to play 'Rosin the Bow,' will you? I've never believed in mournfulness, and I don't want to see any of it now. It's the most sacrilegious doubt of all! And besides, I want to see them as they'll be when they 'come marching home again'—they must look gay!"

"Ah, don't, lad, don't!" Tom flung one arm about his friend and buried his face in the coverlet, and Crailey was silent, but rested one hand gently on the other's head. In that attitude Fanchon found them when she came.

The volunteers gathered at the court-house two hours before noon. They met each other

dismally, talking only in undertones as they formed in lines of four, while their dispirited faces showed that the heart was out of them. Not so with the crowds of country folk and townspeople who lined the streets to see the last of them. For these, when the band came marching down the street and took its place, set up a royal cheering that grew louder as Jefferson Bareaud, the color-bearer, carried the flag to the head of the procession. With the recruits marched the veterans of 1812 and the Indian wars, the one-legged cobbler stumping along beside General Trumble, who looked very dejected and old. The lines stood in silence, and responded to the cheering by quietly removing their hats; so that the people whispered that it was more like an Odd Fellows' Sunday funeral than the departure of enthusiastic patriots for the seat of war. General Trumble's was not the only sad face in the ranks; all were sorrowful, even those of the lads from the country, who had not known the comrade they were to leave behind.

Jefferson unfurled the flag; Marsh gave the word of command, the band began to play a quickstep, and the procession moved forward down the cheering lane of people, who waved little flags and handkerchiefs and threw their hats in the air as they shouted. But, contrary to expectation, the parade was not directly along Main Street to the river. "Right wheel! March!" commanded Tappingham, hoarsely, waving his sword, and Jefferson led the way into Carewe Street.

"For God's sake, don't cry now!" and Tappingham, with a large drop streaking down his own cheek, turned savagely upon Lieutenant Cummings. "That isn't what he wants. He wants to see us looking cheery and smiling. We can do it for him this once, I guess! I never saw *him* any other way."

"You look damn smiling yourself," snuffled Will.

"I will when we turn in at the gates," retorted his captain. "On my soul, I swear I'll kill every sniffling idiot that doesn't!—In line, there!" he stormed ferociously at a big recruit.

The lively strains of the band and the shouting of the multitude grew loud in the room where Crailey lay. His eyes glistened as he heard, and he smiled, not the old smile of the worldly prelate, but gladly, like a child when music is heard. The room was darkened, save for the light of the one window which fell softly upon his head and breast and upon another fair head close to his, where Fanchon knelt. In the shadows at one end of the room were Miss Betty and Mrs. Tanberry and Mrs. Bareaud, and the white-haired doctor, who had said, "Let him have his own way in all he asks." Tom stood alone, close by the head of the couch.

"Hail to the band!" Crailey chuckled softly. "How the rogues keep the time. It's 'Rosin the Bow' all right! Ah, that is as it should be. Mrs. Tanberry, you and I have one thing in common, if you'll let me flatter myself so far: we've always believed in good cheer in spite of the devil and all, you and I, eh? The best of things, even if things are bad, dear lady, eh?"

"You darling vagabond!" Mrs. Tanberry murmured, trying to smile back to him.

"Hark to 'em!" said Crailey. "Only *hear* the people cheer them! They'll 'march away so gaily,' won't they?—and how right that is!" The vanguard appeared in the street, and over the hedge gleamed the brilliant, oncoming banner, the fresh, strong colors flying out on a good breeze. Crailey greeted it with a breathless cry. "There's the flag—look, Fanchon, *your* flag!—waving above the hedge; and it's Jeff who carries it. Doesn't it always make you want to *dance!* Bravo, bravo!"

The procession halted for a moment in the street, and the music ceased. Then, with a jubilant flourish of brass and the roll of drums, the band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and Jefferson Bareaud proudly led the way into the gates and down the driveway, the bright silk streaming overhead. Behind him briskly marched the volunteers, with heads erect and smiling faces, as they knew Corporal Gray wished to see them, their Captain flourishing his shining sword in the air.

"Here they come! Do you see, Fanchon?" said Crailey. "They are all there, Jeff and Tappingham, and the two Madrillons and Will, the dear old fellow—he'll never write a decent paragraph as long as he lives, God bless him!—and young Frank—what devil-tries I've led the boy into!—and there's the old General, forgetting all the tiffs we've had. God bless them all and grant them all a safe return! What on earth are they taking off their hats for?—Ah, good-by, boys, good-by!"

They saw the white face at the window, and the slender hand fluttering its farewell, and Tappingham halted his men.

"Three times three for Corporal Gray!" he shouted, managing, somehow, to keep the smile upon his lips. "Three times three, and may he rejoin his company before we enter the Mexican capital!"

He beat the time for the thunderous cheers that they gave; the procession described a circle on the lawn, and then, with the band playing and colors flying, passed out of the gates and took up the march to the wharf.

"The flag shows that you helped to make it, Fanchon." Crailey whispered, following it with his eyes. "It's so beautiful. Ah, Tom, they've said we abused it, sometimes—it was only that we didn't like to see any one make it look silly or mean. But, after all, no man *can* do that—no, nor no group of men, nor party!" His voice grew louder as the last strains of the music came more faintly from the street. "They'll take your banner across the Rio Grande, Fanchon, but that is not all—some day it will spread over the world!—Don't you all *see* that it will?"

After a little while he closed his eyes with a sigh; the doctor bent over him quickly, and Miss Betty started forward unconsciously and cried out.

But the bright eyes opened again and fixed themselves upon her with all their old, gay inscrutability.

"Not yet," said Crailey. "Miss Carewe, may I tell you that I am sorry I could not have known you sooner? Perhaps you might have liked me for Fanchon's sake—I know you care for her."

"I do—I do!" she faltered. "I love her, and—ah!—I like you, Mr. Gray, though I never—met you until—last night. God bless you—God bless you!"

She wavered a moment, like a lily in the wind, put out a hand blindly; said sharply, "Not you!" as Tom Vanravel started toward her. Mrs. Tanberry came quickly and put an arm about her, and together they went out of the room.

"You must be good to her, Tom," said Crailey then, in a very low voice.

"I!" answered Tom, gently. "There was never a chance of that, lad."

"Listen," whispered Crailey. "Lean down—no—closer." He cast a quick glance at Fanchon, kneeling at the other side of the bed, her golden head on the white coverlet, her outstretched hand clutching his; and he spoke so close to Tom's ear and in so low a tone that only Tom could hear.

"She was never in love with me. She felt that she ought to be—but that was because I masqueraded in your history. She wanted to tell me before I went away that there was no chance for me. She was telling me that, when he called from the window. It was at the dance, the night before, that she knew. I think there has been some one else from the first—and God send it's you! Did you speak to her that night or she to you?"

"Ah, no," said Tom Vanrevel. "All the others."

Mrs. Tanberry and Betty and Mr. Bareaud waited in the library, the two women huddled together on a sofa, with their arms round each other, and all the house was very still. By and by, they heard a prolonged, far-away cheering, and the steamer's whistle, and knew that the boat was off. Half an hour later Will Cummings came back alone, entered the room on tip-toe, and sank into a chair near Mr. Bareaud, with his face away from Miss Betty. He was to remain in Rouen another week, and join his regiment with Tom. None of the three appeared to notice his coming more than dimly, and he sat with his face bowed in his hands, and did not move.

Thus perhaps an hour passed, with only a sound of footsteps on the gravel in the driveway, now and then, and a low murmur of voices in the rear of the house, where people came to ask after Crailey; and when the door of the room where he lay was opened, the four watchers started as at a loud explosion. It was Mrs. Bareaud and the old doctor, and they closed the door again, softly, and came in to the others. They had left Crailey alone with Fanchon and Tom Vanrevel, the two who loved him best.

The warm day beyond the windows was like Sunday; no voices sounded from without in the noon hush, though sometimes a little group of people would gather across the street to eye the house curiously and nod and whisper. The strong, blue shadows of the veranda pillars stole slowly across the white floor of the porch in a lessening slant, and finally lay all in a line, as the tall clock in a corner of the library asthmatically coughed the hour of noon. In this jarring discordance there was something frightful to Miss Betty. She rose abruptly, and, imperiously waving back Mrs. Tanberry, who would have detained her—for there was in her face and manner the incipient wildness of control overstrained to the breaking-point—she went hurriedly out of the room and out of the house, to the old bench in the garden. There she sank down, her face hidden in her arms; there, on the spot where she had first seen Crailey Gray.

From there, too, had risen the serenade of the man she had spurned and insulted; and there she had come to worship the stars when Crailey bade her look to them. And now the strange young teacher was paying the bitter price for his fooleries—and who could doubt

that the price was a bitter one? To have the spirit so suddenly, cruelly driven from the sprightly body that was, but a few hours ago, hale and alert, obedient to every petty wish, could dance, run, and leap; to be forced with such hideous precipitation to leave the warm breath of June and undergo the lonely change merging with the shadow; to be flung from the exquisite and commonplace day of sunshine into the appalling adventure that should not have been his for years—and hurled into it by what hand! . . . Ah, bitter, bitter price for a harlequinade! And, alas, alas! for the brave harlequin!

A gentle touch fell upon her shoulder, and Miss Betty sprang to her feet and screamed. It was Nelson who stood before her, hat in hand, his head deeply bowed.

"Is *he* with you?" she cried, clutching at the bench for support.

"No'm," answered the old man humbly. "I reckon we all ain' goin' see dat man no mo'."

"Where is he?"

"On de way, honey, on de way."

"The way—to Rouen!" she gasped.

"No'm; he goin' 'cross de big water." He stretched out his hand and pointed solemnly to the east. "Him an' me, we cotch de boat, an' yo' pa mek 'em taken de hosses on bode. Den we git off at Leeville, five mile down de rivuh, an' yo' pa hol' de boat whiles I rid back alone an' git de news, an' what de tale is you all is tole, f'um ole Mist' Chen'eth; an' Mist' Chen'eth, he rid back wid me an' see yo' pa at Leeville, an' dey talk in de shed by de landin', an' yo' pa tell Mist' Chen'eth what 'rangements he goin' make wid de proprety, den he git on de boat ag'in an' dey sto't her agoin'; an' he ain' wave no good-by, ner say no mo' wu'ds. Mist' Chen'eth rid back whens de light come. But I res' de hosses an' come back slow, 'case I ponduh on de worl', an' I mighty sorry fer yo' pa, Missy. He ain' comin' back no mo', honey, an' Miz Tanberry an' me an' Mamie, we goin' take keer er you. Yo' pa goin' back dar to de F'enchmun, whar he 'uz a young man. He mighty sick, an' he scairt, honey; an' he ain' goin' git ovah dat, neider. 'Peah tuh me, Missy, like he done had a vizhum er he own soul, when he come an' look down at dat young man layin' on de grass, las' night!"

The old fellow bent his back before her in a solemn bow, as a feudal retainer in allegiance to the heir, but more in deference to the sorrow written upon her, and respecting its magnitude. With no words of comfort, for he knew she wanted only to be alone, he moved away, with infirm steps and shaking head, toward the rear of the house.

Miss Betty threw herself upon the bench again, face downward in her arms. And still the house lay in dead silence under the sunshine.

An hour had passed, and the shadows slanted strongly to the east, when the stillness was broken by a sound, low and small at first, then rising fearfully—a long, quavering wail of supreme anguish that clutched and shook the listener's heart. No one could have recognized the voice as Fanchon's, but every one who heard it knew that it was hers; and that the soul of Crailey Gray had gone out upon the quest of the Holy Grail.

Miss Betty's hands clenched convulsively round the arm of the bench, and a fit of shuddering seized her as if with the grip of a violent chill, though her eyes were dry. Then she lay quiet.

A long time afterward she became aware of a step that paced the garden path behind her, and turned her face upon her arm so that she saw, but made no other motion. It was Tom Vanrevel, walking slowly up and down, his hands behind his back and his hat pulled far down over his eyes. He had not seen her.

She rose and spoke his name.

He turned and came to her. "Almost at the very last," he said, "Crailey whispered to me that he knew you thought him a great scamp, but to tell you to be sure to remember that it was all true about the stars."

CHAPTER XX

"*Good-by*"

IT was between twilight and candlelight, the gentle half-hour when the kind old Sand Man steals up the stairs of houses where children are; when rustic lovers stroll with slow and quiet steps down country lanes, and old bachelors are loneliest and dream of the things that might have been. Through the silence of the clear dusk came the whistle of the evening boat that was to bear Tom Vanrevel through the first stage of his long journey to the front of war, and the sound fell cheerlessly on Miss Betty's ear as she stood leaning against the sun-dial among the lilac bushes. Her attitude was not one of reverie; yet she stood very still, so still that, in the wan shimmer of the faded afterglow, one might have passed close by her and not have seen her. The long, dark folds of her gown showed faintly against the gray stone, and her arms, bare from the elbow, lay across the

"'Listen,' whispered Crailey. 'Lean down—no—closer'"

face of the dial, with unrelaxed fingers clenching the cornice; her head drooping, not languidly but with tension, her eyes half closed, showing the lashes against a pale cheek; and thus motionless, leaning on the stone in the dusk, she might have been Sorrow's self.

She did not move; there was not even a flicker of the eyelashes when a step sounded on the gravel of the driveway, and Vanrevel came slowly from the house. He stopped at a little distance from her, hat in hand. He was very thin, worn and old-looking, and in the failing light might have been taken for a tall, gentle ghost; yet his shoulders were squared and he held himself as straight as he had the first time she had ever seen him.

"Mrs. Tanberry told me I should find you here," he said, hesitatingly. "I have come to say good-by."

She did not turn toward him, nor did more than her lips move as she answered, "Good-by," and her tone was neither kind nor cold, but held no meaning whatever, not even indifference.

There was an interval of silence; then, without surprise, he walked sadly to the gate, paused, wheeled about suddenly, and returned with a quick, firm step.

"I will not go until I know that I do not misunderstand you," he said, "not even if there is only the slightest chance that I do. I want to say something to you, if you will let me, though naturally I remember you once asked me never to speak to you again. It is only that I have thought you did that under a misconception, or else I should still obey you. If you——"

"What is it that you wish to say?" Her tone was unchanged.

"Only that I think the hardest time for you has passed, and that——"

"Do you?" she interrupted.

"Yes," he returned, "the saddest of your life. I think it has gone forever. And I think that what will come to you will be all you wish for. There will be a little time of waiting——"

"Waiting for what?"

He drew a step nearer, and his voice became very gentle. "Cummings and I reach our regiment to-morrow night; and there in the camp is a group of men on the way to the war, and they all go the more bravely because each one of them has you in his heart; not one but will be a better soldier because of you. And I want you to believe that if all of them don't come back, yet the one whose safety you think of and fear for, *will* return. For, you see, Crailey told me what you said to him when—when he met you here the last time. I have no way to know which of them you meant; but—he will come back to you! I am sure of it, because I believe you are to be happy. Ah, you've had your allotment of pain! After all, there is so little to regret: the town seems empty without its young men, yet you may rejoice, remembering how bravely they went and how gaily! They will sing half the way to Vera Cruz! You think it's strange I should say there is so little to regret, when I've just laid away my best friend. It was his own doctrine, and the selfish personal grief and soreness grow less when you think of the gallant end he made, for it was he who went away most bravely and jauntily of all. Crailey was no failure, unless I let what he taught me go to no effect. And be sure he would have told you what I tell you now, that all is well with all in the world."

"Please!" she cried, with a quick intake of breath through closed teeth.

"I will do anything in the world to please you," he answered sorrowfully. "Do you mean that——"

She turned at last and faced him, but without lifting her eyes. "Why did you come to say good-by to me?"

"I don't understand."

"I think you do." Her voice was cold and steady, but it was suddenly given to him to perceive that she was trembling from head to heel.

An exclamation of remorse broke from him. "Ah! You came here to be alone. I——"

"Stop," she said. "You had said good-by to me once before. Did you come to see again what you saw then?"

He fell back in utter amazement, but she advanced upon him swiftly.

The unfortunate young man could make no reply, and remained unable to defend himself from her inexplicable attack.

"You have not forgotten," she went on impetuously. "It was in the crowd, just before they gave you the flag. You saw—I know you saw—and it killed me with the shame of it! Now you come to me to look at the same thing again—and the boat waiting for you! Is it in revenge for that night at the Bareauds'? Perhaps this sounds wild to you—I can't help that—but why should you try to make it harder for me?"

From the porch came a strong voice: "Vanrevel!"

"God knows I haven't meant to," said Tom in bitter pain. "I don't understand. It's Cummings calling for me; I'll go at once. I'd

hoped, stupidly enough, that you would tell me who it was you meant when you spoke to Crailey, so that I could help to make it surer that he'd come back to you. But I've only annoyed you. And you were here—away from the house—avoiding me, and fearing that I——"

"Vanrevel!" shouted William. (Mrs. Tanberry had not told Lieutenant Cummings where to find Miss Betty.)

"Fearing? Yes?"

"Fearing that I might discover you." He let his eyes rest on her loveliness once more, and as he saw that she still trembled, he extended his hand toward her in a gesture of infinite tenderness, like a blessing, heaved one sigh, and, with head erect and body straight, set his face manfully toward the house.

He had taken three strides when his heart stopped beating at an ineffable touch on his sleeve. For, with a sharp cry, she sprang to him; and then, once more, among the lilac bushes where he had caught the white kitten, his hand was seized and held between two small palms, and the eyes of Miss Betty Carewe looked into the very soul of him.

"No!" she cried. "No! Fearing with a sick heart that you might not come!"

Her pale face, misty with sweetness, wavered before him in the dusk; and he lifted his shaking hand to his forehead; her own went with it, and the touch of that steadied him.

"You mean," he whispered brokenly, "you mean that you——"

"Yes, always," she answered, rushing through the words, half in tears that made her eyes only dazzle him the more. "There was a little time when I loved what your life had been more than you. Ah, it was you I saw in him. Yet it was not what you were, after all, but just you! I knew there could not be any one else—though I thought it could never be you—that night, just before they gave the flag."

"We've little time, Vanrevel!" called the voice from the porch.

Tom's eyes filled slowly. He raised them and looked at the newly come stars. "Crailey, Crailey!" he murmured.

Her gaze followed his. "Ah, it's he—and they—that make me know you will come back to me!" she said.

THE END

A CHANGE OF PROFESSION

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

GORMAN and Hanrahan, the two probationers newly assigned to Engine Company No. —, were the first of their crew to reach the roof of the sixteen-story Mansard Building. They had the nozzle of a line of hose that was being laid from the stand-pipe of the top floor to wet down the north wall of the "sky-scraper"; and they came out into the night, dragging their length of the line, to face a gale of wind that took the breath from between their teeth. They struggled against it, through the darkness, toward the light of fire over the parapet; and they looked down there, through the smoke, at the flames in the roof of an adjoining clothing house twelve stories below them.

Captain Ball had followed them. "Turn on your water," he bellowed above the storm to the men behind them; and in a moment a feeble stream swelled the line of hose and gushed from the "pipe." He swore at it. "It can't spit past its chin," he said.

It strengthened slowly as they watched it. "Keep wettin' her down," he shouted in Gorman's ear. "Get up another line," he cried to the rest of the crew.

The rushing of the wind drowned their answer, but they hurried below to obey him. He remained with Gorman and Hanrahan, watching the fire spread and brighten in the roof of the clothing house. Gorman was still grinning at his "Can't spit past its chin."

They were two hundred feet above the street level, and the storm, hurling itself across the huddled roofs below them, drew up a draft of heat and smoke to them as if they were looking down a chimney. They could guess

THE FIRE

what the heat must be in the street, for across the road the woodwork of the windows of a five-story building had caught fire without the touch of any flame, and a pigmy crew were drenching it with a stream which they shot up straight from the sidewalk. Officers the size of mannikins ran up and down in the ruddy glow, waving their little arms. The fire flowed over the roof as if it were a burning oil; and the smoke came up to them thicker, and the heat more stifling, with every breath.

Their weak stream dribbled down the wall, to dry out on the hot bricks before it touched the point of danger; and Gorman leaned over the parapet to see that the paint was beginning to peel off in great scales far below. Hanrahan and he tried hopelessly to reach these by swinging the pipe from side to side. They might as well have tried to irrigate a desert with it. Their eyes were dry and beginning to smart.

The rest of the crew came up again, dragging a second line.

Captain Ball turned to the lieutenant. "No use bringin' more lines up here," he shouted. "Windows 'll be breakin'. There ain't a shutter on the whole blamed buildin'. Fireproof! She's matchwood! Back down to the twelfth floor. Get lines stretched to the air-shaft there."

The men went back with their hose.

"Do the best you can up here," he advised Gorman. "Chief's orders to wet her down. Look out for the air-shaft."

Gorman caught the first of these instructions, but the wind carried away that last warning of danger, and the captain turned and left the two men unconscious of the catastrophe which was preparing for them.

The air-shaft, in fact, was acting as a sheltered flue for the flames. It cut a deep groove into the wall of the Mansard Building at Gorman's left; and the wind, rushing into it, rose straight aloft, blowing up sparks like the draft of a blast furnace. Gorman, watching only the wall and the windows below him, pitied the crews at work in the street. He was wishing for a quid of chewing tobacco, and he remembered with exasperation that Hanrahan would have none.

That was one of Hanrahan's social limitations—he did not chew. He had been nicknamed "Delicate Pete" by his fellow-probationers at Fire Headquarters, and Gorman—who was known as "Bull" Gorman, being the big man of his class—had despised him from the day that the instructor, having pitted them against each other in a race with scaling ladders, had then publicly compared Gorman to a baby hippopotamus in point of nimbleness, because Hanrahan had run away from him.

These two were being "broken" together with all the hard work of the company, but there was no friendship between them. They rarely spoke to each other; for Gorman had found Hanrahan's conversation all "hot air an' free silver," and had quarreled with him about this wearisome enthusiasm for politics. They continued stolidly at their work, now, in the silence of mutual indifference. The growing strength of the stream threatened to tear the nozzle from their hands, and they raised the hose to their shoulders to bend it in a swan's neck arch that sent the water hissing down the bricks.

They were busied so, when they saw a bluish-green flame flash in the red of the fire in the roof below, and a belch of smoke rolled up to them on the burst and echo of an explosion. Before it reached them, they heard another roar beneath it; the cloud of smoke was split with flame, and they leaped back from the parapet as if from the crater of a volcano, and threw themselves on their faces, as the burning gases, freed by the collapse of the roof—flaring two hundred feet in the air and licking up the side of the Mansard Building, to break every window glass in its upper ten stories and ignite every window curtain, window sash, and "trim" in its north wall—rolled over them in a heat that nipped their ears like a frost-bite and was gone.

Gorman pinned down the pipe that was threshing about on the roof, and staggered back to the parapet with it. The beat of heat was unendurable, and he could see nothing for the smoke that blinded him with tears. He did not know that the gale was carrying a solid tongue of fire into the hidden air-shaft, and that every window on that shaft was already spitting flames. He could just see that the woodwork of the window below him was afire, and he called Hanrahan to train the pipe on it with him. They doused it black at once, and scattered the smoke, to see another blaze below. Then, suddenly, the stream from their hose weakened and fell short. It was plain that the crews were using the water on the lower floors.

"We're wanted down below, I guess," Hanrahan said. "We're no good up here now."

Gorman nodded. They shut off the nozzle and turned to drag the line to the door of the stairs.

They were too late. Gorman saw the blaze in the air-shaft, and cried out an oath. That shaft, he knew, lit the stairway from the

ground up, and cut them off from the elevator shaft in the center of the building. They dropped the line and ran to the door. Smoke was pouring from it; and flame was behind the smoke. Gorman ran back for the hose, turned the neck-guard of the helmet over his face, and with the water to open the way for him, fought down three steps into a blaze that could not be faced. The wind, blowing in the broken windows of the air-shaft, brought up a smother of heat and smoke against which his pipe was useless. He was fighting a prairie fire with the stream of an extinguisher.

Hanrahan pitched forward on his shoulders. Gorman braced himself against the weight, turned to catch him under the arm-pits, and carried him up, himself half suffocated, to lay him on the roof. They were greeted by the fierce purring of the flames. Hanrahan groaned.

"Y' all right?" Gorman asked him.

He rolled his eyes. "Let's get down out of this," he gasped.

Gorman straightened up and looked around him. The doorway was the only entrance to the roof. He walked back, to kick the useless hose down the staircase and shut the tin-sheathed door on the blaze below. He went to the stone railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building. The coping overhung the lower windows in a sheer drop to the street. He hurried to the south wall. The windows there were twelve feet down, and there was no pipe—no foothold. He went to the back of the roof and found another coping.

He turned, to see Hanrahan running from parapet to parapet, now hidden in a cloud of whirling smoke, now black in the red glow of wind-blown flames. He saw him lean over the marble railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building, and put his hands in a trumpet to his mouth; the voice was lost in the roar of the wind. He saw him take off his helmet and try to throw it down into the street; and the gale snatched it from his hand, tossed it aloft, and blew it away to the south with the smoke and the flying embers.

He came running back to Gorman. "Let's get down," he panted. "Let's get down."

Gorman did not answer him.

"For the Lord's sake, Bull," he cried, "don't let us burn alive up here."

Gorman shook his head. "I can't get down," he said.

He could see that there was nothing on the brick roof to burn; the heat and not the flames would be their danger. The fire was at its worst in the light-well, and at the point farthest from it there was an enormous water tank, protected with a covering of tin, and supported across the angle of the walls on steel beams, so that, even if the roof should fall, the tank would not go with it. Here was the greatest safety. They would have water to prevent the heat from baking them alive, and they would have the tank to shelter them from the drift of smoke.

Gorman went over to it and crouched to peer beneath the beams. Hanrahan stumbled against him. "Bull," he whimpered, "I can't—I can't get down."

Gorman thrust him aside. "Well, who said you could?" he snarled. "You're up here to stay. You better make up yer mind to that an' shut yer yap."

Hanrahan threw up his arms and screamed at the sky in a high, dry voice, clutching with his fingers and snapping like a dog with his teeth. Then he pitched forward into the smoke on a run for the street parapet again.

Gorman climbed slowly up the iron ladder to the top of the tank. He came on a scuttle there and raised it, to find that the tank was almost full. He took off his rubber coat and dipped it down, and it came up dripping. He rubbed it over his face, and licked at the moisture on the smooth tarpaulin; and the touch of water sent a burning fever-flush of thirst through him. He reached down with his helmet, drew it up half full, and emptied it over his head and down his back, again and again. Then he drank in great gulps, sighing with satisfaction.

The relief brought back his energies. The tank ladder took his eye, and it occurred to him that if he could get it loose he might be able to reach a lower window with it. He took hold of it in his huge hands, drew a long breath, and strained to wrench it from its iron sockets, tightening on it slowly until the blood drummed in his ears. He bent the upright of it, but the socket held it still. When he paused for breath, he remembered Hanrahan and shouted to him for aid.

He got no answer, and he descended the roof to find him lying on his face in the worst of the heat that blew from the air-shaft. He dragged him back from it and emptied a helmet full of water on his face.

Hanrahan rolled his head from side to side, muttering to himself.

"Say," Gorman said. "Say, look-a-here——"

He opened staring eyes, moving his lips in a whisper.

"Better get up to the tank an' take a dip. I want you to help me get that ladder loose."

Hanrahan slipped an arm around his neck, raising himself on his elbow. "Get me down out of this, Bull," he whispered. "Get me down out of this, an' I'll make it good. I got a pull. I got a promise——"

Gorman threw off his arm. "Stop talkin' foolish. I can't get you down, man. Here, take a drink."

Hanrahan caught at his collar, thrusting aside the water. "Get me down," he said. "You get me down, Bull. I'll make it good. I'm right in with the gang. Dorgan said——"

Gorman threw him from him with a curse. "*I* can't get you down," he yelled at him. "What's the matter with you?"

Hanrahan fell back heavily and lay breathing hard, with open mouth. A puff of smoke blew down and choked him with a sob.

Gorman dragged him across the roof to the tank, and sat down beside him—uncertain what to do—with his back to the parapet and his face to the light-well. The heat swam over them in a suffocating current. Hanrahan threw out his arms and lay as if stretched on a cross, rolling his head from side to side, agonized and speechless.

He began to mumble the "confession" of a Roman Catholic, beating his breast with a whispered "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Gorman scowled. The smoke irritated him; the heat pricked him. "Can't you shut yer yap for half a minute," he complained.

Hanrahan groaned and turned to him. "D'you think there's any hell?" he asked in a husky whisper.

Gorman laughed. "Aw, cut it out," he said. "You're scared. That's all that's wrong with *you*."

There was a crash of breaking windows in the air-shaft. The flames roared up, flapping like a banner in the wind.

"Help!" Hanrahan screeched. "Help! Hel——"

Gorman clapped a hand over his mouth. "Well, *you lobster*," he said.

"Aw, don't, Bull," he pleaded. "Don't!"

Gorman stood up in the thickening smoke and looked down on him. "Say," he said, "if you got any breath to waste, you'd better save it fer yer prayers. This roof's goin' to drop you in a hole so hot it won't leave enough of you fer the devil to raise a blister on. Shut up, will you?"

He turned away from him, and climbed the ladder to the top of the tank, so that he might sit down there in quiet. He could hear the engines in the street whistling frantically for coal from the fuel wagons; and they sounded very far away. He reached down into the scuttle and drank from his helmet again. The air came up cool from the tank. He lay with his face in the draft of it, and shut his dry eyelids on his aching eyes.

Although he had threatened Hanrahan with the collapse of the roof, he had spoken in anger, to terrify him into silence, and not because he believed that either of them would lose his life. He was not a man of imagination, and his breath was too strong in his body for him to realize the possibility of death. If the crew below did not find some means of reaching him, he hoped to live out the fire where he was. Chiefly, he was angry—and bewildered by his own anger—because Hanrahan had gone to pieces and made such a noise. He could not think. The heat was wearing on him. He lay there, waiting.

And in fact the men below were already planning to reach him. For a time Captain Ball had been so busy fighting back the flames on the twelfth floor that he did not think of the two men whom he had left on the roof. It was not until sparks and burning woodwork began to pour down the elevator shaft that the possibility of their situation occurred to him. Fortunately, the building was "fireproofed," and the progress of the flames would be slow.

He called two of his crew to get scaling ladders, and leaving his lieutenant in charge of the pipes, he ran to the southwest end of the building—to be farthest from the fire—and opening a window there, looked up. He could see no signs of fire in any window above him. "Looks all right," he told the men. "But you'll have to be quick. Keep your eyes open for the windows behind you."

They had a coil of life-line and two ladders. They used but one of the latter, going up together for greater speed. At their first window they saw the wisdom of Captain Ball's instructions. The room within was stifling with smoke and heat; and as soon as they opened a vent into it, the fire showed in the darkness.

At the fourteenth story, a light of flames was already glimmering behind the broken pane. The smoke poured out on them as they beat in the glass and hauled up the ladder. They went ahead, however; and while they were climbing up the wall from that window, they heard the rush of a "back draft" below them, and looked down to see the flames in the thirteenth story cutting them off.

A cry of warning from Captain Ball was

"They . . lowered the ladder into the tank, and slid down"

answered by a faint shout above them. They looked up, to see Gorman peering down over the edge of the water tank. Captain Ball shouted to them, "Come down the rope!" They looked down, to see him waving to them. They looked up, to see that Gorman had disappeared.

"Jim," the upper man said, "we can't reach 'em." They tied the end of their rope hurriedly around the shaft of the ladder, and each took a twist of it in the hook of his belt, and dropped.

They slid down through fire and smoke, blistered and blinded, to Captain Ball, who caught each, as he came, and drew him in the window. A fireman, sent by the lieutenant, came up shouting, "Fire's at the elevator shaft!" They turned and ran.

❦❦❦

Gorman had gone down to the roof to get Hanrahan, and found him lying on his face on the bricks.

"The men're comin' up the ladders," he said. Hanrahan sprang to his feet with this new hope of life, and followed him around the tank to the parapet.

They looked down, to see the empty ladder, twenty feet below them, hanging in the flames, with a blazing rope dangling from the center of it into the smoke. "Hell!" Gorman said disgustedly.

Hanrahan stared at the abandoned apparatus. "*I* guess," he said, in a new voice.

He turned back with Gorman to the front of the tank again. There was a lull in the wind; the smoke and the flames rose up straight on two sides of the roof; and the bricks were hot under their feet. There was no escape now.

"We got one chance left," Gorman said. "We can get in the tank."

Hanrahan shook his head. "No use, Bull," he answered. "I got to cash in, I guess."

Gorman cursed him. "Well, I ain't," he said. "Get a hold of this ladder."

He braced himself, with a foot against the tin covering of the tank, bent his back, and tugged to loosen the ladder from its fastenings. Hanrahan helped him. They strained and struggled with all the strength of every muscle, and the great screws in the sockets of the uprights came out slowly, as if they had been sunk in wax. Once having loosened its hold, they levered the ladder, twisted it, and wrenched it free. Gorman crawled under the steel beams and turned off the stop-cock there. Then they both climbed aloft, lowered the ladder into the tank, and slid down, one on each side of the rungs, into the water. They drank together, sunk to the teeth.

Gorman ducked. "You'd better tie yourself on," he spluttered. "We'll be eating smoke here before long."

The scuttle was a red square of light above them, and they could see each other's faces as pale blurs of no recognizable feature in the darkness. They stripped off their upper clothing, and bound themselves under their arms to the ladder.

They could hear the crackle and roar of flames outside. There was a pecking of scattered rain on the tin above them.

"I wish I had somethin' t' eat," Gorman said.

Hanrahan sighed again. "I'd like something to breathe better."

He was choking with heat and smoke. He rested his chin on the rung of the ladder. He was tired and dizzy. He seemed to be drifting on clouds of smoke, blown about in storm and heat, a glowing spark above the flames. His mind wandered in a delirium of suffocation. He heard Gorman's voice, at a great distance, say, "Wind changed . . . south."

❦❦❦

Daybreak found the "fireproof" Mansard Building a smoking and blackened shell above its tenth story, with the firemen putting out the last smoulder in the gutted rooms. They fought their way up slowly from floor to floor, until by noon Captain Ball and a squad of his company, looking for their dead, reached the stairs leading to the roof.

They found there the blackened nozzle which Gorman had abandoned to the fire. They went up the stairs, hopelessly, and burst open the door, to see Gorman himself—red-eyed and dripping, and stripped to the waist—sitting on the edge of the tank, beating with his heels on its sides, and singing crazy nothings in the voice of insanity.

Captain Ball went over to him and called up, "Where's Hanrahan?"

He winked and pointed down into the tank. "I'm the king of the castle," he sang. "I'm the king of the castle. I'm the king—what's Hanrahan? Pete, Pete, Delicate Pete! Oh, he's a spell-binder," he said with a grin. "He's a spell-binder, talkin' hot air. . . . Comin' up? Come on up. It ain't as hot up here as it was."

And they found Hanrahan, unconscious but alive, still tied to the ladder, and floating with his head between the rungs.

❦❦❦

Two weeks later, when Gorman reported for duty at the engine-house, his first question was for "Delicate Pete." "Him?" the lieutenant said. "Oh, he's quit the department. He's goin' to join the police."

GEORGE DOUGLAS

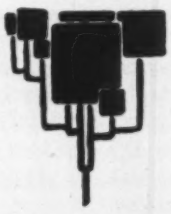
BY C. WHIBLEY

THE untimely death of George Douglas has made impossible the fulfillment of a brilliant promise. A brief year ago he was unknown to all save a small circle of friends; a sudden leap to fame put him upon the pinnacle of good fortune; and now he is gone from us, leaving behind him one great achievement and a poignant regret. No other novelist of our generation has written a first book at once so delicately finished in execution, and so vivid with youth. It has few rough edges; it is composed with the sureness of one who has profoundly studied the classics; it is distinguished by a simple mastery of both Scots and English; and yet in another sense it is almost boyish. There is an exuberance in its brutality which, doubtless, the passing years would have tempered. Its savage presentation of life was the outcome of a mind strangely alive and alert. And these two qualities of freshness and maturity are peculiarly characteristic of George Douglas, who was at once a sound scholar and an uncompromising realist.

Of his brief life there is little enough to tell. Like Burns and Galt, he was an Ayrshire man. He was born at Ochiltree on January 26, 1869, of an Ayrshire father and an Irish mother. Brought up upon the land, he had a rare insight into the life of a farmer, and had discovered the secrets of the open-air by hard experience. "He could turn hay with any man," said an old comrade at his funeral, and one can well believe it. But his restless intelligence very soon drove him from the home of his fathers. After some years spent at Ochiltree Parish School, he was sent at fifteen to Ayr Academy, to which, said he, "I owe everything I am." With all modesty he confessed that "he might be a bad debt," but his book has repaid far more than he received, and the debt remains on the side of the academy. However, it was here that his talents first met with appreciation. The head master, Mr. William Maybin, to whom George Douglas dedicated "The House with the Green Shutters," recognized his pupil's extraordinary intelligence, sympathized with his literary ambitions, and showed him the way first to Glasgow University, and then to Balliol College. From the outset he proved himself a fine scholar, carried off such prizes for Greek and Latin as Glasgow has to give, was selected to the Eglinton Classical Fellowship in 1890, and presently resigned it when he won the Snell Exhibition, which took him to Oxford. I do not think that he took much delight in the formality of an English University, nor was he such a man as Dr. Jowett was likely to approve. But, if the environment was unsympathetic, he turned the four years which he spent at Oxford to excellent account. He worked hard, and read wisely, nor did he confine his researches to textbooks which are warranted to give the industrious student academic distinction. Yet, for all his discursiveness, he should have done better in the schools than he did. But it is fairly explained by a bereavement, which in his last year made work impossible. From Oxford, George Douglas came to seek his fortune in London, with a vague ambition of going to the bar, with a settled ambition of literary success. And though from the first he depended upon his pen for support, though he had been an industrious contributor to many newspapers, he never confused literature and journalism. Journalism was for him a trade to be quietly followed for the profit it might bring. He took no more pride than that of the honest craftsman in what he wrote for the papers, and he did not desire, like the most of his colleagues, to win fame for his journey work. At the same time, he kept steadily in view his fixed determination to do well in literature. He did not let his scholarship rust for lack of use, and he was always a sedulous reader. "I can read anything I ever came across," he said, "except algebra, the 'Elements of Logic,' and the speeches of the late Mr. Gladstone." Thus, in Lord Bacon's phrase, he became "a full man." But above all he husbanded his talent. He did not fritter his abilities in temporary and uncongenial toil. Though he possessed great energy of mind, he was at the same time a man of stern restraint. There was scarce a subject upon which he did not hold a headstrong opinion, and while in talk he would adorn that opinion with many embroideries, he never wished to dissipate his energies by giving it expression in print. In other words, he was an artist, not a prophet. He preferred fitting himself for the real calling of letters to improving the taste or shaping the morals of his contemporaries. Wherefore he was in no hurry to challenge the public verdict. If we except an article upon Burns,

which he contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," he printed nothing during the first six years of his life in London which he cared to preserve. And then, after mature reflection, came "The House with the Green Shutters." I do not wish to sing the praises of this admirable book. But I would refer to one or two qualities, which distinguish not only the book, but the author. In the first place, none but a scholar could have written George Douglas's masterpiece, which is composed severely upon the lines of a Sophoclean tragedy. There is a real nemesis in the grandeur of the house; there is a true irony in the poker just the same size as the rim of the fender, which is at once Gourlay's pride and death. And the critics who compared George Douglas to Balzac would have been wiser had they remembered the Greeks. The "bodies," too, who comment upon the action of the drama, and constantly feed the fire of Gourlay's irritation, are nothing more nor less than a Greek chorus, and though the book is far more complex in construction than the simple model upon which it is built, its origin is clearly demonstrated. In the second place, the book is, like its author, perfectly sincere. Its very savagery is imposed by a transparently honest purpose. It is quite possible that had not the school of the Kailyard flourished, "The House with the Green Shutters" would have taken on a different shape. But once George Douglas was resolved to tell the truth of his native Scotland he spared none of the facts. It is true that there is a certain griminess in the book, but it is not griminess for its own sake. Mr. Douglas did not heap up statistics as M. Zola is wont to heap them up, merely to astonish the Philistine. He drew what he believed to be an accurate picture, and he added no details which did not illustrate the whole or enhance the effect. Above all, he was an accomplished writer, whose style was always sound and always appropriate. And since his gifts were very rare in the literature of to-day, his premature death is a severe blow to the art which he practised with so much fidelity and success.

But, while the world may deplore a public loss, those who were privileged to know George Douglas cherish a double regret. For them the loss is human as well as literary. It will be long before they encounter another companion so brilliant and sympathetic. Writers are not seldom the antithesis of their books. The mind of man is often made so skilfully in water-tight compartments that the talker reveals no hint of the writer. But George Douglas was sincere throughout; he spoke as he wrote, with a genial fierceness of conviction. He was copious and eloquent. He knew a great deal; he had made acquaintance with many literatures; and he delighted to set forth his steadfast opinions in a flood of talk. And above all, he was daring in conversation. He delighted to support what might seem the unpopular side. He was an adept in sophistries, and, like all men of talent, he had more than a touch of Rabelais in his temperament. Those who knew him will never forget the shrewd, kindly cynicism with which he swept aside a conclusion he did not approve. They will never forget the quick irony wherewith he overcame an opponent, nor the unexpected grief which disposed of a specious argument. His Scots accent, and a humorous twinkle in his eye, added to the effect of his speech, and it is hard, indeed, to think that so vivid a spirit is forever extinguished. Simple in his thought, he was simple also in his life. The success which came sudden upon him after six years of patient work delighted but did not disturb him. He was, and he would have remained, quite simple and unspoiled. The curiosity of newspapers offended his sense of humor, and he declined with some brusquerie to come out of his shell. But he had not learned to take himself seriously, nor to exact that incense should be offered upon the altar of vanity. Known only to a few friends, he lived his life and did his work without fuss or ostentation. He loved the country better than cities, and wrote his books in a secluded corner of Surrey, another testimony to the simplicity of his mind. What he might have achieved it is idle to speculate. It is enough that he has left the world a remarkable book, and bequeathed to his friends an imperishable memory of high spirits, keen humor, and brilliant talk.



GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN

From a photograph—probably the last of Mr. Brown—taken at Teddington by Mr. Robert McClure, whose son, Colin, sits on Mr. Brown's lap

THE CLOSING OF THE SHUTTERS

BY ROBERT BARR

WHEN death visits a house in England the shutters are at once closed. If there are no shutters, the blinds are drawn down, and the house looks out sightless to the world. In many novels this fact has formed a climax, and if I remember aright, in William Black's last book, the hero of the story knows that the girl he loved is dead by coming suddenly upon her house and seeing the blinds down. Many a man has hurried home in response to a telegram, and if, as is often the case, no one met him at the statoin, and no news had reached him since the hurried message of the wire, words can hardly depict his anxiety as his own house comes into view and the windows tell him their tale.

That awful book, "The House with the Green Shutters," ends with these words:

"No man dared to speak. They gazed with blanched faces at the House with the Green Shutters sitting dark there and terrible beneath the radiant arch of the dawn."

Doubtless the green shutters were closed, not because of the triple death within, but because the tragedy occurred in the night, and no one was left alive in that ill-fated house to open the blinds when morning came.

As I write these words, the shutters are closed in a house on Highgate Hill, to the north of London, because George Douglas Brown, the author of one famous book, lies dead in a darkened room. Even yet his strident voice is ringing in my ears, while it seems but yesterday that he sat in the chair beside my table. If ever a man was built for a long life it was Brown. He was as stalwart as Harold Frederick; tall, broad-chested, huge, with a massive jaw that betokened dogged determination. He was a man with very few friends and apparently no relatives, for at the present moment there seems to be no next-of-kin to inherit the money that came to him from America for his first and only book, and the lawyers say that the British Government will seize upon what remains to his credit at the bank unless he has left a will, which is extremely unlikely, for no man thought himself so likely to live long as did Brown one short week ago.

I met him for the first time not much more than a month since, and after the conventional conversation which is preliminary to an acquaintance of two men just introduced, we adjourned from the room in which I write to an unkempt place called the Edinburgh Castle, a spot where Scotsmen foregather. There is little about the place to suggest either castle or palace. The ground floor is furnished with uncomfortable chairs and small round tables made of the heads of barrels that have contained Islay whiskey. The apartment immediately above is celebrated in London because the walls are lined with the tartans of all the Highland clans. The liquors sold at the Edinburgh Castle are of the best, and represent every vintage in Scotland. This public house is situated just off the Strand, in the very midst of journalistic London. On every side of it presses are thresh-ing night and day. Cheek by jowl with it are the editorial rooms of the "Daily Graphic," and across the narrow alley are the offices of the "Illustrated London News." Almost any hour of the day or night you will meet there at least a dozen men of world-wide celebrity. The smoking-room of the most noted club in London is neither so dirty nor so distinguished.

Sitting at the barrel head Brown outlined to me the novel on which he was working, and when I heard it dealt with the times of Cromwell, I cried out in alarm, saying this was unfair competition, because my own next novel dealt with the same theme. He answered with a laugh: "Then this is a timely meeting. If I am knocked down by a cab you will finish my novel, and if you are run over by a 'bus I'll finish yours."

The talk drifted to "The House with the Green Shutters," and now that the formality of meeting had melted away, Brown spoke freely about it, and about its purpose. I said that there could not possibly be in existence any village in Scotland or elsewhere which contained so many objectionable characters. He agreed that this was so, but maintained that his chief characters were true to the life, and told stories about them, naming the hamlet where they had lived. His chief character, John Gourlay, was a photograph from life, and so were most of the other subordinate figures in his book.

One story he told me it is almost impossible to set down in print, because of the fierce profanity that characterizes it. Brown said that his own father was the most profane man in the district, and yet a man of sterling good heart. As a little boy he remembers listening appalled to a conversation which took place between his father and an elder of the church who had just risen from what had been supposed his death bed, and now was crawling tremulously out into the sun, his gaunt hand shaking on the end of the stick that supported him.

"Ye auld deevle," cried the elder Brown, "Hell hasna swallowed ye yet, when we a' thocht it yawned for ye."

"Through the mercy of God," quavered the tremulous voice of the convalescent, "I have been spared a few days longer on this earth."

"Ye doddering thief," roared Brown, "there's nae mercy about it. Grim Satan simply sees ye'r nae ripe yet for perdition, so he leaves ye in ye'r sins for a while langer."

"We're a' sinfu' men, Brown," returned the Elder solemnly, in no way offended by the harsh greeting, "and our hope rests in the benevolence of Heaven."

"Weel, weel, ye auld sinner, I'm —— glad to see ye; —— glad to see ye on ye'r feet again. Mony's the time I've looked at ye'r hoose and feared to see the blinds doon, curse ye!"

"Thank'ee kindly, thank'ee kindly, Brown,"

said the aged Elder with tears in his eyes. "I knew I had ye'r guid wishes."

It is impossible for me to set this story down as Brown told it, in the most inimitable dialect, and with the voice and gestures of a born actor, and the point of it, which may be missed in my imperfect rendering, was that there existed the greatest kindliness and understanding between the two men. One was not blinded by the profanity to the sympathy and sorrow of the other, nor did that other make the mistake of supposing the mild and pious Elder a hypocrite. Each expressed his feeling in his own way, and each thoroughly understood the other.

As we talked at the barrel head, a hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up I saw a man standing there whom I had some difficulty in recognizing. His face was flushed with fever, and his hand trembled on my shoulder as the old Elder's hand had trembled on his stick. He was Don Cameron, and as a boy had been a pupil of mine when I taught school in Windsor, Ontario, opposite the city of Detroit. I had no idea he was in London. He had just returned from the Gold Coast—from his third visit there—with a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice in his grasp. In the back country of the Gold Coast, for a French company, he had discovered gold in such quantities that Klondike or the Rand are as gravel pits in comparison. Three trips he had made, racing with death through that region of pestilence, and now success burned in his fever-bright eyes. I sprang up and grasped his hand, glad to welcome him again in London, but sorry to see his condition, for he had been one of my favorite boys. I introduced him to Brown, and they sat chatting together—the man of action and the man of letters. Then the talk drifted from books to the realities of life, and Cameron told us of the comical complication which a new King in England had made in his financial outlook. Although he worked for a French company in Paris, he had to pay his coolies with silver coins bearing the head of Queen Victoria. These coins, taken by him to Africa by the bagfull, are accepted by the natives, and disappear entirely from circulation. What the natives do with them no one knows. It is supposed they are melted down into grotesque ornaments, but they will accept nothing that has not the head of Queen Victoria upon it. It is rather striking to note that a French company can only carry on its enterprise in this district with old English shillings and sixpences; and now Cameron had half-a-dozen banks in London collecting for him Victorian coinage, because he knew it was useless to return to the Gold Coast with the head of Edward VII. on the silver. The darkies were well aware of the fact that the great queen could not die, and they would refuse silver that bore the effigy of another.

Brown listened entranced to the actualities related by this forerunner of civilization—a true member of Kipling's "Legion that never was 'listed," and as Cameron talked my brother dropped in on us, and then four sat round the barrel head. My brother and Cameron were old friends, and had been schoolmates in Canada. The newcomer listened to his talk less interested than Brown or I, with anxiety on his brow, and at last he asked Cameron to take him to his rooms, for he saw how ill the gold-seeker was. Cameron for years has had a flat in London always ready for him on his return to the metropolis. My brother and he bade us good-by and left us.

"That is the most interesting man I ever met," said Brown. "Lord, how little we writers amount to compared with the men who *do* things."

At midnight Cameron died in my brother's arms; alone, together, in his rooms, the African fever following him to London as the headsman had followed his victim in the play of "Richelieu."

When next I met Brown, superb in health, and told him of the fate of the man we had met, he was inexpressibly shocked, and commented on the futility of that race for gold, and the irony of the success that had death as one of its ingredients. Now Brown himself lies dead, and somehow it seems as if the strenuous life, after all, were not worth while.

HOW LADY GOWAN WAS ENTERTAINED

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

Illustrated by Will Greft

"I KNEW when we let Amy go abroad that we were laying up trouble for ourselves."

Kate was scribbling away furiously as she spoke, tucked up at one end of the hammock, a block of paper on her knees, and a stubby pencil between her first two fingers.

Mrs. Baily, the sister from Omaha, who was accused by the others of having social aspirations, spoke persuasively:

"Now, Kit," she said, "you wouldn't want the Radcliffes to monopolize Lady Gowan;" and then there was a shout of laughter, in which she joined, for the Radcliffes might have basked in the exclusive light of Lady Gowan's society forever without objection on Kit's part.

"It will be for only one afternoon," suggested Mrs. Osborne; while Amy put her pretty head down on the cherished manuscript and said, "But, Kit, they were nice to me in London," which settled it.

And just then Mildred Radcliffe came across the lawn.

Mildred always crossed the lawn instead of going around by the walk. She could quite see herself, as a slender, white-robed figure, moving under the greenery. Mildred oscillated between the æsthetic and the conventional, and just now, in spite of the picturesque passage across the grass, the conventional was in the ascendant. She wore a gentle smile, and was trying hard to keep excited self-importance out of her tone.

"Lady Gowan and her son arrived this evening!" she said. "The Burtons gave them a letter to us, you know."

They did know, having heard it from each member of the Radcliffe family.

"I don't see why they want to come to this stupid little place," she went on after a polite murmur from Mrs. Osborne; "I am afraid the Burtons have made us out a more interesting family than we claim to be."

"Impossible!" *sotto voce* from the boy to his nearest cousin.

"Of course we shall do what we can. I want you to come over to-morrow afternoon, Amy. They will probably remember you."

"Perhaps," said Amy modestly.

"Remember her?" echoed the boy. "Do you suppose any one could forget her? In my opinion——"

"Don't notice him, Mildred," interrupted Amy gently; "he babbles." At which ungrateful remark he tipped her chair forward and slid her gently to the porch floor.

"You are the most unconventional family," said Miss Radcliffe in a tone that plainly meant undignified. "If I bring Lady Gowan here to call, you'll have to promise to behave," with a little laugh to temper the severity of her rebuke.

"Don't worry, Mildred," Mrs. Osborne hastened to forestall any remark from Kate. "I am going to send Jack home if he isn't good. He was invited to stay only during good behavior."

"Then he ought to have gone before he came," said Amy, smiling up at the tall young cousin.

"The son is only plain Mr. Gowan, you know."

"Thank you so much," Kate could not be suppressed any longer. "I was unsettled as to whether I should address him as 'Your Lordship' or 'Sire.'"

"Good boy! At him again!" whispered Jack, applaudingly.

"I hope you'll wear your blue, Amy. It looks more elegant than just muslin, and English people are so——"

"Exactly!" began Kate; but Mrs. Osborne tossed a rose she had been holding into her sister's lap, and Kate relapsed into silence. As Jack said, Marion always had something ready to throw at the family genius. Under the circumstances he felt called upon to speak.

"We are going to loo[illegible]ngs this afternoon," he bega[illegible] loud, cheerful tone, "and fit the poor g[illegible]ut. I've a pair of galluses the cook gave me last Christmas—blue-embroidered—just the thing to catch a noble eye."

"Must you go, Mildred?" murmured Mrs. Osborne as the guest arose in the midst of Jack's eloquence.

"Yes, I've a dozen things to do: I shall expect you at four, Amy, in your blue," and with a graceful inclination Miss Radcliffe departed.

"Really, I think we shall have to drop Mil-

dred," said Jack, sinking wearily into the hammock and upsetting Kate's papers and plans. "She doesn't belong."

"I should like to entertain those people nicely," said Marion, apropos of nothing.

"Something simple, but choice," supplemented Betty.

"Something to mark the contrast between the old families of the town and the *nouveaux riches*," assented Jack with his cheerful smile.

"What sort of woman is Lady Gowan, Amy?"

"Not a bit snobbish; that is about all I know. May Jones says she is very sentimental—likes Miss Braddon, and revels in people's love affairs. At the same time she doesn't want any girl to look at her son."

"Her son is plain Mr. Gowan, you know," interjected Jack.

"She is rather an imposing old lady, but the son is very friendly and jolly."

"Did *you* look at her son?" reproved Jack.

"Only occasionally," laughed Amy. "Go and make some lemonade, Jack, while your elders prepare to entertain the Gowans."

"He seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression"

▾▾▾

Amy was on the side porch the next morning, washing out some lace ruffles for the afternoon's muslin, and singing "Bonnie Dundee."

Suddenly, around the big syringa bush that screened her from the street, appeared a young man.

"I heard your voice," he said, "so I just came around. You don't mind, do you?"

Amy gave an involuntary glance at the faded blue calico that clothed her youthful form.

"No-o, I think not," she said, blushing a trifle, and devoutly wishing she had not sung so loud.

"Your tone is doubtful, and you have not offered to shake hands. Therefore I must go away;" and he seated himself upon the top step and looked up at her with a satisfied expression.

He was a good-looking youth, broad-shouldered and straight-featured, with the girl's complexion that nature bestows on both sexes indiscriminately in the British Isles.

"We are stopping at the top of the street," he said, watching her interestedly as she rinsed her laces and sat down beside him to pull them dry.

"I suppose you mean that you are staying at the end of the street."

"In your *patois*, yes. In English pure and undefiled, we are stopping at the top of the street."

"Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the raconteuse"

Amy laughed.

"It is quite too warm to teach you your mother-tongue in half an hour," she said.

He opened his eyes.

"What put that idea into your head?" he demanded.

"What idea?"

"That I am remaining only half an hour. I assure you I have no other engagement for the day."

"But I have," she laughed.

"Have you, really?" regret in his tone.

"Yes; I am invited this afternoon to Miss Radcliffe's to meet Lady Gowan and Mr. Gowan."

"Jove! I had forgotten;" with a glance at her as sufficient explanation. "But, I say, you're not going to make me go away in half an hour because of a garden party at four o'clock. There's a good bit of time before that, and the *mater*—by Jove, there is the *mater!* Two to nothing she's coming here."

"How does she know?" began Amy, but her voice died away. The portly dame in black and rustling attire was already at the gate. Now she was going up the walk to the front porch, and Kate was on the front porch, copying one of the tales that she sent out so hopefully and received back so philosophically. Kate was quite capable of not recognizing nobility when it interrupted the flow of genius. It was a dilemma. Young Gowan, with amusement on his features, was watching Amy.

A long pause followed, while Amy listened anxiously and her companion kept his eyes on her pretty, perplexed face with evident enjoyment.

Presently:

"Yes, it is much pleasanter here in the garden, isn't it?" said Lady Gowan, and she and Kate came across the lawn and sat down in the rustic chairs before the syringa bush. "You Americans are so keen about your piazzas; now, at home we like better just sitting in the garden." She leaned back and untied her bonnet strings. "Don't trouble to call Miss Palmer now; she is busy, I dare say."

"Isn't she, though?" whispered her ladyship's son, but the whisper sounded alarmingly loud in the stillness, and Amy's imploring face impelled him to silence.

"You are younger than Miss Palmer?"

"Yes." Kate was thinking of her novel, and wondering if there was any possibility of relief. Conversation was not Kate's strong point.

"It is odd she has not married. She is quite a beauty."

"Worried about plain Mr. Gowan," thought Kate. "I must quiet her mind."

"I hardly think Amy will ever marry," she said.

"Ah!" said Lady Gowan, sympathetic interest in her tone. "Has she been crossed in love?" which expression almost proved Kate's undoing, and caused Amy to look anywhere except at the young man beside her.

"He died," sighed Kate, thinking what fun it would be to tell Jack about it.

"And she still mourns, poor dear! How sweet!"

"Don't you like the smell of the syringas?" Kate essayed to return to the paths of truth, but her ladyship would have none of it.

"How did it happen, my dear?" she inquired, with that frank desire to attend to other people's affairs while keeping one's own undisturbed, that is so delightfully British.

"Gracious, why doesn't some one come?" thought Kate.

"He was killed," she said.

"Ah, poor young man! And how was he killed, my dear Miss Palmer?"

"It's a strange story," said Kate pensively

Lady Gowan was gazing with flattering attention at the *raconteuse*. "She is having a good time," thought that unveracious young person, "and Amy wanted her to have a good time."

"It happened in Wyoming. Amy was spending the summer there on a ranch. The man she—she cared for (the love passages in Kate's stories were always brief) used to ride out from the town on horseback. Part of the way lay through a cañon about which the cowboys told strange tales. Dead Man's Cañon, it was called."

"Gruesome name!" shuddered her listener.

"I don't know that I ought to tell this." Kit's conscience was imperfectly subjugated.

"Oh, my dear young lady, I shall, of course, never mention it. Your poor sister! So young, too! Pray, go on."

"Well," continued Sapphira, "one evening when they were expecting him he failed to come; and in the night a black storm came up in the foothills where the ranch lay Amy was lying awake, listening to the wind roaring in the pines, when she heard a horse gallop into the yard."

Kate was now enjoying herself. Amy was not. She tried to convey the true state of affairs to Mr. Gowan by a glance, but he had stopped looking at her and was staring at the back fence with an intensity that the beauty of the fence did not warrant, so she

put both hands over her ears to shut out Kate's ridiculous tale. When she removed them Kate was saying impressively:

"Something horribly cold sprang on his horse, behind him. He knew no more till he recovered consciousness in the ranch house, to find Amy bending over him."

"And he died?"

An instant's hesitation between death and insanity ended in favor of the former.

"Yes; he lived only long enough to tell his story."

Mr. Gowan ceased from his contemplation of the fence, and turned to Amy with British determination in his blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he said.

She shook her head, and then, careless of consequences and a family in *dishabille*, rose and fled to the dining-room.

Mr. Gowan closed the door carefully behind him, and then, with relieved amusement in his gaze, confronted the flushed young woman, who stood in the middle of the room, grasping a chair-back for support, while she tried to explain that her sister had been telling his mother a most inexcusable and baseless romance.

"I am partly to blame," she said, scarlet with embarrassment, but doubly trying to shield her erring sister. "I told her that—that Lady Gowan was—liked love stories, and Kate knew that none of us was presentable, and she tried to entertain her. It was too dreadful of Kate."

She was really pathetic, and the smile in his eyes changed to sympathy. He moved nearer, and opened his lips to speak comforting words, when, just at this point, Jack's voice was heard outside of the dining-room windows, talking to Mrs. Baily.

"Ye gods, Betty," he said, "it was great! I didn't think Kit had it in her. I was on the piazza roof, and I nearly rolled off. You see, Kit wasn't going to have the dowager worry about Amy capturing her son, so she settled Amy with a broken heart."

"It was dreadful," said Mrs. Baily. "How could Kate! Has Lady Gowan gone?"

"Yes. Where's Amy? I've got to tell her;" and Jack and Betty appeared at the side door just as Kate burst in from the hall.

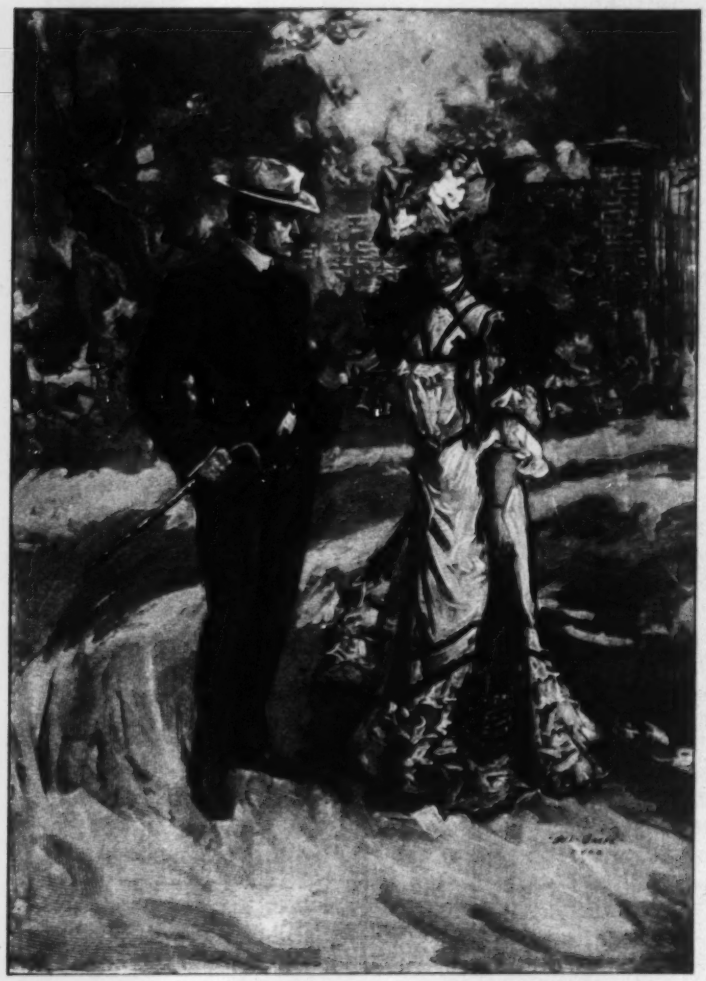
"Oh, Amy!" she cried, and then stopped, aghast.

Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico, still grasping her chair-back, and glared with reproachful woe at the newcomer. Betty and Jack supported each other in the opposite doorway. Kate saw them as in a dream; but what held her fascinated gaze was the tall, broad-shouldered, fresh-colored, unmistakably English, strange young man in the center of the room. How had he come there? Where had he been? Why did every one look so strange?

"Where—?" she gasped.

"We were on the side porch," said Tragedy icily.

The whole scene flashed upon Kate's vision—herself telling Amy's thrilling



"'You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?'"

"Amy stood, a figure of tragedy in blue calico . . ."

romance, while Amy and her Englishman sat perforce and heard it. A struggle was visible on her saucy little brown face; penitence looked from her eyes; then the corners of her mouth went up, and she leaned against the doorpost and broke into hysterical laughter.

Jack's boyish roar chimed in; and at that, with an apologetic glance at Amy, Mr. Gowan gave way to ill-tuned mirth. Betty was smiling broadly. Amy flashed one glance around, and then saved her dignity by sweeping out of the room with as much *empressement* as a too-brief blue calico would allow.

"I—I am ashamed," gasped Kate, finally, wiping her eyes and looking truly remorseful. "I don't know how I could have been so dreadful, Mr. Gowan; but I got into it, and then I couldn't stop, she was so—so nice and sympathetic."

He nodded appreciatively; it was evident that he was quite without any proper feeling of resentment.

"I know," he said, smiling at Kate with a friendliness she did not deserve. "The *mater* does love a romance."

"It was inexcusably rude," said Mrs. Baily severely.

"It was, Betty. I realized it." Kit was now sufficiently doleful to have satisfied her offended sister.

"It was the jolliest thing I ever heard," declared Mr. Gowan. "Don't you worry, Miss Kate; I'll never tell the *mater* you were chaffing. It was very nice and clever of you to be so entertaining."

"Just wait till you get Amy's opinion of your niceness and cleverness, Miss Kit," said Jack darkly.

The tender, confidence-inviting sympathy with which Lady Gowan treated Amy that afternoon was a source of deep joy to her son. He tried to catch the bereaved damsel's eye, but she firmly ignored his efforts. Inwardly, she was divided between mirth and wrath. Mildred was nonplussed at the amount of attention which her English guests be-

stowed upon Miss Palmer, who had worn muslin, after all, and presented a very undistinguished appearance. She, herself, wore a New York gown, and manners to correspond. She wondered afterward whether a picture hat and a sweet unconventionality would have been better.

Mr. Gowan walked home with Amy, refusing a seat in the carriage with his mother and Mildred.

"We leave to-morrow," he said, regretfully, trying to see the face under the big black hat. Only a round chin and a pair of red lips were visible, and the lips murmured a polite assent and settled into a firm red line. It was not encouraging, but he was English.

"I shall come back before I sail."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, I say, Miss Palmer," he protested, "I think I've been punished enough. Won't you please be nice and friendly, as you were in London?"

She laughed and melted, turning her smiling face up to her companion.

"You ought to cut us all," she said, "if you had any sense of your duty."

He bent his tall head.

"You know why I came here, Amy, don't you?" he said.

But Amy did not, so he told her, lingering at the gate to finish the story, which took a long time in the telling, because the black hat drooped so that he could not see how the tale was being received.

He waited in anxious silence when he had done. The late sun slanted under the maples and shone on the slender, motionless figure in the white gown. Jack's voice could be heard singing lustily a stave of "Bonnie Dundee."

"What would Lady Gowan say?" she said, lifting troubled eyes to his. It wasn't much of an answer, but there was something in the eyes beside the trouble, and he took possession of her hands in happy certainty.

"She may be a bit surprised, under the circumstances," he said with a laugh in his eyes, "but she is sure to love you, dear, because you are mine, and because no one could possibly help it."

THE KINGDOM

BY MARIE VAN VORST

BEHOLD I bring a Kingdom in my hand,
Oh bend your eyes upon it! . . . Ways of peace
Lead by its rivers. Fields of rest are these . . .
Above the endless skies of God expand.
Oceans of dear delight kiss on the sand,
And azure islands lift their waving trees
Where virgin forests' twined interstices
Shadow the pools of sleep, deep inland seas!

This is my lovely Kingdom. . . Tho' you reign
Over an empire, proud, imperial,
Annex this land of beauty to your part;
Else, like a mirage, seen, then lost again
It fade forever! Kingdoms vanish all—
Immortal is the land of love, Sweetheart!

From a forthcoming volume of poems to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

SOME PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS

BY PROFESSOR J. W. JENKS

Author of "The Trust Problem"

Professor Jenks has just returned from a trip around the world, undertaken for the purpose of studying the governments of various countries. He devoted himself particularly to conditions in the Philippines, and everything he says of them in this article has therefore been drawn from recent and first-hand observation.

I

Shall the Filipinos Keep Their Land?

TO one who looks closely at the government of dependencies remote from the mother country, certain little-noted problems appear. One of the common ones is the troublesome conflict of interests between the natives and the resident citizens of the governing country. The Government often finds it an extremely difficult problem to harmonize these interests.

The citizens of the home country go to the dependency to gain wealth; and, especially in a new country, they are not always too scrupulous regarding the means employed. The resources of the dependency ought to be exploited, but not the natives. The distinction is often not made by the wealth seekers.

The Government in the Philippines owns millions of acres of valuable land—forest, mineral, and agricultural. Other valuable land is owned by the natives. These lands ought to be developed for the good of all; they ought not to be exploited by speculators. Already, even before the Government can grant titles, Americans and foreigners are striving to put claims on valuable hotel sites, hot springs, prospective mines, fine farming lands, profitable forests. The Government, by act of Congress, has wisely decided to keep the forests in its own hands, to lease simply the right of cutting timber under Government direction. The agricultural lands also need to be no less carefully protected.

If the Filipino, the American, and the Chinese are given equal chances for obtaining land in fee simple, the State will lose the chief benefit of Government lands; the Filipino will sell his birthright. The Filipinos have many amiable qualities. In many cases they have large intelligence, but hundreds of thousands, even millions, are still thriftless and disposed to discount the future by seizing the pleasure near at hand. If they are given freely the right to sell their lands, the shrewd American or Chinese before many years will be rapidly becoming landlords, and the Filipinos will be tenants not much more fortunate than serfs bound to the soil. Java, through her free-land policy in the earlier part of the century, has now Chinese landholders with immense possessions, whose Malay tenants are absolutely under their control. The Javanese Government has been compelled to consider the need of buying these Chinese landlords out for the sake of the natives, as we are finding ourselves compelled to buy out another undesirable class of landlords—the Friars.

If our Government has the interests of the Filipinos at heart, it will see to it that they are aided in making their leases, and that they secure terms which will prevent their land from being cropped; they should be allowed to sell their lands only with the permission of the local government, which would guard their interests. The intelligent, of course, making just bargains, would be given a free hand; the simple would be protected. The composition of provincial boards, with Filipino governor and American supervisor and treasurer, appointed, as they are, on merit, would prevent corruption.

Unless care is taken, large corporations and wealthy individuals will get great tracts of land, ostensibly for growing sugar, tobacco, hemp, and fruit, which they will cultivate only in part, holding the rest idle for speculative purposes. If we in the Philippines heed the century-old lessons of India and Java, gained through many experiments, and sometimes rather severe experience, we shall in the main have the State hold its lands, leasing them on liberal terms by a perpetual grant, so that the holder may keep possession as long as he pays his rent and cultivates his land, while the State will retain the right to revise the rentals at regular somewhat long intervals, and will insist that those who fail to cultivate their lands shall forfeit their claims. Should the Government adopt a policy of this kind, there will doubtless be a great

outcry on the part of many "patriots," who will claim to have sacrificed much by going to the Philippines, but who are anxious to make wealth soon, so as to return with a competence to "God's country." It is probably true that there will be less platting of town sites, less granting of franchises, and less advertising of somewhat doubtful resources; but there will be more real prosperity and fewer corrupt dealings, while our country will fulfil much better its obligations to the Filipinos. Every effort should be made to promote prosperity, but care should be taken to prevent injurious exploitation.

II

Chinese Labor

THERE is a real dearth of labor in the Philippines. In Manila, since the American occupation, wages of common laborers have doubled and trebled. For some purposes the labor is not competent; for other purposes, it is not sufficient. The native Filipinos, as a rule, though dexterous and good-natured, are not strong, or well suited for heavy manual labor, and in far too many cases they are thriftless and disinclined to steady work.

The question of getting their labor is not primarily one of wages, though, doubtless, in individual cases, the men who are making most complaint regarding Filipino workmen are looking for cheap labor. But no wages, which in the face of competition from abroad can possibly be paid, will tempt a large proportion of native Filipinos to steady labor. Moreover, there are not enough who can be taken from their fields to do the large amount of new developing work which lies near at hand.

The Chinese now in the Philippines make their living by trading and speculating, not, with a few exceptions, by heavy labor. They are shrewd traders, self-restrained and keen, who live largely on the thriftless Filipino.

The country needs roads, railroads, harbors, and none can be built without strong manual laborers. The tobacco, sugar, and hemp plantations, with proper attention, could be developed to an enormous extent. Laborers are needed for getting out timber, for building ships, for developing commerce, but such labor is not forthcoming. One firm of shipbuilders has offered to establish a large plant in Manila Bay if they can be permitted to bring in some skilled Chinese laborers to serve both as workmen and as teachers for Filipino apprentices. One successful tobacco planter from Sumatra, who had large experience with both Malay and Chinese labor, wished to establish a large tobacco plantation in Luzon, but on learning that Chinese laborers could not be secured, returned from Hong Kong to Sumatra without even visiting the Philippines. The Filipinos like to be clerks, bookkeepers, drivers of ponies, or boatmen. They are unusually skilful as draftsmen, telegraphers, and in work requiring manual dexterity rather than strength. Many of them in the provinces raise vegetables and other products to sell, while others are skilful fishermen. If the country were to be developed by the introduction of large capital, very many more of these could be employed well in the lines in which they succeed best. Probably far more money would be paid to Filipinos than without such capital; but to any one who has looked into the problem, the need for manual laborers seems imperative; capital will not be introduced without it; and the only labor of that class which it seems practicable to get on living terms is Chinese.

The experience of other Oriental countries, as well as of our own country, argues against opening the Philippines freely to the Chinese; but there would be practically no danger in admitting them in groups, under contract, with their employers under bonds to keep them employed in the way specified in the contract, to feed, house, and care for them properly, to see that they do not desert and enter other lines of trade, and to return them to their own country when their task is done. No more Chinese are wanted to engage in mercantile work, or to drive wages down below reasonable rates; but it is useless to expect, within a reasonable time, to have built the roads, railroads, and irrigating canals that are needed, to have the larger plantations properly carried on, and the other resources of the islands suitably developed, unless some foreign labor can be introduced; and there can be no doubt that the Chinese are best fitted to meet the needs. If proper restrictions are made on immigration, the coming of the Chinese will be not merely for the benefit of the Chinaman and the American employer, but for that of the Filipino as well.

IN the article by Cyrus Townsend Brady on George Croghan, in the October number, a typographical error occurs. Croghan is spelled Groghan. It is due to Mr. Brady to say that he is in no way responsible for the error.—EDITOR'S NOTE.